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HOW'S THE YALLER FEVER TU YARK, NOW?
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The
Wonderful Adventures
of
Captain Priest

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THE

WONDERFUL ADVENTURES

OF

CAPTAIN PRIEST

A Tale

OF BUT FEW INCIDENTS, AND NO PLOT IN PARTICULAR

WITH OTHER LEGENDS

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"A STRAY YANKEE IN TEXAS."

Samuel C. Adams Jr.

REDFIELD,
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PREFACE.

To combine amusement with instruction, is said to be the legitimate province of the writer of fiction, but the Author regrets to announce that in the hurry of preparing his volume for the press, the instructive portion was entirely forgotten until too late for this edition; in fact, only thought of after the plate proofs were placed in his hand for final a revision.

Then, oppressed by conscience, and a sense of his dereliction from duty, he rushed to the publisher, and besought the latter's concurrence in the only plan that seemed feasible in the premises—to bind up with each copy, a popular treatise upon Geography, Grammar, or Orthography; but, alas! the covers for the present

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edition were already prepared, and it proved too late even for this. Each proprietor of this work is, however, at perfect liberty to send to the publisher, for an instructive volume of the kind above mentioned, if he chooses.

Among the trifles that constitute the latter portion of this work, the general reader may occasionally recognize an old friend.

In defence, the Author would say that, as some of these light affairs have flown so widely, and rested upon so many strange trees, he thinks they—like curses and chickens—had better come home to roost.

The Author cannot close without returning his grateful thanks to his friends of the Press, for the great kindness with which they have hitherto treated

A STRAY YANKEE IN TEXAS.

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ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN PRIEST.

CHAPTER I.

LONG ISLAND PHILOLOGICALLY CONSIDERED.

THERE is a certain terrene portion of the United States of America known upon the map as Long Island, and to sundry citizens of Gotham, who, to avoid the devastating heat, supposed to lay waste the city during the reign of Canis Major, fly to those equally intense, and far more unavoidable—as *the* Island.

The more philosophic of the visitors, and the few natives who happen to be wide awake and possessed of thinking faculties, designate it usually as "Sleepy Long Island."

Why it should be called an island, anybody owning the usual quantum of brains can discover at a glance, since it fully realizes Mr. Morse's idea of one, viz. "a body of land surrounded by

water;" but why it is called Long Island, to the prejudice of sundry and divers other narrow strips of earth similarly circumstanced, is a matter not so easily to be comprehended. Many an island is longer; nay, many a one possesses a greater length in proportion to its breadth.

As this is a subject that hitherto has never been fairly broached, or brought before the public, the writer feels no little delicacy, and perhaps some excusable pride in advancing his opinions upon it; opinions the truth of which a minute study of the Island itself, and of the manners, customs, and modes of life of its inhabitants, has convinced him.

Length is its internal peculiarity, as well as external characteristic; everything in it is long—the men eat long, drink long, and sleep long; the stages, before the innovations of the railroad, were universally known as Long Island rope-walks, and performed long journeys with long-winded horses, terminating—not journeys, but horses—in long tails. They carried long lists of long-legged passengers, generally from twenty to thirty—not in age but in number—who longed to be at their journey's end long before they arrived there.

The news of the day is a long time indeed in travelling down upon Long Island. "A great fire in New York, and a great loss of life," as the newsboy hath it; a steamboat disaster or railroad

collision, and nobody to blame; the elopement of Mrs. So-and-so with her husband's dear friend, or of Miss What's-her-name with her father's footman; the demise of Smith Brown, Esq., the eminent and wealthy butcher, or the birth of another Victorian juvenile, under the conjoined auspices of Locock and Lilly, and other equally important and pleasing items, are telegraphed to New Orleans and St. Louis, and forwarded by express half way to Mexico or Santa Fe del Norte, long ere the people of Sleepy Long Island rub their eyes, until a state of semi-wakefulness being attained, they slowly open and prick up their ears to drink in the—to them—fresh intelligence.

If the Long Islanders have any prominent and peculiar idiosyncrasy, it is the saltiness of their habits; nor is it singular that this should be the case. Breathing from earliest infancy an air, impregnated with saline exhalations, they naturally turn their attention to the ocean and its products. It is said, and I see no reason for doubting it, that the protruding neck of a soft-shelled clam is as efficient an agent in quieting the yells of an infantile and refractory Long Islander, as ever was the bit of rag crammed with brown sugar, with which ordinary nurses are wont to fill the mouths, and still the troubled bosoms of more inland urchins, when the results of a slap on the sly may have

compelled the attendants to stop the repeated squalls, and perchance lie too, as to the cause of them.

The Long Islander, therefore, from the first, takes to the water as naturally as a spaniel; he digs long clams with long-handled hoes, fishes up oysters with long-handled rakes, shoots ducks at long distances with preposterously long guns; cuts long salt grass for his long-tailed horses and longer-eared mules; catches fish to manure his fields with long seines; perchance ships for a voyage, but it is always a long one after whales; and after a long life is carried to his long home in a long two-horse wagon, followed by a long concourse of friends and neighbors.

If I have not proved to the satisfaction of the reader that the term Long Island was worthily bestowed, I have at least to my own, which, under the circumstances, is some consolation.

CHAPTER II.

THE BAY.

On the northern shore of Long Island, an offshoot or arm of the great Sound has deserted the main water, and forced its way far into the land, boldly and broadly at first, but perchance finding it had fallen upon a pleasant home, or it may be, fearing a sudden recall, and thinking that out of sight would be out of mind, it soon turned a short corner, and crept quietly away miles inland.

Although now snugly hidden, its pulse still beats responsive to the parental throes, and though rushing lustily in now and again, as if it were about to march bodily over the land, and return by the shortest cut to repose once more upon the ever-yearning bosom of its grandmother, the Ocean, its strength is soon exhausted, and at the word of command, the vagrant creeps quietly and timidly back again, like a dog with a depressed termination, to an offended and deserted master.

This endless coming in and going out of so

great a body of water is a mine of wealth to the dwellers upon its shores, and in many ways do they reap great advantages from the restless activity of the Bay.

The young flood makes his appearance gallantly garlanded with gay wreaths of algæ, as for a nuptial feast, and with impetuous ardor embraces his bride, the shore; then, heartless Lothario that he is, troops off again, leaving her a true grass widow bedecked with weeds—weeds that are hastily gathered by the neighboring farmers, and thrown up into vast heaps to be converted in the great laboratory of Nature into oats and corn, wheat and rye. Then great shoals of inquisitive and rapacious fish flock in to pay a passing call, and very often fail to make their way out again, but find themselves promoted ere long to a situation upon a corn-hill; and evidently displeased at the scaly trick, announce, in very plain English indeed, that "the offence is rank, it smells to heaven." The breezes of balmy morn, and the zephyrs of dewy eve, acting as general postmen, carry their plaints far and near, and every breath of air is redolent with anything but Sabæan odors. If this agent of fertilization is more peculiarly applicable to one plant than to another, we should give the palm to "summer savory," although an Oriental friend once sagely remarked that it smelt

like "thyme." The men do not mind it much, but I attribute the *petit nez retroussé*, so peculiar to Long Island belles, entirely to the wonderful airs these fish give themselves upon their appointment to agricultural situations. The exodus of the water also discloses great mines of oysters, clams, and scollops, for human consumption, and quantities of muscles, horsefeet, and fiddlers for porcine palates. Sometimes even this very inconstant disposition of the tide is, by the cunning of man, seized upon and made to promote his ends in an extremely base and mechanical manner.

When a small body has straggled off from the main array, and is established temporarily in a snug quarter, it often finds itself suddenly imprisoned and locked up, totally incapable of joining in the general retreat that has been sounded, and only able to escape by working a passage, and paying the miller an outside toll in turning his wheel.

Another and more important service yet, is the facility which it affords the small vessels of the Bay to discharge their cargoes of various kinds of manure, offal, and garbage, brought from the great city, to be here converted into grain, then into flour, pork, or beef, and then again returned, transmuted into red gold or pallid silver;—

"promises-to-pay" upon paper not being much regarded by the matter-of-fact Long Islander.

Docks are superseded, and every proprietor of a modern Argo brings her to an anchor at high tide opposite his farm; and when the water has receded, drives up his wagon to her, heeled down as she is, and succeeds without difficulty in transferring her cargo to the shore.

It is a curious, although not very romantic sight, at low tide, this Bay that I am describing, with its wide-spread mud flats black as Erebus, its shores covered with sea-weed, and its disconsolate clams throwing up tiny *jets d'eau*—briny tears, superinduced by their desolate and widowed condition—whole armies of fiddlers, *uterque paratus*, carrying aloft their one preposterously huge claw, a formidable weapon for its size; and last, but not least, the stranded fleet of black-hulled, keeled-over vessels, exceedingly ugly, and not over-cleanly guardian angels of the soil.

Look again upon the same spot a few hours after.

The tide is in, and countless gulls and waterfowl have accompanied it, screaming out an *Io Pœan* to its progress; the tiny waves are playfully curling and creaming upon the glistening shingle; the flats now exhibit a rich field of darkly-green grass, nodding a graceful welcome to each succes-

sive ripple; the once unseemly vessels are riding gallantly at their anchors, their black hulls nearly concealed, their decks and sides washed off, and the green on the latter visible; the burnt-powder effluvia of marsh-mud is banished, and replaced by the pure and exhilarating breath of the sea. The lusty old trees upon the shore bend down approvingly over the waves that wash their very feet; and the reflections of their broad leafy tops impart a deeper tint to the water, shadowing forth submarine groves upon its surface. A few neat white cottages are scattered here and there; fields of mighty corn are standing in bold relief upon the hill-sides; white sails are visible entering or leaving the port; the rough but cheery shout or song of the fishermen, and the stroke of their oars, echo across the Bay; and let there hang over this bright scene a delicate misty veil, such as young summer and early autumn love to cast over their brightest and fairest pictures, making everything seem gentle and quiet, the fiery sun himself look large and jovial and benignant, throwing a dreamy haze over all animate and inanimate nature; and you have a fair, but not overstrained view of the Bay on the eventful afternoon of the 10th June, 183–; as pretty and heart-warming a sight as you would wish to meet with in that very indefinite space of time, a month of Sundays.

CHAPER III.

CAPTAIN JOB.

HAVING wasted sufficient ink in describing the Bay, it is quite time to give it a name. Its true designation, for certain reasons, shall be concealed, although the title it then bore may very likely have been changed long ere this; for Long Islanders of late years, beset by the demon of change, dropping the time-honored appellations of Bays and Villages, have sought to bring the latter into notice among summer-migrating and money-spending citizens, by enticing and romantic names.

"Musquito" has, for instance, been promoted to "Glen Cove;" why, it would be hard to determine, since glens there are not, and musquitoes there are, as many a musquito-bitten cove from New York—title-seduced—can testify, and also to the fact of having been bitten in more ways than one. Cow Bay has in like manner lost its bucolic interest, and now figures as Manhasset. There is no telling where the spirit of innovation will stop; it may even go to Jericho.

Well, small blame to them after all, for such an agglomeration of names no other land can claim. Jerusalem, Babylon, and Jericho; Yaphank, Punk's Hole, and Mount Misery; Hardscrabble, Shinnicock, Mettinicock, and Quag; Great Neck and Little Neck, Horse Neck and Cow Neck, Fireplace and Fire Islands, Cutchogue, Mattituck and Poosepatuck, Turkey-ville, and Wolver-hollow, Quannontowunk, Rankonkama, Rankhonganock, and Manhausackahaquashurrwarnock * * * * *

Having ruined my best gold pen in the last effort, I think it time to close the catalogue, informing my readers, *en passant*, that our Bay is known as Bay Harbor, which name also appertains to the very pretty village at its head.

The Bay forks near the head, and upon an elevated promontory between the prongs, that commands a fine view of the entire Bay and the Sound, partly lost amid a grove of fine old trees, half hidden by a luxuriant growth of eglantine and Multiflora rose, peeps out a small white cottage. Its proprietor is Captain Priest, ordinarily known and addressed as Captain Job; its inmates, the redoubtable sailor himself when at home, his daughter Mary, her maiden aunt Keziah, and a burly Irishman, caught very green by Captain Job, but now being duly seasoned, a very stalwart,

good-natured, and blundering laborer upon the farm.

When Captain Priest's parents named him Job, they certainly made a job of it, unless, gifted with prescience of his future character, they did it upon the "*lucus a non lucendo*" principle—the principle upon which I presume it is that steamboat captains cry out *pleno ore*, "all ashore that's a-going;" meaning exactly the reverse, or that canal pilots order all hands to "look out," when they mean them to keep in, or that the mason shouts "stand under," which, if any one obeyed, would render him a prominent candidate for a shutter ride to the hospital. Job—he is yet personally in the present tense—was certainly born in the imperative mood, and when he says "I will," king nor kaiser, nor Alter Ego could make him alter his "I," give it a shade less of emphasis, or abate his "will."

The only two persons who have, or rather had any influence upon him, were Aunt Keziah and his daughter Mary. This influence in the former case was direct, and in the latter inverse. Keziah "caudled" him fearfully; but Mary, when her end was not to be obtained by coaxing, had enough of woman's cunning to employ the same artifice that is practised to get mules and pigs to market; pull him the way she did not want him

to go, and off he would march per contra. From all this it will be perceived, that our friend Job was what is vulgarly known as a pig-headed man; nay, he was not only pig-headed, but exceedingly passionate. The original Job was all over boils, but our specimen boils all over—with rage—at least twenty-four times in every twenty-four hours. It could scarcely be said with propriety that his education had been neglected, for he had received none to neglect. He could neither read nor could he write; and what would have been very singular in any other less singular being, he was singularly proud of the want of knowledge usually deemed of such importance. Job considered it as proof of his exceeding cleverness that he had got on so well in the world, despite his deficiencies. As he had many commissions to perform in the city, and also sold there for account of whom it might concern, vast quantities of poultry and country meats, mountains of oysters and clams, and great loads of hay and grain, it became necessary for him to keep some account of his various transactions; and accordingly he employed a system of hieroglyphics peculiarly his own, which, however, would have puzzled Champollion himself. Dollars he designated by a large cypher, shillings by smaller ones, and the copper medal-

lions of the Goddess of Liberty figured only as so many marks.

His customers were represented by some leading characteristic, mental, physical, or professional. A saw stood for his friend the carpenter, a most emphatic nose for one of his customers,—a second Naso—and something like a clenched fist was supposed to represent a particularly pugnacious individual who dealt in clams.

The articles that he bought or sold were entered in a like manner, and when Mary was at home to take down his rude accounts in a more every-day manner, while they were yet fresh in his mind, all went well enough; but if she happened to be absent on his return, and the transactions of another voyage had driven those of the previous out of his head, sometimes ludicrous blunders would occur. A man was once charged by him for the purchase of a couple of hoes and a rake, which he stoutly denied, and Job's litigious spirit would have soon involved the affair in the entanglements of the law, if the creditor's wife had not suggested that she had received two pipes and a long comb about the time, and that these might possibly be the articles charged. So it proved to be, and Job, for once in his life, was forced to submit.

In person, Captain Job was a short, stubby, thick-set little fellow, with a dried-apple face,

tanned and stained by the combined effects of sun, wind, and the manure atmosphere in which a great part of his life had been spent, until he looked something like an ex-sarcophagus'd mummy. His color was a mixture of brown and yellow—orange tawny perhaps—with a slight tinge of brick-red upon the extreme verge and outskirts of his face, which roseate hue increased in radiance as it approached the centre—his nose—and upon the point of this Ultima Thule of the facial globe, it blazed out with intense ferocity.

Some attributed this to the effects of a too generous liquid diet, others to the great proximity which this organ usually enjoyed to a very short and uncommonly busy pipe, while the Captain himself gave the exposures incident to his profession the whole credit of it. Whatever was the cause, the nose seemed to be quite ashamed of the result, and endeavored to get rid of the color by continually shedding its skin. In fact, it was always on the peel, and no doubt the owner of it would have been mistaken in Ireland for a Peeler.

His eyes were small, black, and at times sparkled like frost gems in the clear cold moonlight. A shock head of curly brown hair, a mouth whose outer edges were lost in a pair of bushy whiskers, giving one the idea of a great gulf hidden away in the woods and but a small portion

of it visible, short sturdy arms with something like a lump of mud at their end, and legs and feet to match, completed the man.

His dress was invariably a sailor's jacket of blue cloth and buttons that had once been gilt, vest ditto, and a collar open, leaving his throat bare. As for the covering of his nether man there was nothing singular about it, saving that his terminations terminated invariably within the confines of a pair of pot-metal boots.

CHAPTER IV.

THE "SALLY ANN" AND HER CREW.

Let us stand for a moment in front of Captain Job's cottage and look forth upon the Bay. Immediately before us is a small sloop-rigged vessel, riding gracefully at her anchor, and as the wind is off shore and the tide setting out, she bows slowly and regularly to us, as if proud of our notice. You perceive that her appearance is somewhat superior to that of her sister craft moored about the Bay, that her sides are newly painted green with a white stripe, and her mast is quite lofty for so small a boat. See how sharp she is, and what a clean run she has; she evidently carries no dead water to check her progress. From the topmast an unusually large swallow-tail is streaming out upon the breeze, and upon the strip of red bunting appear certain letters in white. Had we a glass we could read her name. It is the "Sally Ann."

She seems almost beneath us, and we can see that her decks have been lately washed off quite

clean, although their reddish hue shows plainly that she has carried bricks upon them.

You will perhaps think her almost new, and that she has never been degraded by anything of a meaner nature than bricks or lumber. Not a bit of it; she has carried Captain Job and his fortunes for twenty years, and has done her share towards improving the soil.

If the one who makes two blades of grass to grow where but one did before, be a benefactor to the human race, it is difficult to estimate the high position that the "Sally Ann" should occupy.

When her last voyage shall have been made, and her weary old bones shall be bleaching upon the strand, then should snuff-boxes—highly scented indeed—be formed of her planking, and canes be fashioned from her timbers, to be given as tokens of high reward to agricultural gentlemen who may have produced pigs of peculiar pinguidity, oxen outrageously oleaginous, pumpkins preposterously ponderous, or cabbages of colossal circumference.

Job has lately obtained a contract to transport brick to the city and bring back lumber; and henceforth nothing more vulgar than ashes is to burden the "Sally Ann." She has been repaired and repainted upon the occasion, and looks as fresh and as saucy as when for the first time, with

an impetuous rush, she threw herself upon the bosom of the Bay, the water's bride, to swim or to sink, to be gently caressed in fair weather and buffeted in foul.

It is said that every portion of the human system undergoes a change, decays, departs, and is replaced in a certain number of years. Such has been the case with the sloop, and she has been overhauled and spliced, stripped and sheathed, new sparred and new rigged, until in fact, from truck to kelson, from cut-water to stern-post, scarcely a bit of the original Sally Ann remains.

Upon the deck you see her crew. They are not very numerous, and as we are about to be fellow-sailors upon a momentous voyage, permit me to introduce them.

That long-armed and long-legged personage with bare-feet, without coat or vest, his head crowned by a round-topped felt hat, is the mate, steward, and cook. He is dabbling a line in the water and thinks he is fishing. That is a peculiarity of his. He never catches any thing, but seems to live in hopes that his time will come at last, and employs all of his leisure that he well can in the recreation. In winter, and during very severe weather, he amuses himself with furbishing up his tackle and making new lines.

He is rather shy of exhibiting his accomplish-

ments in this line before Captain Job, because, if caught at it, he is pretty sure of being sent on shore to dig clams if the tide be out, and if it be in, the keen eyes of the "old man" are certain to detect the end of some rope that needs whipping or knotting. As he can only vary his amusement by cuffing his companion, perhaps his present occupation is laudable, and moreover he may be of a deeply imaginative and poetic temperament, and is stealthily revelling in the halls of fancy while we only think him wantonly wasting his time. His name is Pete: he has never had any other name, and does not know exactly how he came by that, as there are no proofs of his having had father or mother to bestow it upon him. He does not know how old he is, but has been with Job and the "Sally Ann" from his childhood, and is firmly convinced that the saucy jade would refuse to sail without him.

The other occupant of the deck is a stout boy. You see that at this moment he is standing upon his head. That something white, which is fluttering in the breeze from his midships, is not a swallow-tail, but merely a bit of linen which under such circumstances is known to our *gamins* as "a letter in the post-office." His name is Dick, and he is addicted to both of these peculiarities. Captain Job has threatened, sworn at, and thrashed him for them, but it's no manner of use.

Dick *will* stand upon his head, and keep up a thorough ventilation. The captain has talked of leather breeches and a sheet-iron seat, but knowing Dick as he does, is fearful of throwing his money away, and has besides some obscure dread of a bursted boiler.

Dick has two other amusements; whistling and making little Sally Anns with a bit of pine and a jack-knife; these he performs simultaneously, and alternates with the former. As he never whistles when he stands upon his head, this mode of recreation is preferred by the mate, who, being of a quiet contemplative turn, does not like noise.

Had Mr. Micawber known the boy, he would have been delighted with the sight of something turning up continually. Dick has never read of Quilp's boy, "Tom Scott," and is no imitator of his, but has taken to the exercise naturally, as if he had discovered a want of brain in its proper place, and wished to induce its return upon philosophical and physical principles. He also has never been blessed with a father; but more fortunate than Pete, finds a mother in his aunt, an exceedingly virtuous and acidulous old maid. Such singular phenomena are of frequent occurrence upon the Island.

Dick is the cabin boy and all hands.

CHAPTER V.

DE OMNIBUS REBUS.

CAPTAIN JOB was a proud man; he was proud of his house, proud of his farm, proud of his success, very proud of his vessel, immeasurably proud of his daughter; and, strange as it may seem, the acme, the culmination, the crowning point of all this great pyramid of pride, was his daughter's aristocratic descent.

The line of demarkation between the patrician and the plebeian is nowhere drawn more distinctly, clearly, and palpably, than upon Long Island. The better classes are especially clannish, and deem no family or name equal to their own. They intermarry among their kindred, and the tribe increases in number as its members diminish in size. The surest proof of good blood among them is a diminutive person and dried-up phiz.

In the good old days, the ancestors of the present race had been very unlike these, their quiet, plodding children. Not a few had filled

their purses with British gold, and it is both shrewdly surmised and somewhat broadly hinted that the foundation of more than one handsome estate was laid simultaneously with the keel of some sharp, fast-sailing privateer; nay, there are even those who assert that many of these letters of marque carried no letters at all, but more a mark of any flag that came in their way.

These stirring times have long passed by; everything and everybody has settled down into a quiet jog-trot, a kind of living dream, from which they will not be aroused; and the only sign of vitality that has been exhibited for years, was elicited by the attempt to wake them up with a railroad. They were as spiteful about it as a man would be if driven from his bed before his nap is half finished. They tore up the track, placed impediments in the way of the cars, and what serious mischief they might have done is yet unknown, had not the unusual fatigue of thinking and acting, so overpowered them that they all fell to sleep again, quite as suddenly as they were awakened.

The south-siders, probably owing to their accustomed clam diet, were particularly clamorous, while the north-siders, who were brought up upon oysters, in imitation of that prudent variety of the molluscæ family, kept very close indeed. The east-enders being extensively engaged in the oil

trade, talked loudly of giving the company generally a whaling; the fisherman acted as if in-sane themselves; and, in short, never was there so much railing about a road.

Some say that a natural dislike to disturb the sleepers, alone saved the track from utter destruction; others attribute its present existence to the fear of a certain shrewd president, who out-generalled them at every turn. My opinion, however, is, as expressed above, that if they could have kept their eyes open long enough, their own bulls, and those of Wall-street, would have suffered less than they have.

The president that I have just mentioned, was, as I once heard an Islander remark, "considerably ahead of their time," and an instance of his management is worth recording. When Mr. Blank assumed the presidential control, it was in a dark day indeed. Acres of woodland, fields of grain, houses and barns had been consumed by the locomotive sparks, and cattle without number destroyed upon the track. Demands against the company and impending lawsuits were more numerous than agreeable. One day a farmer made his appearance at Mr. Blank's office. He was the champion of his neighborhood, and had come down to enforce payment for a valuable pair of oxen, suddenly converted into jerked beef by the iron-horse.

Our farmer entered the office as bold as a lion—"I want pay for my cattle you killed last Saturday," said he. "Your cattle!" inquired Mr. Blank; "were those your cattle that were killed?" "Mighty apt to be," returned the farmer, "and I want two hundred dollars for them."

"And *I*," said Mr. Blank, "want proof. You must make an affidavit of the particulars, and then we will come to a settlement."

Right willingly did the farmer assent, but when the instrument was properly drawn up, signed, and authenticated, Mr. Blank turned to him with,

"Now, sir, *I* want two hundred dollars from *you*."

"From *me?*" exclaimed the amazed rustic.

"Yes, sir, from *you*," reiterated the President. "Here I have proof, under your own hand, that your cattle were, contrary to law, upon the track, and thereby our engine was damaged to the extent of two hundred dollars. Are you prepared to settle the affair amicably, or must I proceed legally?"

The farmer spake no word, but rushed open-mouthed from the office, sought his wagon, and upon reaching his home, advised his friends generally to pocket their grievances, or worse would come of it. From that day few demands were made upon the road.

And so the railroad war passed quietly away, and Long Island turned over for t'other nap.

Many efforts have been made to overcome the vis inertiæ of the people of these shores. Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts have sent forth their colonies, but not a whit of animation resulted from them, and the quick pulse of the Yankee very soon degenerated into the sluggish beat peculiar to the Island.

> "The man recovered of the bite,
> The dog it was that died."

Time rolls on, but brings with it little alteration among the inhabitants, or in the face of the country. It is the work of years to found a petty hamlet, and of centuries to create a village. How different from the mighty West. See Cincinnati raising her bristles where lately bristled a forest; dried hams have driven out the Hamadryads, and pickled pork pushed Pan from his pedestal. The nymphs of the pavé have ousted those of the wood; delicate dears, in silks and muslins, usurped the walks of the doe; and her attendant buck is only kept in mind by the nice young gentlemen who parade the street in goatees and kids.

Having founded mighty cities and sovereign states, one would think that Western ambition might be satisfied; but no, "*en avant*" is the motto, and nothing short of the Pacific will bring them up.

Let but one pioneer show the way, and hundreds immediately imitate Jupiter's game of "follow my Leda."

From all this disposition of inquiet and unrest, we turn with a feeling of relief to our slow and easy, contented Long Islander.

Nothing now can arouse him. Kossuth may come, France may fume, Bull may bully, but all in vain. Even an unexampled rise in the clam market would not disturb him.

CHAPTER VI.

ET QUIBUSDAM ALIIS, INCLUDING THE HISTORY OF COLONEL JENKINS, AND THE NUPTIALS OF CAPTAIN JOB.

Let me return to Captain Job, and his pride in second-hand birth. It all came about from the doings of Mary's grandfather. If she had had no grandfather, or if her grandfather had been any man but the particular one that he was, there is no human possibility that Captain Job would have possessed any pride of the kind with which he was afflicted, direct or collateral, wherewithal to overswell the already sufficiently puffed out sails of his vanity.

Long Islanders are fond of horses, and of fine ones at that. Why "slow" persons should invariably affect "fast" things is a paradox several fathoms too deep for me to fathom; in fact I am off soundings altogether.

The degenerate modern Spaniard loves the displays of brute courage and gallantry in the bull-

ring or the cock-pit, while the dare-devil Nimrod Wildfire of our Western wilderness finds amusement in shooting at some unfortunate turkey or ill-fated goose tied up to a tree. If there is any fighting to be done, he wants to do it himself, and —to use his own words—is always willing "to take two chances."

It would appear that we are all attached to our antitheses and antipodes, animate and inanimate. Thespians often enter the temple doorway, and *en revanche* parsons are possessed for a peep at play, if they can have it upon the sly. Upon something of the same antipodal principles is it that the herbs of our own country are deserted and ignored by our women, and that nothing will please their palates, oil their tongues, and set them off at railroad speed, but the black or green-leaf of the Celestial Empire. Distance lends enchantment to the taste as well as to the view.

Let enterprising Yankees beware how they waste time and money in introducing the exotic. When the easy cultivation of tea in America shall have become an established fact, the ladies will have none of it, and their tastes will be tickled with nothing short of an infusion of upas leaves, or of some impossible shrub from Japan.

The pet hobby of old Colonel Jenkins—our Mary's grandfather—has been horseflesh, and par-

ticularly the breeding of it. Many a man has made a fortune by the raising and selling of fine animals; but he who keeps them for the sake of keeping them, and is prepared to back up his favorites at any figure, will some fine day be forced to back himself—out of house and land.

It is said that the exceptions prove the rule; not that I pretend to understand this at all, but bow my head meekly and take it for granted that it is all right. Colonel Jenkins proved the truth of an old law by its converse: Mares make the money go.

Handicaps exhausted handy pockets; fillies emptied his purse; sweepstakes swept his granaries; and the "Course" used him coarsely indeed; trots under saddles resulted in nothing but sad ills; those in sulkies rarely left him in a sociable humor; a tandem at length cut short his career, and his coup-de-grace was received from the Jockey-*Club*, who, having in one way or another, pouched all his money, now turned him out because he had no more of it. No longer a performer, he now attended races as a spectator, and his love for the turf ceased not until he was deposited beneath it. Peat may do very well in Ireland, but here the "turf" is a bad speculation for our farmers.

There had been a single pause in the old man's

career. Having buried a first wife soon after his fortune invested in horses had gone to the dogs, he looked around for a second, and not finding any of his own caste, with a sufficient matter of money inclined to matrimony, he descended several pegs and espoused the daughter of a wealthy farmer of low extraction. His friends and relatives treated him to the cold shoulder, his second wife's fortune was soon spent, and for a time he lived upon the credit of having a rich father-in-law.

At last the latter paid the debt of nature—which, being accustomed to quibble very much over the settlement of accounts, he did in a grumbling way—and for a few years the Colonel again kept his head above water—although not brandy and water.

His race was up at length, and but for the shelter of Captain Job's roof, he must have burdened the town for his support. His second wife having had but little happiness in this world, departed to search for it in another; and the husband not long after his fortune went to the devil, started off also, whether in pursuit of it or not, as an accurate and veracious historian, I cannot tell, but can only say that he bequeathed to Job the sum total of his earthly possessions, two helpless daughters of the respective ages of sixteen and twenty-five.

Captain Job had made his debut as cow-boy or general youth, upon the Colonel's farm, and after serving an apprenticeship at the business, embarked in our merchant marine as an able-bodied seaman in the manure-carrying trade. When the Colonel's ready money began—in Job's vernacular—to cut stick, he, taking the hint, went to cutting sticks himself, and having purchased a sloop to transport his wood cheaply to market, invested Job with the chief command.

As Job saved money and the Colonel spent it, in the natural course of events, the former soon became a quarter, then a half, and finally the sole owner of the "Sally Ann," and ere long the purchaser of a pretty cottage and snug farm, although to complete it he borrowed money upon his vessel, which required the earnings of after years to repay.

It is highly probable that some matrimonial scheme may have been flitting across our hero's brain, when he opened his doors to receive the poor old Colonel and his unfortunate daughters, but whether it was so or not, the result is certain; and the modest, pretty, and industrious daughter of the second wife—always a great favorite with the Captain—so won upon him, that ere she had been the inmate of his cottage for a year, he offered her a home for life, accompanied with a

particularly rough hand, and a heart, wilful enough it is true, but all right in the main.

Miss Keziah Jenkins, the elder of the sisters, although ignored by relations and dependent upon Job for bread and shelter, was perfectly aghast at the latter's presumption, and had nŏt nature turned up her nose so extremely high that any further attempt upon her part in that line must have resulted in a backward sommersault, the degree of elevation the organ must have attained upon the occasion would actually have petrified the beholders and perhaps have broken off the match.

CHAPTER VII.

CAPTAIN JOB'S "WOMEN FOLKS."

EVERY now and then certain queer terms, newly coined, or of foreign origin, employed at first in book or in speech, by some man of mark for the time being, suddenly appear among their every-day brethren, and before one reader in a thousand has even so much as obtained a glimpse of their true signification, they are popped at him from every newspaper column, and handled with remorseless energy by the entire corps editorial, from the Autocratic Responsible himself, in his "leader," to "Items" in his "dreadful accident."

One of these is quite popular at this moment. It is borrowed from the gastronomic calendar of frog-eating France, and has been extensively used by most knights of the pen and scissors; but not having had my fling at it yet, and perceiving now an excellent opportunity, by your leave, Mons. Soyer, I will improve the chance.

Were I to waste three mortal chapters in depicting the person and attributes of Miss Keziah Jenkins, I could not do her half the justice that may be embodied in three words.

She was, then, emphatically a *pièce de resistance*, a standing dish at Captain Job's board, and a very contrary one at that. Upon the other side of every question she was well described in the equine language of the late lamented Colonel, as "an off horse." Her pride had received a double blow, from Job's marriage with her sister. In the first place, she deemed it an unpardonable crime for so young a girl to throw herself away upon such a man, while so many better chances yet remained within the wheel of fate. Then again "Sally" was but "half-bred," at best, and another dash of plebeian blood would completely do the business; and she and her descendants must be, and continue to be, perfect nobodies. The worst of the case was—although she would not own it even to herself—that, despising Job as she did for a brother-in-law, yet to have viewed him in the light of a husband, would have been a different thing altogether; almost anything, in fact, in coats and continuations would have been a god-send to her under the circumstances. The grapes were very sour indeed, and the taste of

them imparted such a pucker to her mouth that it never after resumed its proper form.

Taking her height and disposition into consideration, a magnetizer might have pronounced her a negative pole; a mathematician, however, would have told you that her person was perpendicular, temper, nose, and elbows acute, mind rather obtuse, opinion always right, the physical *tout ensemble* very like a line, possessing height, width, but no thickness, her longitude great, and the latitude she gave herself extreme. She ruled the roast—and the boiled; had assumed entire control over her sister during the latter's lifetime, and now domineered over Job and Mary as far as prudence would permit, for she had learned by experience that the wilfulness of the one, and a certain spirit in the other, seldom exhibited, but proving most unequivocally, when evoked, that the Mary was her father's child, rendered it unsafe for her to venture to extremities.

When provoking beyond further endurance, Job's "there, Keziah, you've payed out enough, belay now or trip your anchor," would bring her to terms, and one glance from Mary's eyes, accompanied with a smart tap on the ground from a very pretty, but very decided little foot, produced the same result.

Would you have a correct idea of her *per-*

sonnel? Elevate a perpendicular of some five feet ten in height—a narrow plank will answer admirably—clap on the top an indefinite maze of dimity, let a sharp, thin, and inquisitive nose project not far beneath it, so inquisitive indeed that it always maintains an inquisitorial observation upon the cap—for, verily, Keziah's horn was exalted—a mouth, but no visible lips, allow ample space for a long and scraggy neck, then project from either side a pair of pump handles, with a sharp joint in their centres; now a larger maze of white dimity drawn closely around an imaginary waist—supposed to be situated immediately beneath her shoulders—and pressing out balloon-wise above and below, like a cotton cloud; then another mass of something white falling to the ground in straight lines, unimpeded in its course by any such obstacles as projecting hips; illumine all this with a pair of small, snappish, black eyes, and enliven it with a voice apparently intended by nature to sing "alto" in duets with a saw undergoing the operation of filing, and you have Aunt Keziah.

I see but little use in causing Mary to sit for her portrait; and if I did, fear I should make a daub of it. When I have said that she was a rustic beauty, I have covered the whole ground. Of course she had a flood of rich chestnut hair, that

poured down in rivulets upon her gracefully formed shoulders, a pair of large and loving hazel eyes, the most piquant little nose in the world, rosy lips, very dangerous indeed to look upon, which, when parted, as they often were with a smile, disclosed a mine of pearls; a trim little figure, and small, plump hands and feet. I need not tell you that she had the merest *soupçon* of coquetry, for I should like to see maid or matron without it. There was a fair allowance of spirits, perchance a slight sprinkling of pepper in her disposition, but not one drop of vinegar. Her mother, whom she resembled, had imparted to her such education and accomplishments as she possessed, which, without including either Latin, Greek, geometry, and astronomy on the one hand, or the guitar, piano, and polking on the other, were nevertheless such that even Captain Job and Aunt Keziah looked up to them with a feeling something akin to awe.

She teazed the old lady, wheedled her father, laughed at the Irishman, plagued Harry Flint almost to death, and kept sundry other young gentlemen within an inch of distraction.

CHAPTER VIII.

HARRY FLINT.

NEAR the edge of a beautiful sheet of fresh water, situated immediately above the head of the Bay, and only separated from it by a lofty and ancient dam, over which the road passes, stands a very unpretending edifice. There is nothing remarkable—certainly nothing romantic in its appearance. It is of one story, has a low roof, boasts of but one stunted chimney, is painted a most villanous red, its only practical mode of egress or entrance, a very narrow and weather-beaten door, which if it could be transported to Central America, would certainly pass for a whole book of history, from the numerous and strange hieroglyphical carvings with which it is adorned, its sides ornamented with a series of diminutive windows, consisting of four panes of seven-by-nine, and yet it is an institution—nay, a part and parcel of *the* institution, *par excellence*, of our country.

If you should pass it, when the horns sounding

far and near, proclaim the advent of noon, you would be surprised at its capacity for the stowage of juvenile humanity. You would see a great troop of flaxen-headed urchins rush out with jovial cries, and scamper away in every direction, as fast as their short, chubby legs would permit—for what urchin ever lived, that walked away from school?—as if a certain distance must be attained as soon as possible, to satisfy them of their freedom. Having spread themselves out in an extended circle, they wheel, sweep about like a flock of swallows, and head in again for the house. Here young ideas are taught to shoot, as you will see by the games of marbles, and the bows and arrows quickly drawn from their snug places of concealment behind the fence.

Here it was that Mary acquired the rudiments, and that little Harry Flint, after a few pretty solid bouts at fisticuff, was regularly installed as her protector, entitled to help her over the fences and out of the mud-puddles, to give her his rosiest-checked apple, to be an object of envy to the boys, and admiration to the girls. It was from that very pond that looks so placid and innocent, that Harry drew her all wet and dripping, when, having been decoyed into a boat by one of the larger boys—contrary to all the laws of pedagogdom in such cases made and provided—she was upset, and left to

make the most of it, while the cowardly truant paddled his way to dry ground.

Having rescued and brought her on shore, not much hurt, but terribly frightened, Harry bore her into the school-house, and there, in the presence of the master, in defiance of his laws, in contempt of his orders, and in profanation of the sacred precincts of the Temple of Minerva itself, turned to, and administered to Master Tony Bigler so severe a flogging, that the presiding genius of the place did not deem it very safe, under the circumstances, to punish the offending lad, in his excited state, and so the matter dropped.

Harry was the only child of a widow, in humble circumstances, and being a noble-spirited and quick-witted lad, he early determined to be a burden to his mother no longer than absolute necessity required. Commencing his salt-water career, as a matter of course upon a manure sloop; but a few months saw him handling the ropes upon a whaler, at a good "lay;" in a year or two, he was a second mate, and the next voyage a first mate, upon his first ship.

He had been a great favorite with all of Job's family, except aunt Keziah, and Mary always received him on his occasional returns to the village, with a smile and a warm pressure of the hand, tormented him as long as he stayed, and dismissed

him with a kiss, succeeded by a small deluge of tears, which continued to fall at lengthened intervals for a week or more after his departure.

Captain Job's feelings, however, had undergone a change. While the boy would sit for a long evening, and listen with wonder and admiration to the long-shore sailor's tales, it was all very well; but when the former's experience in a wider field enabled him to spin yarns which were to those of Job, as a hawser to a bit of rattlin, it was entirely a different case. Job considered it as an attempt to dethrone his dignity and importance in his own stronghold, and became first crusty, then rude, and finally inhospitable. Not believing that any greater wonders of the deep could exist than those he had encountered, in cruising for twenty years from the Bay to New-York, he had really but little faith in Harry's descriptions of encounters with the monsters of the ocean.

When Harry spoke of vast quantities of "blubber," the old man imagined that if the Bohemoth was really guilty of any such effeminacy, he must be a Prince of Wails indeed. The "spouts" he deemed only some of Harry's blowing, the "sea lions" passed with him for a tall specimen of sea-lying, and the "seals," sealed the young sailor's fate.

The whole affair ended finally in a downright

quarrel, and the irate Job informed the whaler that he was "altogether too smart to be his son-in-law, and that he need not trouble himself any further about his daughter."

As Job did nothing by halves, he immediately commenced a matrimonial treaty, on Mary's behalf, with the father of the very Tony Bigler who had figured so shabbily in the pond affair of schoolboy days.

Tony's father bore the character of a very close old man; too close, indeed, to be honest—but it was well known that he had plied his trade of market-man so effectually that, honest or not, his coffers were well filled.

Perhaps you cannot "gild refined gold or paint the lily;" but very impure gold will gild anything else, and paint up a toad until he passes for a bird of paradise, wings, tail-feathers, and all included.

CHAPTER IX.

CAPTAIN JOB IS "IN FOR IT" AT LAST.

In the heart of the little village of Bay Harbor stands a long narrow building two stories in height, with two one-story projections, setting forth at right-angles from its rear; and, although they do not advance boldly to the front, yet laterally they extend quite a distance.

A very imaginative mind might discover some resemblance between its form, when viewed from a distance, and that of an ancient baronial castle.

Enter the door and you will see the front, rear, and ceiling, covered and adorned with all kinds of weapons of peace suspended in every manner, pretty much as the spoils of war and the chase are supposed to ornament the lordly mansions of the old world.

There are plough-shares and reaping-hooks for spears and javelins, wood-axes for battle-axes, ox and log-chains for chain-armor, beavers with naps as long as those of the seven sleepers for helmets,

rifles—to sharpen scythes—instead of the harquebuss, cradles—not intended for infantry practice, rakes — moral ones — cultivators, harrow teeth, pot-metal boots, cards—only two in a pack—curry-combs, bundles of wire—jewelry for the pigs —shoe-lasts, carpenter's rules, augers and chisels, ox and pig-yokes, and, in fine, the whole paraphernalia of a farmer, instead of plate armor, greaves, morions, gauntlets, swords, and jack-boots.

A counter ran around three sides of the store. On the left, as you entered, were arranged on shelves specimens of the vocabulary of dry goods, from thread and tape to calicoes and broadcloths. On the opposite side, a great variety of common crockery and earthenware was visible; and standing upon the floor were quantities of pots, kettles, and various other articles, important necessaries in kitchen economy. Behind the rear counter were several suspicious-looking barrels, some of which probably contained nothing more potent than molasses, oil, or vinegar, but the odor of "New England" and "Turpentine Gin" that pervaded the atmosphere, sundry very queer tumblers upon the board, and the fact that three or four, half sailor, half farmer-looking men, were tossing off something, with a smack and apparent gusto that water-drinkers do not affect, induces me to sup-

pose, that nothing like Maine-law was recognized in the establishment. In the sheds, connected with the main building, were to be found all kinds of provisions, fish and flesh, flour, meal, lime, paint-kegs, boxes of cheese, kegs of butter, and, to complete the title, the establishment might well lay claim to of a "store of all sorts," a number of pigeon-holes, elevated above one end of the counter, in which an occasional letter or paper was visible, proved that the proprietor was a government officer, a good democrat, and a distributor of Uncle Sam's mails.

See, a girl has just arrived with a pot of butter to trade off for "store-pay." She wants in exchange a yard of calico, a quarter of tea, a quart of molasses, a paper of radish-seed, a pound of sugar, a plug of tobacco, two pipes, a fine-tooth comb, a salt mackerel, a dose of rhubarb, two sticks of candy, and—tell it not in the Tabernacle —a bottle of "New England."

The proprietor of this "Omnium Gatherum" is, in reality, the lord of the manor. All the villagers pay him tribute. He owns half the houses, half the land about the bay, two factories and a flour-mill, and, as a matter of course, "Squire Divine Underwood" is cordially hated by all of his neighbors, partly because he is a rich, and partly because

he is a hard man, and drives very close bargains indeed.

Some dozen or more men are sitting on the counters, or leaning against them; about the same number of boys imitate their example, and listen, open-mouthed, to all that is going on, amusing themselves in the meanwhile by kicking their heels together, and giving a sly pinch to a neighbor.

Mr. Underwood is in the middle of the store, and something important is going on. He is speaking to one of the men.

"Well, Jacob, if you won't go to Boston for thirty dollars, say what you will take?"

"Wouldn't like to, Mr. Underwood, 'cause I've never been there, and I'm kinder feared the 'Teazer' wouldn't know the way."

"Well, any of you, then; what *will* you take? I'll put the ballast on board for nothing. You shall have the ashes as fast as you'll take them, when you get there, and I'll pay any one of you thirty-five dollars for the trip. Come, who says I?"

No one bid, and the Squire went on:

"I'll give forty" (a pause,) "forty-five" (another.) "Now stop, may-be you think I want to drive a tight trade with you, so I'll tell you what I'll give: sixty dollars to the first one of you who will undertake the job."

"Captain Job's always tellin' on his goin' to Boston onst," replied a voice; "may-be you and him can make a trade."

"That's a fact," said Underwood. "Priest, you're the very man. I did not see you before."

And he did not see him then, for, on the mention of his name, Captain Job had quietly slid out of the store, and before Underwood had finished, was around the corner and in the shed, very busily engaged in the critical examination of an animal he despised above all others—a horse.

You have probably heard how once upon a time, a preacher that had been holding forth concerning the "last day," and who had wound up his exordium with "who dare be found among the goats?" received this reply, which was not to be found on the bills, from a sailor in the gallery:

"I dares; for I never takes a stump."

Job, like the sailor, "never took a stump," and so, to keep himself out of harm's way, he staid in the shed until Underwood had passed up the road, homeward bound.

When Job returned to the store, an animated discussion was going on about the proposed voyage to Boston; and Harry Flint, who had just entered, was engaged in it.

"Captain Job," said Harry, "come, take up

the offer. I'll go with you, and show you the way."

"No, you won't!" replied Job. "I know the way well enough; but I don't want to dirty up the 'Sally Ann.'"

"Well, I'm blest," retorted Harry, "if old Underwood shall have it to say, that no Bay Harbor man had spunk enough to go to Boston. Before I let him go to Clam Cove and charter a vessel, I'll go in earnest. Who'll let me have his sloop on shares?"

"*I* will, Harry," said one of the captains.

"Not spunk enough!" exclaimed Job. "Shan't say that about me. I'll take the job;" and after laying in an additional supply of Dutch courage, he started off after Underwood.

Now, Harry thought that he had been very sly and cunning in packing off the old man; and so having him out of the way, and unable to interfere between him and Mary, for ten days at least, but *l'homme propose, et Dieu dispose,** and we shall see how it all turned out.

Job felt very qualmish indeed; he had been to Boston once, but that was a long time ago, and before he had attained to the dignity of master. He knew it was somewhere off the north end of the

* NOTE.—A maiden friend disputes the correctness of a part of this proverb. "The men," she says, "don't *propose* at all."

island, and that was the extent of his knowledge; but as for seeking information upon the subject, he would have seen the "Sally Ann" sunk first. The fact of the business was, that neither the sloop nor her crew were exactly prepared for anything of a voyage. The only "log" that captain Job had ever kept on board, was a meat-block. For a compass, he had a pair that moved their legs any way you wished; his only needle had an eye in it, and though very useful in patching sails, only pointed to the north by accident.

So with a heavy heart, Job entered Underwood's house, completed his bargain, and walked slowly home, muttering to himself:

"Well, if I havn't put my foot into it this time!"

CHAPTER X.

CONCERNING THE INCONVENIENCES OF BEING TOO "SMART"—DIAGNOSIS OF THE ALABAMA GENTLEMAN'S CASE AND THE OYSTER-CURE—AN EPISODE.

THE man who goes plodding on about his business, may not, perhaps, effect quite as much as his "smarter" neighbor, but what little he performs, is done well and surely. Somewhat distrusting himself, feeling his way cautiously over slippery paths and upon thin ice, he comes out all right at the end; but the "smart" man pushes on, making famous headway for a time, until, from holding his head too high, or trusting himself upon too slender a foundation, down he comes, all of a sudden, tears his best breeches, falls through, and then bawls out lustily for the tortoise to assist him, and keep his head above water.

A proper degree of confidence is as necessary to the man of business as would be an India-rubber life-preserver to one floating upon his own hook on the Mississippi. A certain buoyancy is important

to his safety; but there is no use in engaging a balloon, and getting so high in it, that away goes he, soaring above all his compeers, until the sudden collision with a castle-in-the-air, or a collapse and escape of gas, precipitates him headlong, and the severity of his fall is in proportion to the rapidity of his rise.

I was once walking with an Alabama merchant in the streets of New Orleans, when we met half a dozen evidently "up-country" youths, and so very green, that they had not yet shed their "Kentucky jeans," but for all that, their hands were ornamented with fashionable canes, and their mouths adorned with cigars of the largest size and most approved pattern; and on they went, swinging the former and puffing the latter, and appearing very wide awake, indeed.

"There," said my Alabama friend, "do you see those chaps smoking their 'three-for-a-quarter' Havanas; don't they feel 'piert,' and won't they catch it before long? Some of them will be cured of their smartness by the first bucket of cold water that their conceit gets; but with others it's a disease for life. It was taken out of me in a hurry. I will tell you the story, and it's all true, which you'll probably believe; for although I am the hero of the tale, it does not tell much to my credit.

"At home I was deemed the most knowing of the family, and when a mere lad, was intrusted with some important business to transact at Columbus, a place generally supposed among us to be somewhere near the world's end, and which even my father, a steady-going, well-to-do-planter, had but once visited. When I arrived at my destination, I found everything ready for me, and my father's friend, knowing the dangers incident to country lads, even in so small a town, marched me off for home before night, having kept close by my side while I remained.

"Now, I had done nothing that any dog, well trained to fetch and carry, might not have performed with ease. I had seen nothing that I might not have seen at any little country town; but upon my return I became the Sir Oracle of the settlement, and my wondrous stories of ships and steamboats, theatres and circuses, made all our good neighbors open their ears and eyes, very widely indeed. In fact, I told my tales so often and so well, that I finally became impressed with their truth myself.

"When I came of age, my father, having made a good crop, and sold it at a good price, determined to send my brother and myself to Mobile, to see a little of the world. The old gentleman, at our departure, cautioned me to keep a sharp

look-out for John, who, as he was pleased to remark, had none of my experience to depend upon, and it would have amused you to have witnessed the gravity with which I accepted the important trust.

"Having arrived safely at Montgomery, and put up our horses at the inn, we strolled down to the landing, and when we reached the edge of the bluff, John started back in amazement.

"'*Je*-rusalem!' cried he. "What's that?'

"Although the sight was as new to me as to him; yet having some half-formed ideas upon the subject, I replied with great confidence:

"'Pshaw! nothing but a steamboat.'

"'And those monstrous tall black things growing right out of her,' he continued.

"'Boilers,' I answered laconically. 'Come, let's go on board.'

"On board we went, and just as we were passing behind the real boilers, the engineer must needs try their water. Whiz-iz-iz whistled the steam, almost in my very ears. Stunned and bewildered by the unwonted racket, I caught John by the collar, and dashed overboard, with great presence of mind, dragging him with me. Fortunately, the escapade was witnessed by quite a crowd of spectators. We were rescued from the water, and the alligators lost a choice supper.

"'What under heaven!' sputtered John, as soon as the water he had taken in would permit him, 'what under heaven was the matter?'

"'Matter!' exclaimed I, 'matter enough; don't you know that the boiler has bursted, and we are the only ones saved?"

"The guffaw from the bystanders, and as I turned round, the sight of the steamer majestic as ever, sent me to the right-about in double quick time.

"Poor John had enough both of sight-seeing and of my experience, and left for home next morning; but I, smoothing my ruffled feathers for the next wind-mill encounter, took passage for Mobile.

"You will perhaps think that my adventure would have cured me of smartness, but not a bit of it. On the passage down the river I fell in with a pleasant, chatty stranger, and in five minutes we were the best friends in the world. He did not pretend to quite as extended a knowledge of matters and things in general as I did, but knew enough to keep himself and me also, from falling into various pleasant games proposed for our amusement by certain finely-dressed gentlemen on board, who had taken a violent fancy to me, upon first sight. One night my 'fidus Achates' and I were conversing of the approaching plea-

sures we were to enjoy at Mobile, and in his catalogue, the certainty of obtaining a full supply of oysters stood in the front rank.

"'I can eat more oysters than any live man,' said he.

"Now, I had no idea what an oyster was, whether fish or flesh, biped, quadruped, or no 'ped' at all; but it would not do for me to be distanced upon any track, and so replied, without a moment's hesitation, 'I can beat you, and never try.'

"'We'll have a supper together,' said he, 'and the one who "caves" first shall pay the shot.'

"We *had* the supper, and *I* paid the shot, and got pretty well shot in the bargain. Thus it fell out. On our first night in Mobile, we adjourned from the theatre to an oyster saloon.

"'How will you take them,' said he.

"As I did not know what I was to take, how I was to take it was rather a puzzle, but there was one thing I would have come down handsome to have taken, and that was the ''shute.'

"'Any way you do,' replied I at length.

"He ordered a dozen raw, to be followed by a stew and a fry, and accompanied by champagne and brandy.

"If you have a very powerful imagination you may perhaps conceive of the horror with which I viewed my dozen 'raw.' If they had killed me

I would have eaten them every one, and nearly kill me they did, for the only way that I could induce any one of the dozen to remain quiet and not revisit the earth, was by pouring down the brandy and water. I reversed the order of things and 'laid' them with 'spirits.' My friend wondered at my unaccustomed thirst, but southern courtesy demanded that he should keep up with me, neck and neck, and so he did. Next came the champagne, which did its work pretty effectually, and, although of the remainder of our doings I was rather oblivious at the time, yet the full particulars of our performance appeared in the bills next morning—as the newspapers say—and I learned that, fatigued with our unusual exertions, we had been deposited with great care on what might be called two oyster-beds, in the room above, where we passed the night in performing the Cataract of Niagara. My friend played the American side, and I the Canada shore, which was not at all surprising, since seeing the *Table Rock* was among our last reminiscences.

"The bill was pretty solid, but I paid it and it cured me."

Now, some men will *not* be cured, and Captain Job was one of them. In contracting for his Boston voyage, he had been guilty of one smart thing, and he was fated to do one or two more before he sought the balmy god, that night.

CHAPTER XI.

THE "BRAG" CITY, AND A QUEER CUPID.

THERE is a certain city in the Realm of Down-East known as the American Athens, but in reality a cis-atlantic Rome—albeit not an over-safe place for a stranger to roam in—whence, as you may have heard, a member of the State Legislature—one of the archæval species—after a week's peregrination in the streets, returned to his astonished constituents and informed them how he had wandered up and down in this modern labyrinth until the bread and cheese provided by uxorial care was exhausted, and, not having been able to discover the State House, came home again, determined in future to attend to the *res angustæ domi* and leave the affairs of the nation to abler geographers than himself, assuring them, in the very spirit of the astute Mrs. Glass, that in order to obtain a seat in the said house, it was first indispensably necessary to catch it, evidently having an impression upon his mind that it was of a perambulating, evanescent, and transitory nature,

very like to the glory to be acquired therein; where the streets go rambling up and down in a vague, irregular, unsatisfactory, and dissipated manner, wheresoever they list, as somebody has said of our volunteers; where opposite houses are upon such intimate terms that if they had any Jack Spratical propensity to lean, they would be sure to salute *à la Grecque*, by touching noses; where a man is fined two dollars for smoking a cigar, and one for using his handkerchief publicly; and, in fine, where a certain hallucination of the mind is prevalent among the inhabitants, causing them to regard their strangely jumbled up little town as the moral and intellectual centre of the universe.

This celebrated city, situated in lat. 42° 23′, long. 5° 55′, is bounded upon one side by Bunker Hill Monument, on the others by a delightful series of flats and marshes, and is generally known to the travelling world from an excellent inn and cheap coach-fares to be met with there.

Consult the maps, and you will find the name recorded as "Boston." Ask the inhabitants, and they will inform you it is "Bosting;" and the latter term is probably correct, being derived from the well-known propensity for boasting, with which the citizens are afflicted.

To historians, however, it and the adjacent

country are well known, from the fact that the Revolutionary discord commenced at Concord. A considerable disturbance was bred upon Breed's hill, and the British army completely sewed up, were finally so hem'd in that Howe was sadly puzzled how to get away, for Washington would offer no battle gage to the General of that name, but engaged famine in his service to save his gunpowder. This has been called a Fabian* policy,

* *Nota Bean-y.*—The printer begs to lay before the reader the following triangular, but interesting, correspondence:

PRINTER TO PUBLISHER: *Dear Sir,*—I beg to inquire, in a respectful manner, if, in your opinion, the author intends to derive "Fabian" from "*faba*"—LAT.: A BEAN: if such be the case, the compositor intimates a strong desire that it might be in his power to sentence the author to the galleys, instead of putting his sentences therein; and our head-devil, who reads to me at present, informs me that his mother supposed my office to be a reputable place—rather a school for good morals than otherwise—and that, upon the whole, he thinks of leaving next Saturday, if his wages be not advanced.

Yours, respectfully, C.

PUBLISHER TO AUTHOR.—Mr. R. encloses the within note from the Printer, and desires Mr. P. to remember that this is a Republican country, where classical allusions are not generally understood, and poor puns not properly appreciated; he also requests Mr. P. in future to mind his eye, as well as his P's and Q's, and, in conclusion, begs a categorical reply to Mr. C.'s question.

AUTHOR TO BOTH.—Mr. P. begs to inform Messrs. C. & R. that the LAT. "*faba*," and the FR. "feve," both signify BEAN, but regrets that they (Messrs. C. & R.) should have been in a fever about it, and begs to relate a small anecdote touching the point proposed.

Some years since, it was the writer's fortune to attend a per-

probably because the English were reduced to a diet of beans. The Bostonians having suffered from short commons then, have been noted for their long Commons ever since. To "Young America's" illuminati, the city is endeared by the burning of one Abbey, (a Catholic one) the shining light of another, (Abby Kelley) and the railing and pulling-up-railing propensities of the Reverend Captain Theodore Parker, who, to rescue a runaway scamp about to be sent back to justice and to his master,

> "Marched at the head of half a dozen men
> Down to the wharf and then marched back again."

Squire Divine Underwood having discovered that his corn, phenix-like, arose strongly and lus-

formance of the veteran magician M. Adrien, given at the St. Louis Theatre. The old Professor was the same as ever, the tricks the same, the wondering but accommodating lady, who furnished handkerchiefs, and the obliging strangers, who so readily assisted the performer, were the identical personages that had before appeared in New York. The translator, however, had been translated, and another filled his place.

In the course of the performance, M. Adrien produced a bag of beans, and remarked, "Mesdames, et Messieurs! voiçi des fêves je crois, Mesdames, qui vous connais bien les fêves." The dragoman, with a bow, excessively French, translated: "Ladeese and Shentellmen! Mistaire Adrien say, dese is bean; he spose all de ladeese KNOW BEAN."

Trusting that Messrs. C. & R. are blessed with a similar amount of knowledge, Mr. P. begs that if his book does not suit, they will write it themselves, and remain, as ever, P. P.

tily from a bed of ashes, had for many years caused cargoes of them to be procured at New-York; but finding of late too liberal an admixture of the residue of anthracite coal among them, and knowing that the ashes of the grate, however useful in causing monumental shafts to shoot upwards and pierce the heavens, were not exactly the thing for "Zea Maiz," and chancing to hear that the antediluvian mode of employing to advantage the latent caloric existing in cordwood, was yet in practice at Boston, girded up his loins, and taking his purse in his hand, set forth for the latter place. He purchased a quantity of the desired commodity, to be delivered at a certain day to any vessel he might choose to dispatch. If no Bay Harbor craft should arrive at the proper time, the ashes were to be forwarded to him, at a certain price per bushel, which would amount in the aggregate, to something near one hundred dollars.

Hinc illæ lachrymæ.

We left Job wending his way homeward, immersed in sober thought, although far from sober himself; for in order to prove that he was man enough not only to make the Boston trip, but to drive a good bargain with Squire Divine—quite as serious a matter—he had got a little above proof.

The old sailor, far from a drunkard, nevertheless held fimly to the maxim that every Jack should have his gill, and have it too at regular intervals.

A certain quantity manifestly improved his temper; but if too large or too frequent libations carried him over the line, they did not accord very harmoniously, but rendered him especially surly and so dogmatic that he was not only ready to bark, but also to bite. The last drink at the store, and an especially stiff horn that he tossed off to bind his bargain with Underwood, had completely tossed *him*, and although on the same side of the harbor as his house, he was certainly quite over the Bay.

At the precise moment that he left the Squire's house, a gentleman known as yet to our readers only by name, was quitting his own. The dying twilight and an occasional radiance glowing around the bowl of a short pipe, rendered half perceptible a red face, red nose, huge red lips turned almost wrong side out, and the usual number of twinkling reddish eyes; the charming tout ensemble being framed in with a coarse palm hat, painted of a fiery brick color, and met at a particularly raw-beef looking pair of ears, by bushy whiskers of a most undoubted carroty hue, which completed the picture. The person of Mr. Thaddeus Mulligan—

vulgo Teddy—was invested with no vest at all, but a velveteen roundabout that would not go half round, and whose buttons entirely declined an introduction to the button-holes, a hickory shirt, and three-fourths of a pair of duck breeches, greatly in need of ducking, and well fringed at the bottom, with the aforesaid hat and whiskers, were his only covering.

Accoutred as he was, certainly no one would have taken him for a Cupid, and although between whiffs he sought by a musical stave to stave off melancholy and was evidently of a mercurial disposition, he but little resembled a messenger of the gods. And yet his business was of love.

Things had been progressing from bad to worse with poor Mary, and, being convinced that they had come to a crisis, after shedding a few tears, she wiped her eyes, nerved herself for the struggle, sent Aunt Keziah off to spend the evening, and Teddy with a note to the widow Flint's, conveying to Master Harry the intelligence that the coast was clear, her father certainly out for the next three hours, and that she desired to see him upon pressing business.

CHAPTER XII.

THE VERY DEUCE TO PAY—JOB PROPOSES TO THE MAID, BUT SALUTES THE WIDOW.

Fate so willed it, that just as the widow's door closed upon Teddy, the Captain hove in sight; and, spying a friendly sail entering the enemy's harbor; being incited by curiosity and the hope of getting a peep through the windows, he tacked right-about, which, under the press of sail he was carrying, was rather a dangerous experiment, and he found it so. First he gave a tremendous lee lurch, then a violent pitch ahead, as if he would go down bow foremast and all standing, then righting a little, he shifted his helm and payed off; but the wind changed, he was fairly in irons, and would have gone over on his beam-ends, had not one of his grapples fastened to a wagon that was fastened to a horse, that stood fasting, fastened to the fence. His other hand now was directed to the friendly wagon, but missing the hind-board, it went over and came in contact with something in

a bag that felt very queerly and made a singular noise. Job was just tipsy enough to be very inquisitive, and so he went to work fumbling about the mouth of the bag, when suddenly a large white turkey flapped in his face, and, giving a farewell squeak, flew up the road. The sight and the fright almost sobered Job. He shook his fist at the departing bird, then shook his fist at the horse, and finally made a critical examination of the wagon, which proved to be the very one that had been in the shed at the store, and in which he had seen Harry riding that afternoon. Having apparently satisfied himself, he hesitated a moment as if about to enter the house, then turning again, set forth for home.

No other accidents occurring to our mariner, he was soon comfortably seated in his own cottage, and Mary had just taken his hat and brought his pipe, when the door opened, and there stood master Harry Flint, quite as large as life, and about as much amazed at the Captain's presence as was the Captain at Harry's visit.

At length Job arose, and steadying himself by the back of his chair, demanded,

"Well, what the d—l do you want now?"

What *did* he want? That was exactly what Harry did not mean to own, but after beating about

his brain for a feasible answer, he finally made the very worst one possible.

"Mother wants to get a pair of white turkeys, Captain, and I came up to see if I could buy them of you?" replied Harry.

"Buy 'em, you scamp! steal 'em, you mean. No, sir, you shan't neither buy nor steal anybody's white turkeys. Blow me, if you shall have a white turkey anyway."

"But I will, though," retorted Harry, really angry. "We'll see if no man in Bay Harbor can have white fowls but yourself."

"If you do," shouted Job, "I'll be ——" What he would be, or what he would have been, is hidden among the undeveloped mysteries, along with the man with the iron mask, and sundry others, for Mary at this time clapped her hand over his mouth, and begged Harry "to go, for her sake."

Leaving the Captain to rage as he pleases, and Mary to pacify him if she can, let me furnish a key to a part of the former's conduct, so especially unbecoming in one of his name.

The sale of eggs and poultry from his own little farm had been no slight source of profit to Job; but although his neighbors were as honest as people in general often get to be, yet from time to time certain of his hens and chickens, turkeys

and geese, with souls above barnyards, and inklings towards cosmopolitanism, would start off upon their travels, and occasionally assist in the foundation of some other colony, whereby a corresponding diminution of his gains occurred.

A bright idea visited him one day. He sold off his entire feathered stock, "lock, stock, and barrel," and invested the money in others, of a purely white breed, easily to be recognized when they played truant. If, by any accident, a white bird broke another man's egg-shell in his vicinity, have it Job would, by fair means or foul. If he could not buy it, he killed it unintentionally, and then paid any moderate price demanded for the damage.

The discovery of the white turkey in the wagon, and the unfortunate offer of Harry to purchase a pair, had excited his anger to the utmost pitch, for he saw in both, not only an attempt to rob him, but a design to commit other peculations with impunity.

The first thing our unfortunate sailor did, upon Harry's departure, was to sink back into his chair exhausted with passion, the next, to call for the bottle of rum and a glass, and having lighted his pipe, he sat in gloomy silence, drinking as if he had a design to commit suicide, and puffing as

though he would convert his cottage into a smoke-house.

The door opened, and Aunt Keziah entered.

"Why, la, Captain Priest," were the spinster's first words, "they do say you're a going to Boston. It cant be so, is it?"

"Yes," grunted the Captain.

"Why, father! really going to Boston?" inquired Mary.

"I—tell—you—yes!" thundered out Job, as if each word were a stake, and he was driving it in.

"Oh, dear father, take me with you," said Mary; but in an instant the thoughts of Harry came into her mind, and she wound up with, "oh, no, I don't want to go, I'm afraid."

Job's reply was characteristic.

"Shan't do it," said he, to the first part of his daughter's speech, and then immediately added, by way of reply to the next, "But I will, though. Don't catch me leaving you here for that scoundrel to run away with."

Aunt Keziah now thought it quite time to open her batteries, and accordingly commenced her fire with, "I've talked and talked to her, Captain Job, about that greasy sailor fellow, but it's no sort of use, she's agoing to demean herself: she won't mind you, and don't care for me."

"I do mind father," retorted Mary, "and I do

care for you, as much as you let me; you torment my life out, and expect me to love you for it."

"Torment you!" screamed Keziah, "how dare you say so. I'm as tender as a mother to you, and if I only had a mother's power, I'd make you ship that nasty scamp."

"How da-are *you* say so-o," sobbed poor Mary; "if you were half as good and as kind as he is, you would make me happy, and not miserable. Thank heaven, you have not a mother's power over me, and if you had I wouldn't mind you—no one could make me."

"No one make ye?" demanded Job, who thought it high time to put in his oar, and put down the mutiny. "No one make ye? I'd make you—if I choose to marry her what business is that of yours, eh?"

"No, no, father, anything but that," shrieked the excited girl; "you will not, you cannot, you dare not," and down came a plump little foot pat on the floor.

"Darsent!" roared the Captain; "but by the 'living jingo' I will, though, whether she'll have me or not. Now you see what you get by stumping me, don't ye?"

What Keziah would have said, whether she would have coyed it, or fairly jumped at the offer that she had been fishing for ever since her half-

sister's death; how Mary would have acted, and in what manner the devoted Job—the victim of never taking "stumps"—would have conducted himself towards his suddenly intended, is a matter that can never be revealed, for at that instant a terrific scream was heard near the door, and then a succession of them appeared to be going up the road with great velocity.

Within the house all was hushed for a moment, and Job demanded,

"What's that?"

"Our old white gobler," replied Keziah, "I know it is, I saw him roosting on the plum-tree as I came in."

"Then by the living jingo," exclaimed Job, "I'll have him, and the thief too;" and catching up a double-barreled gun that hung over the mantel-piece, he seized his hat, swallowed half a glass of "New England" neat, and dashed out of the door in hot pursuit of thief and turkey.

We say that a man when intoxicated is one beside himself, and with some show of truth; for, let him arrive at a certain latitude upon the map of Bacchus, he will see for two, his tongue and words are doubled, and as for walking, he travels for half a dozen.

As Job ran up the road, the screams of the turkey were heard at intervals, becoming small by

degrees and beautifully less, until they faded away in the distance, or from some reason ceased altogether, and sadly fuddled though our hero was, he had sense enough left to give up the chase, but gave it up only to beard the enemy in his den.

Returning home with steps doubly uncertain, from the combined effects of too little light and too much liquor, he took another stiff glass to sober him, and shouldering his gun again, left without a word, with the intention of carrying the fortress of the Flints by assault.

The widow Flint had just dropped into a comfortable slumber, when an outrageous racket awoke her, and jumping up she opened the window and cried out, "Why, Harry, is that you, what makes you so late?"

An upturned head was just visible, emitting a terrible uproar, but giving no intelligible answer, and the widow demanded, "Who is that?"

"I want my t-*iccup*-urkey," said the voice.

"I havn't got your tipukurkey," replied the widow. "I never had one in all my life."

"I want my tur-*iccup*-urkey, Harry st-*iccup*-ole," came from below.

"Well," retorted the widow, "what if Harry did stick a pole, I've got a right to raise beans, I guess."

"By the l-*iccup*-ing," returned the voice, "I will have turk-*iccup*."

"No you won't have to kick up, you've kicked up enough; go away, drunken man, or Harry will come, and then he'll whale you," replied the widow, half angry, and entirely frightened.

"I say he st-*iccup*—" BANG, BANG! at this juncture went Job's companion, the double-barrel, which probably deeming it had kept silence long enough, now improved the opportunity to put in a few words in season, and in so doing imitated its owner's compound form of speech.

A gun has two ends, and one of them caused Job's to come in violent and unceremonious contact with a large bed of "ragged sailors"—the widow's pet flowers.

Having fired off my evening gun, planted my hero, and put him safely to bed, I will also bring my chapter to an end.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHICH HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THE HISTORY, BUT CONTAINS AN ACCOUNT OF THE IRISH HUNGARIAN AND THE WRONG BELL.

If any one of my readers supposes that I am compiling this veracious history simply and solely for his delectation and information, then the said reader is most egregiously mistaken. The fact of it is, that I am writing rather more for my own amusement, than that of any one else. I shall probably work away at my story like a good fellow when the fit is upon me, but intend to have my own bit of fun, and quiet joke by the way, when I am in the humor. The outsider is at perfect liberty to laugh with me or not, just as he pleases, although it may be better, both for him and the publisher, if he does.

A regular author now, feels his duties to the public sit upon his pen and shoulders in a very onerous manner, but I do not claim to belong regularly to the Guild.

Because I may have written a book or so does not necessarily make *me* an author. Every man, born in a stable, &c.

I need not have borrowed the last, however, having a much better illustration of the point proposed at hand.

During the late Kossuth excitement, on a cold day in December, I was sitting very composedly by my fire, when the office door opened, and incontinently entered a gentleman whose attire was rather more picturesque than comfortable, considering that the thermometer indicated a proximity to zero. He was probably out of pocket, certainly at elbow, and not in, at either knees or toes.

From beneath a tattered caubeen, and between a fiery pair of capacious whiskers, a voice strongly tinctured with the rich brogue of Munster informed me that he was "a dishtreshed Hungayrin, in sarch av worruk, and dacint implaymint for a gintleman, besides a change av dhress be rason av the could, and a thrifle to kape soul and body togither."

"A Hungarian!" exclaimed I in amazement. "Why, my friend, excuse me, but I should certainly take you for a genuine Patlander. And I must say, that for a Magyar, you certainly speak Munster remarkably well."

"I'm jist afther jining the counthry," was his reply; "and I'll have the thrue dialict, quite convanient intirely, whin me hair lip's well grown, for I'm tould, yer Honor, ye cannot discorse pure Hungarin widout it."

Like my poor friend, I also have but just "jined the country," and must further add that, like him again, I do not possess that peculiar hirsute embellishment now universally admitted to be the mark *par excellence* of genius and of mind.

Poor Job all this time, flat upon his back, is reclining on mother-earth. He helped himself to his unenviable position, and may enjoy it until it pleases me to help him out of it.

Meanwhile let us moralize. His sad accident was all the result of pulling. He wanted to pull up his courage, and so took too many pulls at the bottle to effect it, became both careless and nervous, carelessly pulled up both hammers, and nervously pulled down both triggers.

This pulling, is after all often dangerous business. The countless number of politicians that are safely shelved throughout our country, from Maine to Mexico, if asked the reason of their rustication, would answer, if they could but speak the truth, that it all came about from their pulling the wrong wires.

I have heard a story of pulling, which, as many

of my readers may be ignorant of, and as it is worthy of telling, also being myself in a gossiping mood, I will even out with it.

A fine western steamer, of the largest class, was ploughing her way down stream with a "full head" on.

The time was early morning; the sun had not yet cooled his fiery beams in the murky waters of the Mississippi; few of the passengers were astir; and the boat, quiet and still, save the regular scream from her iron-throat, was making fine headway.

Suddenly the engineer's bell rang out a furious and alarming summons, which, being translated into the vernacular, meant,—"Slow her!"

The man of steam obeyed the mandate; and, with his hand upon the lever, awaited anxiously the next call.

It soon came, and louder yet, "Stop her!"

"Some trouble ahead," thought the engineer; but hardly had the idea passed through his mind, when the busy bell again pealed forth,—

"Back her!"

Steam was let on in an instant, and, seizing the lever, the man commenced working the engine by hand; but the wheel had not yet completed the first retrograde revolution, when a louder tintinnabulation tinkled out successively—

"Go ahead!"

"Slow her!"

"Back her!"

"Go ahead!"

Having obeyed the command, and, supposing all was right at last, the man quitted his post for a moment and stepped out upon the guards to see what the trouble had been, when suddenly the ever-busy bell again was heard,—

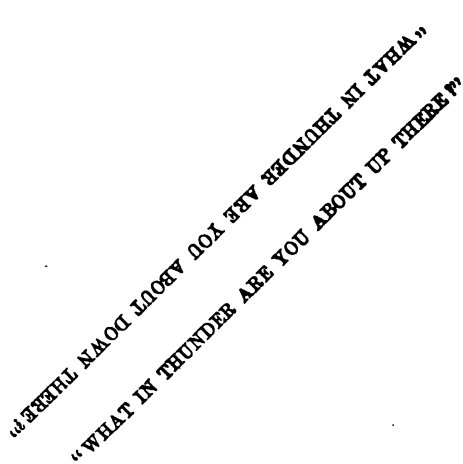
"Slow her!"

Before he could put his hands upon the screw, the bell again ordered, "Stop her!"—immediately after, "Back her!" and "Go ahead!"

Instead of *going* ahead, the engineer scratched his own, and then applying his mouth to the speaking-tube, addressed the pilot thus— but stop, let us turn for a moment to the pilot, and see what was going on in his dominions.

This gentleman had been but a few moments at his post, and was not fairly awake when the bell commenced its mysterious operations, but sleepy as he was, the queer antics of the boat, and the strange language of the steam-pipe, excited his attention, and he had arrived at the conclusion that something was wrong, at the same moment that the identical idea had forced itself upon the engineer; so, applying his mouth to his end of

the tube, the following remarks went up and down simultaneously:



Having, like two vessels about commencing an engagement, fired these shot across their bows, the twain went immediately into action as follows:

Pilot.—Who told you to "stop her" and "back her?"

Engineer.—You did; what did you ring the bell for twenty times?

Pilot.—You must be a nice fellow to trust, Mr. "Kettles," to get drunk before sunrise. Call your mate and turn in.

Engineer.—Drunk! Drunk yourself—I havn't had a drop—and you're just lying drunk—that's what it is.

Pilot.—Look here, "old Kettles," hold on a bit, and I'll be down on you like a thousand of brick.

Engineer.—Don't trouble yourself to come down. I'll be up to you in two shakes, and then we'll see who's drunk and who is not.

Now this backing and filling had excited the attention of officers and crew, and as the pilot and engineer, having obtained relief, met half way down on the "boiler-deck," captain and clerk, mate and steward, barkeeper and chambermaid, all hastened to the same post of observation, and ere the two combatants could join issue, they were seized and held, and an investigation of the affair was entered into.

While all this was in progress, neither boat nor bell had been touched, but the same singular succession of orders was going on, and the two assistants, above and below, were meditating a little affair of their own, when that of their principals had been satisfactorily concluded.

The mystery was apparently past solution, but the captain bethought him of a possible cause, and stepping to a state-room, in the "social hall," kicked the door open, and there stood a lanky young Tennesseean who had embarked at Mem-

phis the previous night, very actively engaged in jerking at a cord that ran through his room in the further corner.

Seizing him by the collar, the captain demanded "What the d—l are you about?"

"About?" answered the Tennesseean, "why, don't you see I'm ringing for my boots?"

Pulling the wrong cord, that was all.

CHAPTER XIV.

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

Job's very homogeneous position, among the "ragged sailors," although not exactly a sentimental, was decidedly a rum-antic one. The widow at the window above, would doubtless have swooned away, had there been any time to have indulged in this feminine amusement; but as there was not, and no one being at hand to pick her up, she neither fainted nor made a feint of so doing, which is after all about the same thing.

She sprang from the window, paralyzed for a moment, but that laudable spirit of inquiry, so eminently characteristic of the sex, and a desire to know if the man had gone off as well as his gun, induced her return to her post of observation.

As she peeped out, Job—a wronged man in his opinion—was trying to right himself, or rather to rectify his position, which—owing to the quan-

tity of "rectified" that he contained, was no easy matter.

Fear came to his aid. This lady is sometimes poetically said to lend wings; she lent Job legs, which did just as well, for the Captain being of any thing but a light and airy build, would have made rather an awkward display in the flying line, and must certainly have met with a most Icarian tumble, only that he could not have effected a flight lofty enough to have resulted in a very dangerous fall.

Harry Flint, at this critical moment, made his appearance in rather a hasty manner; not stopping to open the gate, he leaped over it, and rushed at the top of his speed up the short path that led to the house; the widow, perceiving help to be at hand and on foot, emitted a scream that would certainly qualify her to obtain honorary membership among the bevy of "*yeller* gals," renowned in Christy's Minstrelsy, and the Captain knowing, from sad experience, that white squalls are often succeeded by heavy blows, found his legs in a moment. Angry before, but compelled by pressing circumstances to take a-fence at parting, he clambered over it somehow, ran across a small orchard, as only a tipsy man can run, sprang at the next fence, landed on top of it; and down came Job, rails and all, in one universal crash,—

Job getting the worst of it—with most of the rails upon him.

Having performed this feat, he did not attempt to regain his own, but determined to lie there *perdû*, until the storm had blown over.

Harry's first attention was directed to his mother, who, like an antiquated nightingale, continued to pour forth her sorrows to the evening air, but the exercise of her voice did not prevent a diligent use of her optics, and the moon, that had hitherto been careering through clear and cloud, must need at this moment to meddle in the matter, by throwing a few of her brightest beams directly upon the unfortunate Job, and treacherously betraying him, under the pretence of lighting his path.

"There he is," screamed the widow, as Harry burst into the room; "there he is, and there he goes kolumpess, fence and all, right by the big apple-tree. Oh, you old sinner! I see you now."

"Who is? and who goes? and what the —— (I fear that Harry used a very improper expression just where I have put the dash in) *is* the matter?" asked Harry.

"Oh, Harry!" cried the afflicted matron, "first he come, and then he went off; no—his gun went off, and then you come, and then he went, and

there he goes kalumpus right by the big apple tree."

"Mother! mother!" said Harry "are you crazy? do you know what you are saying? tell me who has been here, and what has happened?"

"No, no, Harry, I ain't crazy—but I've been so awful scared—only think, a fellow to come here drunk at this time of night, looking for turkies, and then to shoot at your poor old mother, and to fall kalumpus on the fence by the old apple tree. Oh dear! oh dear me!"

"By the old apple tree?" asked Harry.

"Yes, by the old apple tree. And there he is now, and thinks I didn't see him," she replied.

"And you are not hurt? you are sure you are not hurt?" demanded the son.

"No, not hurt to speak on, only my feelins is awful aggravated, and I'm dreadful decomposed, and I ain't certain but some of the shot went through my nightcap," was the very satisfactory answer.

"Then, Mary or no Mary, I'll handle him," cried the enraged sailor, and off he went as hastily as he had entered.

"Oh, Harry!" shrieked the matron, "don't go; he's got a gun that goes off, and powder and shot, and ramrod, and bullets, and all kinds of dreadful things, and he'll shoot you first, and then come

back and murder your poor old mother, like's not."

Harry, however, was down the stairs, over the fence, and half-way across the orchard, before the widow had finished her chapter of lamentations.

He had been first woefully chagrined at finding the captain at home, then exceedingly mortified at his very cool reception, and lastly, irritated to the utmost by Job's accusation and imputation.

Coupling Flint and steel together would have produced a fire in a moment from so brisk a spark as Harry, but the rays of the sun extinguish minor flames, and so all potent love had put a damper upon his anger.

No Mary was by now to check the torrent of his wrath, and he hastily determined that, *coûte qui coûte*, whether the culprit was Job or not, he should feel the force of his arm.

For some unexplained reason, however, the moon that had hitherto espoused the widow's cause, and exposed Job's whereabouts, suddenly and without due notice went over to the enemy. Perhaps, being the acknowledged friend of lovers, she hastened to prevent so dire a catastrophe to a pair of them, as seemed about to occur—perhaps, the anger that had been excited by Job's blazing away full in her face was allayed, and perhaps she thought better of it—but perhaps, or not perhaps,

it is certain that when Harry popped his head out she popped her's in, and not behind a silvery, fleecy cloud, by any means, but chose as thick and as black a one as that with which erst she veiled herself when mourning for master Endymion.

Harry was half over the intervening orchard before he became fully aware of the intense darkness, and then he stopped to look about him, or rather to make the attempt, and in the said attempt he lost his course and brought up against the fence in quite a solid manner—in fact his head coming in contact with a projecting stake, over he went backwards, and immediately beheld spread out before him an extensive map of the heavens, containing a great many stars not to be seen with ordinary telescopes.

Job, near by, heard the crash, but as his bones and character were—like the late situation of Harry's head—"at stake," he kept quite still, and there the two belligerents lay very like the fleets of the allies and the Russians—at this present writing—in off-fence-ive position, with a very black see between them.

Harry did not lie long, but jumped up with a brain somewhat addled, and a temper not particularly sweetened by his late misadventure.

The next field was bounded on one side by the main road that ran around the head of the Bay;

on another by that leading down the south-side of it, which ran by Job's cottage, and joined the former at the further corner; the last side—for the lot was triangular—fell back upon the orchard herein before mentioned.

Now, as it had chanced, sundry kine, that should have been quietly at home and sound asleep hours before, being incited by evil appetites, had gone forth seeking what forbidden fruit they might devour, and wandering with devious steps along the road, had scented the young locusts that were growing in this enclosure; and as the mischief that could be done to them was infinitely greater than any other that offered, in they went, and, having eaten their fill of the young plants, down they dropped and very composedly went to sleep around the fence, as if they had nothing very weighty upon their consciences.

Harry, as I have said, jumped up, and, having clambered over the fence, went groping along the side of it in search of his adversary, who, he was very sure, had not abandoned his original position. His head, however, was completely turned, and, having the wrong direction, came suddenly upon a pair of young cattle, that started up with a terrified snort, and taking to their heels ran one one way, and the other the other, as fast as their legs could carry them. One had a white head

and neck, and Harry, bewildered as he was, gave chase, thinking it to be his quarry. Away they went, tearing around the lot—Harry gaining upon the animal, then stumbling and losing ground, then regaining it again, while the second beast, who had taken the other "shute,"—as they say in the south—ere long both fell *in* with Job, and fell *on* him.

After considerable kicking and scrambling, Job relieved himself, and he too started for a race, but, sad mischance, the third jump, and he alighted full on the back of a motherly cow, and falling forward, grasped firm hold of two long proturberances that sprung from the animal's head. Here was a situation, between the horns of a dilemma, grasping those of a cow, and fairly cowed himself.

CHAPTER XV.

A SPORTING CHAPTER, INCLUDING A RACE, A SWIM, AND ALSO SOME ACCOUNT OF JOB'S PIPE, AND HOW HE ENJOYED IT.

Cows are ruminating animals, and it is supposed that they originally instructed man in the proper use of that best-abused of human comforts—tobacco. Job's cow, however, did not ruminate long after having received her cargo, but off she plunged, taking a line straight along the fence, and, raking down so many stakes in her headlong course, that one would have imagined she was running a regular "sweep-stakes," and not indulging in an amateur performance.

Job held on for dear life, and soon discovered the truth of the well-known sporting maxim, that "It is the *pace* that kills." His ideas of quadrupedal navigation were rather vague and desultory, and it is highly probable that if he could have "kept away" or "luffed up," he would have grasped his steed by the tail, and tried to have run her ashore—that is, plump into the fence—

but as it was a heifer and not a steer that he was backing, she probably would not have steered very well.

The field, as I have told you before, met the main road at the further side from the starting pole of this strange race, but did not meet it by any means upon terms of equality—in fact it was not upon a level with the latter, but ran up in quite a bluff manner, and then made a very precipitate and gravelly descent.

Away to the right sped Harry and his game, and away to the left rushed the infuriate cow and her victim—they turn the corners, and are nearing the homeward stretch, the rail-fence, sole spectator, held up very high stakes, some of which were taken by the cow. Hurrah! Harry is about seizing his prey, and Job on the eve of slipping off his animal's neck. Hurrah! here they come, and here they are—all in a heap—Harry and the steer, Job and the heifer, tumbled together, shooting down the steep gravelly bank, carrying away the fence, and landing finally in the road beyond, a very miscellaneous collection of neat cattle, and men anything but neat. Such a run upon a bank has not been known since the days of the immortal Jacob Barker.

Job, who came off best in the encounter, without stopping to take the usual care of his steed, or

even to inquire after his competitor's health, jumped up and made tracks down the road, which was not hard to do, as he travelled in very soft sand; and Harry followed suit.

When Job reached the junction of the road, he dared not take the one that led homeward, the hill being too steep for a plethoric gentleman, who had his sea-legs on, and whose style of progression had a striking similitude to that of a fast duck in a great hurry,—besides, Harry was not far behind, and although pretty much blown with his race a-field, was yet a full match for him; so on he kept direct to the foot of the pond. Here the road turned short to the left, and was in fact but a narrow causeway, whose one side hung over the verge of a very respectable precipice above the Bay, while the other was bounded by the waters of the pond. Should his heels fail him, when once fairly committed upon this course, there could be no help, no dodging off on one side, or jumping into the bushes on the other; but luckily, just where the road turned short about, a small path went off on its own account, as it were, and made a straight wake through the woods by the right side of the pond. There was, to be sure, a slight ascent, and worse yet, a pair of bars must be surmounted, but Job took the chances, the bars, and the path. The only intimation to the men of their

relative situations had hitherto been by sound, but at the critical moment that the Captain was about attempting the fence, her womanly nature so far got the better of madam Luna, that she must needs peep out just to see how things and men were going on. She went in again an instant after, but all too late. The sight stimulated Harry to fresh exertions, and scarcely was the Captain off the fence, before the other was on it.

On the Captain's right, was a steep hill; on the left a thicket and the pond. He chose the latter, and plunged into the bushes, but chanced to strike a narrow path, much trodden by fishermen, and sundry ancient females, who used the pond as a large but cheap washing-tub.

Job was fairly in a *cūl de sac.* On either hand the heavy thicket was perfectly impervious to man, his feet were already upon a plank, that served as a kind of improvised wharf, leading out into deep water, while Harry was right behind him, blowing like an overtasked locomotive in pressing circumstances.

Job turned to defend himself, but the plank, always well soaped, was now quite wet with the miniature surges of the pond. As he turned, his feet slipped, and down he came, upon hands and knees, thus presenting a savage looking head, if not a very bold front to the enemy.

One need not be a prophet to tell what effect this change of position produced upon Harry, who might the next moment have been seen—if he could have been seen at all—shooting straight forward in an insane and horizontal manner, and then plunging fiercely into the bosom of the pond. If he had been Samuel Patch, he could not have made a prettier dive.

Job's mind was quite relieved at the event. Harry might drown or not just as he pleased, for all he then cared, but for fear the sailor might turn up again, he—Job—scrambled up and made a straight path for home.

The moon, however, who had stood the Captain's friend for some time, evidently unsatisfied at the turn affairs had taken, just then gave the wink to that myth, the clerk of the weather, and down came the rain by buckets full. In five minutes after, it was a very doubtful point, as to which of the two, Job on shore, or Harry in the pond—bobbing about, and trying to find a hole in the bushes to crawl out at,—was the wetter.

Job must have had a delightful walk home—there can be no reasonable doubt of it—almost every one has been caught out alone a mile or two from anywhere, then treacherously wet to his skin, and left to paddle off at his own discretion.

It is astonishing how coolly a man will take

things when he is so damp that any more water is of no object at all.

Well, I cannot stop to moralize just now, and so will land Job safely at his own gate.

The house was not still and dark as usual at so late an hour, but there were lights in the kitchen, and two female heads were plainly visible through the window.

"Mary and Keziah," grumbled Job to himself, "why in thunder hasn't the consarned fools turned in? By the 'living jingo' I'll make 'em, and in two shakes of a marlinspike, too."

He advanced to the window, and peeped in. Was that Keziah, or was it not? No, Job, it is that "everlastin' widder," as you call her. What is to be done, Job? You can't face her to-night. No. Your room, Job, has a window immediately above the kitchen roof—clamber up the pear tree behind the house, get on the shed and slip quietly into your chamber—that is it. Well done; a cat could not have managed it better. Slip off the bough silently, step cautiously on the roof—now raise the window gently, and in you go—the window sticks, ("confound it!") does it? then exert your force—and——away you go, heels foremost, down the roof, over the eaves, plump into that oil pipe that you lately converted into a water-butt, and which now makes a water-butt of you. It is

full to the very brim, and as your head emerges, scarcely emerges from the top, what is it that dazzles your moist eyes?

You are right against the window, Job; and Mary and the widow—each, candle in hand—are gazing with amazement upon your dripping countenance, and the widow has begun to scream and intends to faint.

You cheered yourself with the thoughts of your pot and pipe, in your homeward path; if you haven't gone to pot you are very near it, and I hope you like the pipe you have fallen in with.

CHAPTER XVI.

ON DAY BREAK AND THE HEN FEVER.

Morning is at hand. The still, heavy, palpable blackness—night's last triumph—is passing away, and young day slowly but steadily advances. In the eastern heaven, the dark shades that compose night's rear guard are already engaged in actual conflict with the grey-clad pioneers of her great adversary.

Those celestial guards, the stars, that have patrolled their azure beat for many a weary hour, are drowsily winking their sleepy eyes; their watch-fires are paling away, and extinguishing their lanterns, one after another steals quietly off to bed—all save one, and he, captain of the watch, from his outpost gleams forth indignant fury upon the approaching foe.

The battle—which has lasted since time began—is now to be but an affair of outposts after all, for night seldom boldly disputes the march of her ever pursuing enemy. It is only at times that the

queen herself, making a desperate onslaught, cuts off the king of day from his forces, and for a brief space holds the vantage ground; or summoning to her aid hurricanes, thunder-gusts, and such like ærial mercenaries, she fairly drives the foe from the field.

We are to witness no such passage at arms; for see! night even now is marshalling her forces, and the warning bugle of chanticleer sounds the retreat. The dense mist that hangs over the Bay, almost concealing the vessels from our view, and the yet heavier vapor that enshrouds the pond, is heaving up and tossing to and fro like the boiling waters of a cauldron. Upward and upward they rise, from dell and from dingle, from green banks of bubbling brooks, and soft bosoms of rich meadows, rise also smaller masses, marching onward to join the main array. And as they move off, singly, or in pairs, or in great companies, they would almost seem to be actuated by human feeling, and incited by human impulse. The fleecy cloud, that has arisen from the little lake, steals softly back again to imprint one more kiss upon her fair face; and see yonder conical peak round which a circlet of mist is wreathing, for all the world like the cincture of a monk, while the bald pate of the old hill peers drolly above it.

So dense a mass of vapor has now assembled,

that you would think a decided stand and sturdy resistance was contemplated; but no, planet and star have fled, and the lingering rear-guard may no longer stay.

In the east the field is already abandoned. A warning ruddy glow spreads around; and behold! a sword of living fire flashes suddenly upward, and the king of day is upon them.

No time for parley now; scant space for retreat. The banners of night, gleaming with burnished gold, and glowing crimson, tinged with gentle azure and modest lilac, are rolled up like a scroll and swiftly hurried away. Day stands confessed. Lusty shadows start forth to meet you from every tree, and even the meekest shrub throws off a huge and overdrawn caricature of itself upon the ground; leaf and bough, fair flower and feeble blade of grass, sparkle with jewels.

But all this change has not been effected in silence: from the dead tops of old trees, where the wood-pecker has perched for an early view; from high up in the blue air, where float gracefully the swallow and the lark; from the lowly bush and dense thicket, burst forth songs of triumph, and even the matter-of-fact inhabitants of the poultry yard are not behindhand in their morning hymn; matronly hens cluck out wonderful discoveries, and call their young ones to breakfast; goose and

duck, turkey and peacock, in homely but happy strain, chatter away, and remark to every friend upon the fine weather they are having.

All the performers in this our merry comedy are up and a-doing. The "Sally Ann" has had her face washed—for Captain Job is a regular martinet in a small way—Dick, having lighted the fire in the small caboose, is refreshing himself with a reversion, surveying the water prospect with his heels, while his eyes, being on a level with the deck, keep a sharp look-out for the cooking; his head, perhaps, answering the purpose of a mop, dries up a limited portion of the moisture, his inevitable flag, meanwhile, unfolded, is fluttering in the morning breeze. Pete is lolling over the bow with his lines out, and thinks he has just had a nibble.

Captain Job has been up and off long since, but his motives and motions being of a momentous nature, must be reserved for a future chapter. Harry is astir, and has been off to the pond an hour ago. The curling smoke from the widow's chimney speaks of the matron's whereabouts and occupation. Mr. Thaddeus Mulligan has just returned from the barn-yard with a foaming pail of milk, and is now undergoing a lecture from Miss Keziah upon the enormity of the sin he has com-

mitted in soiling the snowy floor with his muddy boots.

Mary is among the poultry.—— Do not fear, I have no idea of describing them, for I have heard and seen quite too much of the breed lately.

Holland has had her tulip mania; England her South-Sea bubble and Mississippi schemes; France went mad upon beet-sugar; and America, not long recovered from a frightful attack of "Morus Multicaulis," is now very low indeed—or, rather, very high—with the worst species of malignant hen-fever. The chicken-pock is nothing to it.

Say but three words of the condition of Poland and your friend will immediately and incontinently discourse you concerning the incredible and inexhaustible merits of his pair of Polish hens, which, did they but imitate the example of a ship at sea, and lay two for every squall, would prove a small independence to the spirited proprietor. Speak of the Panama rail-road, or the Nicaragua route, and you will be told of the admirable avenue these will open for the safe and speedy importation of Shanghais. Why, we scarcely dare ask for a second cup of tea, for fear of awakening a discussion touching the unequalled advantages of China fowls; and the other evening, chancing to mention the illustrious name of the celebrated Mr. Weller, senior, of the Belle Sauvage, a lady

immediately inquired "Whether the stock and fixtures of the late George Clark included any number of genuine Dorkings, and if so, at what figure they were disposed of."

At this rate, ere long, "Hen-hussey" will come to be considered a term of commendation; a hen-pecked husband regarded as a man of mark; and a chicken-hearted youth looked upon as a desperate fellow.

We are told by Sir Walter how the fair Margaret of Branksome's,—

> "Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,
> Stood saddled in stable, both day and night:
> An hundred more, fed free in stall,
> Such was the custom of Branksome Hall."

The Margaret of to-day would have stabled and fed her hundred and thirty hens—the horses might have gone to grass—and in the place of knights,

> "———— Sheathed in steel,
> With belted sword, and spur on heel,"

her only fighting cocks would have worn feathers; and, although the spur might still be found on heel, the gaff would be the nearest approach to a sword that any of them would be able to exhibit.

I am free to confess a woeful ignorance of fowls in general, and a deplorable want of information upon hens and chickens in particular. My education upon these points was sadly neglected. Poultry, probably, was not popular with my parents.

I remember to have endured in my younger days a ferocious onslaught from a maternal hen, and to the having been put in a state of great bodily peril by a pugnacious gentleman turkey, who had evidently taken umbrage at a flaming red and yellow silk dress that constituted my infantile apparel.

I have been told that eggs were not naturally boiled, and have listened with some lack of credulity to the tale of a Milesian, who fed his hens upon pepper and salt, and gave them hot water to drink, in order that the eggs might be laid in due *season*, and all ready for the table. I knew that *gallus* was the generic term for the hen and rooster generation, and have been informed that the cant phrase "gallus bird" was derived from the pugnacious and disreputable conduct of the males; but until Barnum's recent poultry tournament, I was as ignorant of the names, as I now am of the comparative merits of, and distinction between, Shanghais, Chinas, Cochin-Chinas, Malays, Chittigongs, Hamburgs, Silkies, Friedlands, Shakebags, Black Duns, &c., &c.

While I have been gossiping about the chickens, they have eaten their breakfast, and it is high time to permit Mary to imitate their example.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN WHICH HARRY IS RESCUED FROM THE POND, AND GOES A FISHING; ALSO, THE AUTHOR'S PERSONAL ADVENTURE IN THE FISHING LINE.

The whippoorwill has ceased her song,
The larks their cheerful notes prolong,
From her repose all nature breaks,
The sun is up: wake, fisher, wake.

The morn is bright; the summer breeze
Sighs softly through the spring-clad trees,
Breathes lightly o'er the placid lake,
The sun is up: wake, fisher, wake.

The boat awaits thy guiding hand,
Fast moored upon the glistening strand;
The hungry trout the waters break,
The sun is up: wake, fisher, wake.

I am not aware that any such ditty as the above aroused Harry Flint from his slumbers; on the whole, I am very sure that it did not, for Mrs. Flint's shrill pipe effected the awakening.

It is quite the thing to borrow another man's verses to lead off a chapter with; to press them into the service, and make them fill the place of

the old "chorus," by foreshadowing the events about to be recorded; and therefore I see no good reason why I may not indulge honestly in the same way, especially if I can do so without borrowing.

The last that we heard of Harry, he was bobbing up and down in the pond, for all the world like a roasted crab in a bowl of wassail. His plunge-bath had been equally unexpected and unpremeditated.

Now, when one whose whole mind and body are bent upon any pursuit, and he is running along thinking of nothing but the object in view—although Job was not exactly "in view" at the time—to find one's self, without due notice, or apparent reason, fifteen good feet under water, astonishing the snapping-turtles and creating an unnecessary *emeûte* among the little fish, is more astonishing than agreeable.

Upon this point, I can speak feelingly, having tried it myself, and more than once.

My adventures in this line all spring from one cause—old Isaac's prevailing weakness—the love of angling.

The fatigues, dangers, and misadventures incident to the sport have never for one moment deterred me. A drenching shower is to me as common as sunshine—in fact, I rather affect moist

weather—and an upset is so every-day an occurrence, that it is rather a disappointment than otherwise when I am not accommodated with one. Some of these affairs have been ludicrous in the extreme; others not unattended with danger. One that occurred upon a small lake or pond, in the land of "Down East," combined the twain in quite a singular manner.

Upon this lake had I ventured in quest of perch and pickerel. The craft chartered for the occasion deserves rather the title of a box, than a boat—one of those rambling, wabbling, flat-bottomed, leaky concerns,—looking as much like a cashiered cart-body as anything—that men who have never seen salt water in their lives, fasten together, somehow or nohow, and then dignify with the name of skiff.

However, as this skiff, or "dug-out," or whatever might be its proper orthographic representative, was the only craft that floated on the bosom of the pond, right glad was I to charter it; particularly as the time chanced to be one of the few New England saturnalia—"the end of haying," when all the men and boys in the country round, are apt to break bounds, and devote one day to a mild frolic, and—as they term it—"have a good fish."

The crew consisted of the writer, as master,

coxswain, and commander-in-chief, with three youngsters, all tyros, under my instruction and guidance, for the crew.

The day was fine; the fish apparently blessed with a prodigious appetite, and soon a goodly number of golden-sided perch were flapping about the bottom of the boat, tearing out their scales in useless efforts to effect an escape, making themselves particularly disagreeable, and conducting generally in a scaly manner. While we were enjoying ourselves greatly, and filling our boat, a number of very stalwart looking worthies made their appearance, on the shore, rod in hand, and commenced a series of vituperative remarks, directed to and reflecting on the occupants of the boat. Their language, to say the least of it, was decidedly ungentlemanly, and being coupled with some threats, about "pounding our heads," and throwing us overboard, we concluded that our wisest course would be, to up anchor, get a respectable "offing," and put water enough between us, to prevent their swimming out and performing their promises.

We accordingly crossed the pond, and fished awhile, when the pursuing forces again made their appearance; then off we posted back again, and improved the opportunity, until again forced to quit. This game went on, until some time after

noon, when one of the youngsters, either moved thereto by compunctions of the head or stomach, —in plain English, by fear or hunger—insisted upon being landed. We again crossed the pond, and having by this means put a mile of bad walking between us and our persevering pursuers, run the boat ashore, and discharging the tryos, began very quietly and complacently to string the fish for them to carry home, not dreaming of any immediate danger; but lo, and behold, just as this interesting occupation was almost being concluded, we heard a shout, and raising our head, saw that the foe was upon us.

The cove in which we lay, was full of old trees sunk in fifteen feet water, with occasional snags peering above the surface; so, hastily pushing the boat from shore, I placed an oar against one of these protruding timber-heads, and giving a violent shove, away went our craft under a headway to which she was but little accustomed.

As I dropped the oar, a noble pickerel broke water, immediately before us, and seizing my rod, I leaped from the stern to the middle seat, and thence to the bow.

Unfortunate precipitation! At the very moment my feet touched the bow, the boat struck a snag, and bounded back. She, went on, and I— *I* went *in.*

No mortal man hath seen a prettier dive. The broad-brimmed hat deserted my head: the rod, like the jack-staff of a steamer, went ahead to show me the course, or again like the air-drawn dagger of the Thane, to marshal me the way that I was going; and, with terrific impetus, with my hands raised before me, prepared to cleave the waves in the most approved style of modern bathing, I launched into the treacherous deep. In a moment I was at the bottom, to the great discomposure of sundry quiet families of perch and roach, whose domestic precincts I thus unceremoniously invaded, and whose domestic economy I thus incontinently disturbed. An Indian pearl-diver could not have done the thing better. My only thought, both as I went down, and as I came up —for men can think under water as well as above it, and some faster in the bargain—was of the supremely ridiculous mode of my submersion, and in the place of a cry for help, a very respectable laugh, considering the amount of water mixed with it, was the only sound to which I gave utterance.

The remaining lad in the boat was, meanwhile, engaged in a series of vigorous but futile efforts to paddle up to my hat, perhaps laboring under the erroneous impression that my head was in its vicinity, which, as the hat as well as its master

was capsized, would seem highly improbable to a cool and right-minded observer. Swimming to the boat, and finding it impossible to get in, I seized hold of and swam it to land—somewhat on the propeller principle—then making a low bow to my persevering friends, peaceably resigned the command of the lake-marine, and made the best of my way homeward, dripping like a sea-god on a visit to dry land, and laying the dust equal to any city water-cart.

It is high time, however, to get Harry out of the pond. When he arose to the surface, if the cause of his plunge was not very clear to him, the effect was, and, being clear, he proceeded to clear his mouth of a full freight of water that he had shipped in bulk on his down trip; having effected this, the next object he had in view was the recovery of his hat, which had fallen in wrong side up, and was then floating away, an idle jest for the wind and waves. Giving it up in despair at length, he next sought the hole in the bushes, from which he had so suddenly shot: this also was not to be discovered; and so changing his course he endeavored to reach the dam at the foot of the pond. The night was black as a wolf's throat is said to be, and Harry, without compass at hand or star in sight, in lieu of making the port he aimed at, found himself ere long floundering

about among the stumps and in the mud, at the upper end. How he finally succeeded in finding and tracing the bed of the little brook at the head of the pond, until he escaped from the maze; how he crawled out covered with mud, how he was washed quite clean by the rain, how the moon came forth at last to enliven him, how he met his mother at the gate, how they entered together, and how they laid a desperate plot for Job's especial benefit—it behooves not now to relate. It is enough for the reader to know that such things happened. Bright and early next morning was the reveillé sounded by the widow, and Harry set forth for the pond, for several reasons, among which the recovery of his hat, the keeping out of the way for the purpose of carrying on his plot against the captain, and perhaps an honest desire for a string of fish, were the most prominent. He may have had a thousand others, but these must satisfy the reader. How Harry succeeded, what he caught, where he caught it, and the results, must be reserved for another chapter—not the next, however, for poor Job is yet in the water-butt and must be attended to. How busy it keeps one, this having so many people to see after.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN WHICH JOB SEEKS WHAT HE DOES NOT FIND, AND FINDS WHAT HE DOES NOT SEEK.

If our readers will refer to page 104, he will find Job in the very situation from which it is now my pleasing duty to rescue him. This falling into a cask is easy enough; but the clambering out again is quite another affair.

The old oil-pipe stood, as I have before said, right against the kitchen window, at which, on the per contra side, the two women were posted. Job made several very strenuous efforts to escape, but the slippery sides of the cask gave no vantage ground to his heels, and thrice down he came again. Bracing his muscles for a fourth trial, he grasped firm hold of the top staves of the cask, sprang upward, thrust his heels against the side, and then, fearing that they would not retain their hold, threw himself forward to grasp the window-sash, if possible. He was half out, and this forward impetus caused him to pitch directly into the

very window itself, his head making a passage through one pane of glass, and his hands each taking another on their own account. You will perceive by this, that for a moment he presented quite an impressive tableau—his head and both hands being framed and glazed in a "striking," if not an artistic manner.

The widow, who was unaccustomed to this method of "going ahead," concluded to defer her fainting until the next convenient opportunity, and winding up her vocal performance with a shriek of unusual compass and volume, darted out of the door opposite, homeward bound. Job, of course, fell back immediately. Luckily, in his onset, he had carried away the glass entirely, and so did not cut his throat in the retreat.

Had he hitherto entertained any doubt upon the subject, the fact must now have been self-evident to him, that he had taken a glass too many, which, however, did not prevent his taking another immediately after his entering the cottage.

To Mary's anxious inquiries, as to "where he had been?" "what he had been doing?" and "how he came so?" with the exception of a violent tirade against the entire Flint generation, not one word could be drawn from our Captain, who, having imbibed his creature comfort, seized

a candle and toddled up stairs to bed. In a few minutes a heavy body was heard to fall upon the floor at the foot of the stairs with a peculiarly squashy and aqueous sound, and when Mary ran to see what was the matter, a gruff command to "dry 'em," from above, descended the stairs after the saturated habiliments.

We are strenuously advised by all moralists to give a few moments to calm and deliberate reflection upon the events of the day, when our wearied heads first repose upon the pillow, and before the yawning gates of sleep are opened to admit us. Our friend was not much given to reflection, but the events of the day and night fairly drove him to it. Upon the principle laid down by one of the aforesaid distinguished moralists, that we must "count the day lost whose low descending sun, sees from our hands no worthy action done," Job had certainly lost a day; but as it was not the first he had lost, by a very large number, the thought of that alone would not have troubled him.

His mind was in rather an opaque condition, and a number of mental pictures—a travelling gallery like that of Shakespeare's third Richard —presented themselves, all founded upon subjects unpleasing and unsatisfactory.

Far off in the mist peered a panoramic series of

views of his Boston trip, in which both he and the "Sally Ann" were presented in a variety of disagreeable and unusual situations.

When these had exhibited themselves for a time, then commenced a set of dissolving views, commemorative, or rather, prophetic of, his suddenly determined-on union with Keziah. With a grunt, Job shut his eyes very tightly indeed, as if to exclude the exhibition; but on, and on, the scenes progressed, taking in a very wide scope of subjects, and introducing several domestic studies, in which broom-sticks and three-legged stools were accessories. These at last faded away, and our friend was just crossing the narrow bridge between the land of reverie and the country of sleep, when, with a sudden start, he heard a splash, and again saw Harry fall into the pond. Back and back his mind went, through the events of the night, until at last an object presented itself so clear and distinct, that he fairly jumped up and opened his eyes to see whether it was not a reality. It was his old double-barrel, and there it lay among the wreck of the widow's bed of ragged sailors.

Here was something to be attended to in good earnest; a real danger, a positive proof of all his doings, and one that must be removed before it could tell the tale.

Job was a man of courage and determination, and now he set to work in good earnest to frame some plan of escape from the maze of difficulties into which he had wandered.

In a few minutes he had constructed a chart whereby to shape his course in the morning, and then turning over, was fast asleep in an instant.

For a matter of three hours or so, his nasal trumpet rang merrily through the house, and then with a snort quite equal to that of a charger who smells the battle-field afar off, up he sprang, and shook off the trammels of sleep. Job's sailor habits of taking cat-naps here stood him in good stead. A lengthened plunge of the head in a bucket of water, a glass of bitters of extra strength, and Richard—Job, I mean, was himself again. His toilette, never a very severe operation, was this time unusually curt, and in less than five minutes from his awakening, he stood outside of the house taking a mariner's squint at the sky, and reading the promises recorded for the coming day.

Having conned the horizon to his satisfaction, he scratched his head for a moment, by way of brightening up his ideas and of recalling fully his chart for the day's voyage to his mind, then started off, with a rolling but rapid gait, for the widow's.

The day was just breaking, and a right jolly time were the birds having of it. But little cared Job for their music, and on he pushed, doing his best, until the widow's gate hove in sight, when stopping a moment, he reconnoitred the position of the enemy's fortress before trusting himself within reach of their batteries.

All was still; not the tiniest feather of smoke curled or danced above the chimney, and satisfied that he had taken the fortress by surprise, Job prepared to enter the court-yard, but at his first attempt the huge old-fashioned gate gave utterance to so doleful a squeak, that he abandoned it as quickly as if it had been constructed of heated iron, and had burned his fingers to the bone.

Not choosing to clamber over the pickets, he was forced to go a bit farther down the road, and so circumvent the position. In this he was successful, and a few minutes saw him employed in a careful, but fruitless examination of the "ragged sailors" and the adjacent ground. No gun was to be found; but not being overly certain as to its whereabouts, after a due examination of the wreck of the fence, he proceeded onward to the orchard, traced around the track of the last night's cow-race, then down the gravelly bank, and up the road to the pond. Upon arriving at the bush-path in he turned, went out to the farther end of

the plank, and looked up and down the pond as if he expected, yet feared, to see some dread object.

Something he did see, far down the pond; as far, indeed, as his eye could distinguish so small an object; but there, upon the white shingle of the southeastern corner, certainly lay some black thing. It might be a large flat stone; it might be a huge snapper, that had crawled out for the night and not yet returned to his muddy home; but it might be something else.

The sun had not yet risen; no person had Job met upon the road, but he was suddenly seized with a great fear lest some other eyes than his own might see the object upon the sand, now as terrible a thing to him as whilom were the foot-prints to poor Robinson.

Forgetting gun and everything else but this new terror, he hastened off the plank, and ran down the path to the end of the pond. There it was, the identical thing that he so much feared, and yet expected it would prove to be—Harry's hat.

He was just about to seize it when a new idea occurred to him. There might be some one near him, perhaps watching him. He retreated to the road, looked up and down, mounted the fence, and seeing no one, ran down again upon the shingle, and picked up the tarpaulin. Now that he had

it, what should be done with it? Out of sight it must go, and that immediately, for a spectator might unexpectedly surprise him with this witness in his hand. He gazed around for an instant, then taking it by the rim, twirled it high up in the air, and saw it fall in the middle of the neighboring thicket.

"By the living Jingo!" said Job, using his voice for the first time that morning: "By the living Jingo! that's safe, any way, and now I might's well trip anchor, and get my tackle aboard to get clear of this consarned place, afore it's too hot to hold me."

Not far from that part of the pond stood the home of Squire Underwood, and toward it Job now bent his steps. It was a long rambling cottage, inclosed with palings, completely embowered, and almost hidden from view by trees, vines, and shrubs. The Squire's bedroom was upon the ground floor, and Job, entering the inclosure, after having tried the door and found that no one was astir as yet, applied his knuckles to the chamber blinds, and commenced beating a regular rat-tat-too. He was successful, for after a smart peal or two the blinds were opened, a very sleepy-looking head protruded, and a very sleepy voice demanded, "Who's there, and what's wanted?"

"It's me, Square," replied Job, stepping out from behind the blinds, which had not only concealed him from view, but also bestowed a smart rap upon his head, as they were flung widely open, *en revanche*, it would seem, for the blows so liberally bestowed upon them.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN WHICH JOB MAKES HIS WILL, AND HIS CREW TAKE AN INVOLUNTARY PLUNGE-BATH.

"It's me," said Job, rubbing his head violently, as if he thought he had too large a growth of hair upon it, and was trying to rub it in; "and you've mostly stove my head in with your confounded blinds."

"And served you right, too," replied the Squire, "for turning me out at this time in the morning. What's the matter, and what started you so soon?"

"Why, you see," answered Job, "as I'm bound for Boston, the sooner I up jib and head that way the better; and as I've got some business to see arter, a piece back of here, I want to fix things ship-shape afore I go."

"Well," said Underwood, "I know you pretty well, Captain Job, and if your mind's made up to go, why go you will, whether the wind blows high or low. Wait a minute until I can dress and open the door, and then I will hear what you have to say."

Job had more to say than the Squire wished to hear; but what he said he meant to stand up to, and although Underwood did not like the conditions at all, yet he was forced to submit to them.

The vessel was to have her ballast all in by 3 P. M. Two additional water-casks were to be provided and filled; a half-barrel of pork, a bushel of beans, and divers other articles—in fine, a month's provisions provided; all of which Underwood must attend to; and last and most of all, the Captain demanded fifty dollars in advance. To this latter demand the Squire objected most strenuously, for it grieved him much to part with it, and he had already studied out a plan to *trade* with Job for the amount; but all refusals and arguments were promptly met by Job's dogmatic assertion "that he would not start tack nor sheet unless he had everything just so." At last the Squire, after a great waste of breath, was fain to submit.

Having made this important point upon his chart, Job now altered his course, and steered directly for the schoolmaster's home, which stood upon the other side of the bay.

This pedagogue Job held in the most unlimited respect; in fact there was nothing that the latter did not deem him capable of, although it might be questioned whether he was exactly a fitting per-

son for the task about to be imposed on him—nothing less than making the Captain's will.

The gentleman, however, held a far different opinion of his abilities, and Job was soon inducted into his sanctum, where, after a certain number of pens were duly prepared, the twain fell to work and produced a document warranted by the schoolmaster to "stand agin all the lawyers in the state." I give it in full, premising that the matter was freely discussed and the proposed distribution of property fully agreed upon before Mr. Adoniram Peabody put pen to paper.

The reader will please suppose the task complete, and listen to the reading of the will and Job's running commentaries thereon.

Peabody. (*Reads.*) "KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, *that I*—"

Job. 'Vast heavin', ain't the women folks to know it too?

P. Why you see, Captain Priest, the feminine gender are supposed in law to be able to find out everything, so there's no need of their knowing it at first. (*Reads.*) "*Job Priest, captain and sole owner of the sloop Sally Ann,*"—

J. Fast sailin'.

P. (*Reads.*) "*of Bay Harbor*—" How many tons, and how old is she, Captain Job? I must put that in.

J. Forty-five ton; but belay that about how old she is. 'Taint no use.

P. (*Reads.*) "*forty-five tons, Custom House measurement, and now engaged in the brick and lumber carrying trade, being warranted sound in mind, wind, and limb—*"

J. Uncommon.

P. (*Reads.*) "*do hereby affirm this to be my last will—*"

J. No I don't; maybe I'll make a dozen more.

P. Well, but it's law to say so, any way. (*Reads.*) "*and testament—*"

J. Put in the hull bible.

P. Can't do it. (*Reads.*) "*whereas hereby nevertheless, and in consideration of my being on the eve of embarking upon a long and perilous voyage, along with my daughter Mary, after Squire Underwood's ashes, and whereas the said sloop "Sally Ann" may meet with some dangerous accident, and go down with me and my daughter Mary, and all hands on board, now therefore I leave to my aforesaid daughter Mary, the said sloop "Sally Ann," with all her rigging, cables, chains, and anchors—*"

J. Leave out Pete and Dick.

P. (*Reads.*) "*to have and to hold, in lease-hold and freehold for evermore, amen! Provided al-*

ways and notwithstanding, that she does not marry contrary to my wishes—"

J. Put that in strong.

P. (*Reads.*) "*and whereas I have considerable money deposited with old Mister Bigler and others, about which the said Mary my daughter knows more than any one else, I hereby convey it all to her in fee simple. I also and further give and bequeath to my said daughter Mary, my house and land, situated lying and being upon the side hill, commanding her however that she give her aunt Keziah a home as long as she remains peaceable and don't become too fractious.*

"*I also command her to break and burn up the old water-cask under the kitchen window, and not to tell any one what she did it for, and to make the following presents in my name,*

"*Viz, to wit:*

"*To Pete my mate, my valuable silver watch with steel chain and seals. Also the sum of twenty dollars, and don't give him my clothes, because they wouldn't fit.*

"*To Dick my cabin-boy, all my clothes, hats, caps, and boots, and five dollars, and I hope he will live to fill them all.*

"*I hereby appoint my friend Adoniram Peabody my executor, and command him to keep this will out of sight as long as I am alive, and also*

my daughter Mary is enjoined to present him with a new suit of mourning, including hat, boots, gloves, and twenty dollars—"

J. Didn't I say ten?

P. No, twenty. Ten would look mean.

J. Well, let it go; I meant ten, but it don't matter, long's I don't have to give it myself.

P. (*Reads.*) "IMPRIMIS. *In case my daughter Mary should get married contrary to my wishes, or shouldn't live to enjoy this will, it is all to go to my sister-in-law Keziah, and Adoniram Peabody knows what I mean about Mary's getting married.*" There, Captain Job, that's about east, I guess. Shall I finish it up?

J. It's good enough, far's it goes; but where's the stock, and the farmer's tools, and the compliment to Teddy?

P. Oh! I'll put 'em in. (*Reads.*)

"NOTA BENE.—*All the cows, calves, sheep, hogs, pigs and swine, together with the ploughs, carts, stable, barn, and everything else, are to go with the rest. And I hereby bind my daughter Mary, her heirs, executors, administrators and assigns, to present to Teddy Mulligan ten dollars in my name, and to employ him upon the farm as long as they are all agreeable.*"

This important and very secure document having been signed by Job with a cross, and duly

witnessed by two persons—Peabody's landlady and her son—the next thing to be done by our methodical captain, was to visit the "Sally Ann." On the previous day Job had crossed the harbor in his skiff, and had moored it near Underwood's store. He had returned on foot, and therefor, as Peabody's mansion was very near the store, Job was also very near his boat, provided that no one had paddled away with it, which luckily did not prove to be the case.

He jumped in the skiff, seized an oar, and commenced that singular oscillating motion known as sculling, which, ludicrous and lazy though it appears, is the same principle as that on which propellers are propelled. As the Captain had, or professed to have, a motive for all his actions, I might as well say that his reasons for adopting this somewhat slow, but noiseless mode of progression, was that he might take the "Sally Ann" by surprise, and see what her crew were about.

The reader is better informed in the premises, for by referring to the description of the vessel at sun-rise he will find that Dick was treating himself to a reversion and Pete to "a fish."

The skiff approached the bows stealthily and cat-like. Job secured the painter to one of the stays and swung himself up in no time. Three or four quiet steps brought him—abreast, I was

about writing, but my love of truth compels me to say—astern of Dick, who had turned around, and was conning the vessel with his heels, while his eyes were directed to Job's cottage, evidently expecting the enemy from that direction.

Dick had remained subverted about as long as even so practised a revolutionist could bear the position without superinducing an apoplectic attack, and although, according to the most approved authorities in natural philosophy, his head should have grown heavy, the reverse was the case. The monkey-rail of the "Sally Ann" was quite low, and when Job applied his hand in rather an emphatic manner to a peculiar and prominent portion—in fact, if Dick did not strike his flag, Job did it for him—of the boy's person, over the rail the latter went, and down he plunged, heels foremost, and hands upraised—down, down to the bottom mud, then up again, appearing for a moment very like another kind of a buoy, with the same pronunciation but a different orthography.

We all know that Pete was seated on the opposite side; now whether that philosopher was fairly asleep, or only immersed in deep reverie concerning the peculiar habits of the fish he so eagerly sought for, or not, it is impossible to say, but his long legs were dangling over the side, and his head was certainly nodding, and when, startled by

the splash, he attempted to spring up, over he went also, and awoke in the water. In fact, the same thing occurred to him that, according to the old story, chanced to the coon-hunting negro—he heard something drop, and it proved to be himself.

This double accident, however, was not of a very serious nature, for both boy and man were about as much at home in the water as they were upon dry land, and in a minute or two the twain were again upon the deck of the vessel, shaking themselves like a pair of Newfoundland dogs, for relief from the superabundant moisture.

This affair put Job in a good humor and saved his crew from the lecture that he prepared for them, and rehearsed to himself while sculling to the vessel. As soon as his audience had sufficiently discharged the cargo of water they had taken externally and internally, to listen to his command, he gave them the necessary orders for moving the sloop, receiving the ballast, and having everything in readiness to "up jib" and be off when he should return about the middle of the afternoon.

Chuckling to himself at the ducking his men had received, he paddled his boat to shore, and entered the cottage with an unusual amount of amiability beaming from his sun-burnt phiz.

The sun, however, went in again, and a dark cloud cast a shadow over him, when Mary, after suffering him to eat his breakfast in peace, informed him that Mrs. Flint had been there in great trepidation about Harry, and wished to know if he—the Captain—had seen him—her son—during the previous night, and if so, where he had left him.

"Don't know nothing about him, and don't want to see her, neither," answered Job, as he left the house.

CHAPTER XX.

FROM CODFISH TO ALLIGATOR-GAR.

In good faith we must hasten back to the pond, where, two chapters ago, we left Harry.

I have great fear to meddle with water or boats upon paper, and especially with such a bijou of a pond, and one so well stocked with fish, as the little lake of Bay-Harbor. With the best intentions in the world, of moving straight on with my story, for the life of me I can't help going a fishing myself, and taking my readers with me whenever I get near it.

It is a prevailing weakness that I have, and there's no such thing recorded as avoiding it; neither am I particular as to the manner, or the matter of my fishing—all are fish that come to my net, and all ways of driving them into it are authodox in my belief.

I am not to be tied down in my pursuit of the sport by Mr. "Frank Forrester," or Mr. Tom, Dick and Harry's dicta, as to what are, and what are not game fish, nor to be restrained from taking any

that they don't approve of. A shark I deem the gamest kind of a fish, and should dearly love to try a juvenile whale on three-ply.

Frank's ideas do not coincide with mine, but that makes no difference to me, for what I think, I think, and if the whole world should get upon the other side of the thought, so much the greater reason for my sustaining the truth against so huge a mass of error.

I call this firmness, but my opponents have at times had the ill nature to label and libel it pure obstinacy. The truth of the matter is, that when I am right I know it—and I am always right—in my opinion.

Why, there's Frank—who fishes principally on paper—intimates that the Cod is not properly a game fish.

Marry, come up, indeed! A fish that has given its name to one of our most important Capes, a fish whose pursuit breeds the best seamen in the world—your brother Bulls had a taste of them once, Master Frank—a fish known through the Realm of Down East as turkey; a fish that furnishes the entire population of Yankeedom with one day's food every week—rivalling even "pork and beans," and used as a chronological mark on the table of time, not game! Pshaw.

The days upon which the codfish feasts are held

are different in different towns, but each town or section of Yankee-land has its own particular time, and most religiously is it observed.

I am not aware of the existence of any law upon the subject—at least no legislative or corporative enactment—the law of habit, at least, rules supreme. In New Haven, for instance, Saturday, by common consent and universal custom, is set apart for the observance of the pleasing duty.

A very staid and worthy old gentleman resided there, a few years since, whom a successful mercantile career of more than thirty years had placed in independent, if not affluent circumstances, but through custom or a desire to increase his already ample store, he still continued his business, and his ante-prandial visits to the counting-room. One fine morning the good-wife was forced by his unusual absence to postpone the matutinal meal until that rare and valuable thing in a woman—her patience—was well nigh exhausted. At last, however, the delinquent made his appearance, and without any apology for his tardiness, but looking especially glum and ill-humored, he sat him down to eat. A cup of coffee, however, partially restored him, and opening his mouth, he spoke.

"Most extraordinary circumstance, most extraordinary!"

"Why, what do you mean, my dear?" demanded the lady.

"Mean? Here have I had to open the store with my own hands, and after setting in the door a full hour, waiting for the boy's appearance, was forced to close the store again to come to breakfast."

"Heavens!" exclaimed the lady with unfeigned horror, "you have not been to the store? Why, it's Sunday!"

"Sunday!" returned he, "Sunday! impossible, madam, *we did not have codfish for dinner yesterday.*"

Book-fishermen generally meet with about the same success that Irving, in his immortal Sketch-Book, describes as having attended his imitations of old Isaack. If you would believe them, there is but one fish, the trout, and he is only to be taken by the fly. Now, the trout is a very respectable fish, there is no doubt of it, but in the writer's opinion, either for sport or for the table, the pickerel is worth two of him, and the red-fish a dozen.

As to the mode of taking, the easiest way—provided it does not involve an improper and useless destruction—is the best, and there is about as much sport in one as in another.

I write by the card, having tried them all, and can assure the reader that whether the fish be

taken by rod and reel, or by drop-line, by drag-net or cast-net, it is about the same thing, if you are only successful.

If I have any preference to bestow, it shall be given to fishing through the ice, and to tickling—the former of which modes is declared by fancy fishermen to be heretical and monstrous, and the practicability and possibility of the latter as generally denied. Few anglers practice the art, for it requires a peculiar dexterity and sleight-of-hand that are seldom possessed.

Trout are by no means the only fish that can be taken in this manner, and I have never yet tried a fish that would not remain quiet under the operation. I have taken trout, pickerel, suckers, eels, lampreys, one water snake—unintentional, that—and once tried the experiment upon an alligator-gar, which last attempt I shall probably remember for some time.

It was in one of those deep but narrow bayous in the far South, and the gentleman—a small specimen, by the way—was lying at his ease, nearly on the surface of the water, taking a siesta, according to his usual custom of an afternoon.

Cautiously I waded in, but unfortunately came in contact with a submerged branch, or part of a tree, just under water, and separating me from my intended victim. Resting one leg upon it, I leaned

forward and commenced operations, the gar submitting very quietly, and wagging his caudal terminus, as if proud of being taken notice of.

Presently it became necessary to bring my other hand into play, and then I found myself decidedly in a fix. Over the log I dared not go for two excellent reasons. Thirdly and lastly, I should have disturbed my new friend, and sixthly and to conclude, I felt very sure that the water on the ulterior side was beyond my depth, so I was forced to make a desperate effort to grasp him with my one available hand and throw him on shore.

Grasp him I did, but in the struggle lost my balance, and my "elementary" attempt upon gar resulted in a change of "element," to one of the parties concerned at least, for, shortly after, no part of your humble servant was visible to his companion's admiring gaze, save a pair of uncommonly muddy heels.

The whole affair was decidedly unsatisfactory, for although I returned home as soon as possible, and divested myself of my dripping externals, yet an acquaintance—the ague—dropped in that evening, and delighted with the opportunity of renewing our intimacy, gave me a hearty shake.

Quinine at that time happened to be more rare and precious than the gold of Ophir; but one person in the diggins had any, and from him money

would not buy nor love obtain it. Yet quinine I must have, and knowing him to be somewhat of a humorist, addressed him the following exquisite morceau, hoping to succeed in awakening his sympathies:

DEAR COLONEL:

In form of an ague, the devil,
Has paid me a visit with aspect malign,
He has called for his bitters, and one must be civil,
Please send me, to treat him, a little quinine.

The quinine arrived and the ague departed, but from that memorable day I eschewed all attempts upon gars; at least, fresh water ones, confining my attentions in that line to se-gars exclusively.

The sucker, a fish which abounds in our Northern streams, resembling in appearance and habits the "buffalo" of the South, is more easily and certainly taken by "tickling" than any other mode. The time to catch them is early in the season. In the fall they run up those brooks that form connecting links between rivers and ponds, pass the winter in the latter, and taking a hint from the trees, *leave* in the spring.

Being an individual of not the most brilliant intellectual powers, the sucker fondly imagines that if his head be covered and his eyes darkened by a projecting rock or overhanging bank, he is safe from all danger. Unfortunate imbecile; that pro-

jecting finny extremity, gently waving to and fro, tells the tale of his whereabouts. He is not to be caught with a hook; try a net, it is ten to one that you do not get him; but kneel down upon the bank, softly, slowly insert your hands in the water, approach your customer gently, keeping your fingers in rapid and regular motion; he moves a little, as if suspicious of his new neighbor; follow him up; now he submits willingly to the manipulations; move your hand slowly towards his gills, then grasp him by the head and pin him against the bank; do not try to take him out with one hand, but call the other to your aid, insert a finger in the gills, and he is a gone sucker.

To practice this art successfully, you should seek a brook, such as is rarely found except in our Northeastern States, with overhanging banks, whose waters, clear and cold, rattle blithely over the glistening pebbles, dancing and surging along as merrily as though they had a soul and a voice, and were pouring forth grateful songs to Him who had given them a peaceful home between such green and flowery banks, and daily poured down upon their happy bosom so golden a flood of light, stopping here and there in some deep embayed sequestered nook, as if momentarily tired of their gambols, and then, soon wearied of such prim, demure, precise behavior, breaking out again for a

fresh frolic, as full of freaks and fancies as a merry girl of sixteen. In the deeper places of such streams must the handfisher seek his prey, for although he may occasionally take a fish in some shallow river—or one of those hybrid things neither river nor brook—yet I would not advise the attempt for any other purpose than experiment; neither would I recommend any one to attempt it in any of our Southern bayous; there are other things to be found under old roots and trees, besides trout; for instance, the water-moccasin and rattlesnake; and the fisher, wading along, intent upon his occupation, may not perceive that dark object lying on the bank, or floating lazily upon the stream, looking for all the world like a decayed log in a very dilapidated condition, but commonly known as an alligator, although in sooth not very dangerous, except to negroes, dogs and hogs; yet my advice is to keep out of such places; perhaps the reader will advise me to keep away from such subjects, mind my own business, and get on with my story; good counsel this, which I shall in future endeavor to follow.

CHAPTER XXI.

TURTLING; FROM MUD TURTLES TO TURTLE-DOVES.

To return to our "muttons;" the reader will please remember that Job was not the only inhabitant of Bay Harbor, early astir upon this fine summer's morning.

Harry was up and ready quite as soon, if not a little sooner than his antagonist, and having got into his clothes, and out of his door with all possible speed—what should he stumble on at his first step, but the Captain's double-barrel, which was immediately condemned as a lawful prize, —without reference to any court of admiralty— taken into his house, and put snugly out of sight.

Our sailor's next act was to stow his locker previous to sailing; materials were found in abundance in the widow's pantry, and the necessary cargo taken in, when just as Harry's hand was on the latch, he heard the gate give a slight but mournful squeak, and reconnoitering through the crack of a partly closed shutter, beheld his enemy retreating down the road. Harry continued to

watch, and saw the Captain climb the fence, approach the house, and upon searching in vain for his gun, take himself off.

"Now, old fellow," said Harry familiarly to himself, "now old fellow, I've got you, I'm no Indian, and have never done any thing to brag on in the backwoods and pioneering line, but if I can't sail in your wake, without your knowing it, I hope you'll get the weather guage of me, and keep it, that's all."

Having given the Captain as much "line" as he deemed necessary, Harry set off in pursuit; not exactly in the same wake, however, but crossing the road, he found an admirable cover in a fine grove of locusts, and so keeping on a parallel with the road, he followed until it was evident that his quarry was making for the pond, then cautiously crossing the path, he ascended a slight hill upon the right, and was soon in a piece of wood, which he skirted, until opposite the corner of the pond.

Here he soon selected a lofty tree to serve as an observatory, and up it he went; far up, so far indeed, that he commanded a full view of the pond, of all the road, and of the village at the head, and on the right of the Bay. Sitting quietly in his perch, he beheld Job enter and return from the thicket; saw him retrace his steps,

pick up the tarpaulin, and throw it in the bushes, then walk up the road again and disappear in the shrubbery before Squire Underwood's door. In fine, Harry maintained his position until Job had boarded the "Sally Ann," left her and returned to shore; then he descended, and keeping up the path to the right of the pond for some distance, plunged at last into the bush, and was soon embarked in a skiff that he had snugly concealed the day before.

Harry had marked very accurately the spot where his hat had lodged, and now paddling quietly down the pond, keeping near and almost in the bushes that lined the shore, he soon espied the sought for object dangling from an alder bush, and within reach of his fishing pole. Having secured his prize, he cautiously retraced, or rather re-paddled his course to the upper end of the pond, and snugly mooring his boat in a quiet snug nook or bay, commenced his fishing.

Whether he was an adept in the gentle craft; whether he had chanced upon a densely populated situation; or whether the inhabitants beneath were prodigiously hungry, I cannot say, but it is certain that very soon the bottom of the little skiff was fairly covered with a glorious lot of perch, kicking up their tails, drawing heads and extremities as nearly as possible together—Dick would

call the operation, "bending the crab"—and turning side summersets—flapping about, throwing themselves in a state of most admired confusion, and apparently in fine—nay, "finny fine" spirits; and it is farther certain that Harry became at last so entirely engaged and absorbed in the sport as to forget his revengeful feelings towards Job, his deeply laid plans of revenge, and, I am almost afraid, even the existence of Mary.

At last something appeared to have interfered with the appetite of the fish; the float no longer disappeared as soon as it touched the surface of the water, but commenced a lazy sideway motion, sometimes dipping down, almost disappearing, as if a fish had fairly taken hold, then rising up again quite erect, and immediately after, travelling quietly off again; in fact, tantalizing and annoying the fisher extremely, and Harry's patience at last was exhausted; he grew quite angry at this absurd conduct upon the part of some unknown, who at the same time trifled with his breakfast and his angler's feelings.

"This don't pay," said Harry, rising with an evident determination to do something desperate whenever the mysterious unknown should make another demonstration, "this don't pay, and the

next time the fellow tries it on, if I can't hook him, by Jove! I'll give him the toothache."

He did not wait long; the cork tipped, and Harry struck with great force, but all in vain, at least as far as the fish was concerned; with regard to himself the effect was different, and the result decided, for, not meeting with the anticipated resistance, over his head flew pole and line, and over went he, fortunately falling *in* the boat, and not *out* of it, and doubtless creating most unnecessary alarm among the innocent fish in that vicinity, who must have imagined that an earthquake had just commenced "coming off," if they thought at all about it, while very hastily changing their quarters, and seeking some less dangerous locality. Harry scrambled up again, rubbed the back of his head, and other afflicted portions of his corporeal system, and then looked around him.

A small black object was visible on the surface of the water; it was not larger than a nutmeg, but possessed a very sparkling and inquisitive pair of green eyes, that were evidently engaged in seeking out the cause of the disturbance, and looking around for the delicate bit of worm which had suddenly disappeared in so unaccountable a manner.

"Confound that turtle! I might have known it

if I had'nt been a fool," exclaimed the irritated fisherman, striking at the offending head with his pole; but the former was quite wide awake, and disappeared before the latter had half reached the water.

The persevering enemy however was not to be driven off so easily, for ere the pole had been restored to an upright position, up popped the little head again, and the little eyes—brighter and greener than ever—fairly winked at Harry in a very audacious and impertinent manner, and said as plainly as eyes ever said, "don't you wish you could get at me, my fine fellow."

"Well, I'll be blowed!"—I think it was blowed, —began Harry, at the same time stooping to pick up a paddle in order to try the effect of projectiles upon turtles' heads. "Well, I'll be blowed —what's that? Who's calling me?"

This sudden diversion of thought and speech upon our sailor's part, was occasioned by a voice that he heard, or imagined that he heard, from the neighboring bushes. He listened a moment, and presently—there was no mistake about it this time—came—

"Harry, Ha-a-a-rry!"

The voice was a pleasant voice, but the tone was somewhat impatient; perhaps a little irritated.

"Who's there?" demanded Harry.

"It's me," replied the voice, violating the rules of grammar, in its anxiety to make itself known, but not succeeding after all.

"Who's 'me?'"

"Why la, Harry, don't you know? It's me, Mary;" and Mary it was, sure enough; and there was a little face, nicely hemmed in by graceful curls and surrounded by the nicest, whitest, snuggest little sun-bonnet in the world, peeping out from among the bushes.

The head was a very pretty head, much prettier than the turtle's, but far more dangerous to look upon; and the eyes were quite as bright, and even more mischievous.

If I should tell you, you would scarcely believe how soon Harry was on shore; but if you think it is my intention to report what occurred immediately upon his arrival, you are quite mistaken; in fact, had you been near the spot, you might have heard the report yourself: I shall say nothing about it, but Mary's speech may serve to throw a little light upon the matter.

"Be quiet, and have done!" she screamed,—there was no one near, and she was sure of it. "I didn't come here to be treated so, and you know it."

"I know better," replied Harry; "but if you don't like it, you can have it back again."

"No, you don't, Mr. Harry," she answered;

"you ought to have been at church last Sunday, and have heard what the minister said about lip-service. I don't want any of it."

The particulars of Harry's opening or salutatory address, are none of our affair; as he had of late seen but little of Mary, and had enjoyed but few chances of saying sweet things, &c., it is highly probable the present opportunity was properly embraced, and you all know what that means.

"Parse opportunity," said a pedagogue to a pretty girl of fifteen.

"Opportunity, sir," was the reply, "is a very common noun, third person plural number, feminine gender ——"

"Feminine gender?" repeated Ratans, in amazement. "And, pray, how do you make that out?"

"Why, sir," returned Miss, "I suppose so, for the men are always embracing them."

Having settled the preliminaries, our contracting parties proceeded to business, and Mary informed Harry that she had sought him out, at his mother's request, to advise with him concerning the great plot against the indomitable Captain.

Harry's plan was simple enough, being neither more nor less than to keep up Job's delusion with regard to his drowning, and in some way—not yet devised—frighten him—the Captain—out of his design for Mary's match with young Bigler, and

into one that would be more agreeable to the present parties.

To this notable scheme there was one serious objection: Job's immediate departure for Boston.

When Mary imparted this alarming fact, Harry at first expressed himself "taken all aback," but finally concluded "not to give it up so," but to steal up to the city, until the Captain's return, and so this part of the conference ended.

Mary also informed him, that she had been commanded by her father, to have her trunk packed and on board the sloop as soon as the ballast was taken in, and farther enjoined her to be on board herself, in sailing order, by sunset, at which time he expected to return.

Now, as the vessel would doubtless be all ready and hauled off into the channel by 2 P.M., and as both Pete and Dick could be depended upon, it occurred to Harry that he might row Mary off very quietly at the latter hour, and spend a pleasant afternoon with her on the Sally Ann, without any one but themselves and the aforesaid crew being a bit the wiser.

All this having been duly arranged, this Congress, quite as important and not half so ridiculous as the late affair at Ostend, broke up peaceably, and Harry conducted Mary out of the wood.

The path being very narrow, and the pair deeply

engaged in conversation, Harry found it indispensably necessary to sustain Mary, by placing his arm around her waist; otherwise, they could not have walked side by side.

Having commenced his sea-service as a "waister," the sailor did not find this at all difficult, and as for Mary,—seeing the necessity, she submitted to it as a matter of course.

When they parted at the termination of the wood-path, it is probable that Harry had something of very grave importance, requiring the observation of great secrecy to impart, since his head disappeared, for quite a time, beneath the overhanging roof of the sun-bonnet, and he held the girl very close indeed to him, to prevent the escape of the least syllable.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN WHICH JOB MAKES A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

"CONSARN the birds," said Captain Job, as he set forth upon his journey inland—"consarn the birds! I don't see what on airth's the use of their etarnal jabber; if I had ye"—shaking his fist at a tree full of them—"if I only had ye by the throat, wouldn't I clap on a stopper over all, wouldn't I? that's all."

Having relieved his feelings by this anathema against the feathered tribe, he rolled on as fast as his short legs would allow him, but his speed after all was not much to boast of; for, although quite able to hold his own when on board the saucy little "Sally Ann," he was anything but a clipper, when he had his land-tacks aboard.

It was quite early when he set forth, and the distance to Bigler's home—his ultimate destination—only some four miles in a direct line; but heavy fields of grass and grain prevented his taking the short-cut, and so he was obliged to go full a mile directly out of the way, and to pass the widow's,

—which he did very sheepishly indeed,—then having reached the main road, he had a long and, for the island, quite a steep hill to ascend; and finally, having gained the top, finding himself completely blown, and not really nearer his journey's end than when he started, he concluded to call at a friend's, who lived hard by—with whom he had extensive dealings in the clam and oyster line;—while here, a pipe or two must be smoked, and a glass or so of grog discussed; so that, at ten o'clock, instead of finding himself fairly anchored in port, he was only getting under way for his second start.

Now, any one at all acquainted with Long Island, knows that travelling on a sandy road in a hot June morning, especially if the traveller rolls considerably in his gait, and progresses cow-fashion, is pretty hot work; and so Job found it. He said very improper things about the road, and the weather; condemned to perdition his own eyes, those of the widow, of Harry, and finally of old Bigler and his son; took a rest for every ten minutes of walk, making the rests much longer than the labor; and at last, hot, cross, and tired, made the port at precisely meridian, and found that he might have his labor for his pains, as old Bigler had gone to New York with marketing.

His intended son-in-law, Tony, was at home, to

be sure; but Job, although determined upon the relationship, knew him to be altogether too great a fool to advise with concerning his present predicament.

The family mansion of the Biglers was a long, rambling concern, an assortment of low houses, commencing with a story-and-a-half affair, then one of a single story joined to it, another lesser yet appended, and finally a long wash-room completed the odd assemblage.

Each had been painted when built, and the same colors were impartially bestowed upon all: a deep brick-red on the sides, and a Spanish-brown on the roof; but time had fairly destroyed every vestige of paint upon the old family seat; had nearly obliterated the flaming glories of mansion the second; treated the third in rather a shabby manner; and was now at work on number four, whose color, although decidedly red, presented a stale and somewhat wo-begone appearance,—the original brilliance having departed.

In the low door of number three, a building answering the combined purposes of kitchen and dining-room, stood the lady of the castle—the dame Bigler herself—a lady physically the antithesis of Aunt Keziah, and who was at this moment occupied in filling the door-way with her person, and a huge conch-shell with her breath;

in fine, she was summoning all the retainers of the Bigler family to their mid-day repast.

It is not my intention to describe the lady's delight at the sight of the venerated Job, nor shall I relate all the hospitable kindness showered upon him; it is quite enough for our purpose to know, that through the dame's instrumentality he was stuffed almost to suffocation, although not restored to his usual equanimity of mind, even by this agreeable relaxation.

In fact, after discovering the absence of the *pater-familias*, Job scarcely uttered a syllable until he announced his intention of returning immediately and incontinently to Bay Harbor and to the "Sally Ann."

Then arose from Mrs. Bigler a torrent of remonstrances against so rash a step. "Why! to think of walking five miles in the broiling sun after so hearty a dinner—though the Captain hadn't eat nothin to speak on; she was sure she didn't know where he had lost his appetite: her vittles was common, she knew, and not what folks usen to visitin York was usen to; but they was clean and wholesome, though she said it herself,—and there, if she hadn't forgot to offer the Captain suthin to rest him and keep off the hot sun!"

The "suthin" was contained in a black bottle,

and Job took more kindly to her prescription than he did to her advice.

Now the old lady had a plan in her head, and it was no less than to detain the impracticable seaman until Jerry should have time to harness the old mare, and get out the best wagon wherewithal to carry the former back to the Harbor.

In this she was partly successful; she held the Captain enchained by her skill in converse, until the wagon, the mare, and Tony made their joint appearance at the door; but then Mrs. Bigler realized the truth of an old proverb, concerning leading a horse to water, and afterward compelling him to drink—Job would not ride, and that was the whole of it.

It is highly probable that he would have returned a rude answer to the repeated and determined solicitations of the old lady and her son, had not his attention been attracted to the wagon.

The Captain was not in the habit of noticing either wagons or horses, but somehow this particular specimen seemed to be an old acquaintance; and while Mrs. Bigler ran on with her solicitations in an apparently endless strain, our hero proceeded to examine the vehicle. There was no mistake about it; it was the identical wagon that he had seen in the store-shed the previous afternoon; the very one that stood before the widow's door, and,

if confirmation were needed, the presence of an empty sack and a few white feathers gave it.

A host of ideas rushed at once into Job's brain, jostling themselves for want of room, and causing the said brain's proprietor great uneasiness from the extreme rarity of the event. As he did not know what to say, he said nothing, but determined to "up sail" for home with all speed.

Not far from the Bigler Mansion was a strip of woodland, which extended as far as the pond; it was on the right of the main road, at some distance from it, and being bounded on the farther side by poor, scrub-oak land, and then by the great plain, or prairie, of the Island, was almost a wilderness, and seldom frequented, except by the farmer in quest of fire-wood, or an occasional sportsman in search of game.

Our Captain turned sharply around, and interrupted the flow of the dame's eloquence by an inquiry of Tony as to the existence of a path, which, in his boyish, rabbit-hunting days, ran through this wood.

Tony at first said—yes, and then—no; finally became confused, and in a blundering way endeavored to convince the Captain of the impossibility of his finding the way; but as this only rendered Job more firm in his determination to attempt it, the youth volunteered his services as guide.

This, Job would not hear of, and cut the matter short by marching off. His memory did not betray him, for he not only found the wood-path without difficulty, but found it, too, in much better condition than he had expected. Following on, for perhaps a quarter of a mile, he discovered a wonderful change: the well-travelled track suddenly became almost extinct, and was nearly lost amid a maze of underbrush and blackberry-bushes, in which he floundered about for a while, and then thinking he had missed the way, returned upon his tracks.

He regained the well-beaten path, and found that, without any apparent reason, the travel upon it went to a certain point, and then seemed to cease abruptly. He stooped down to examine more closely, and soon discovered that the foot-prints evidently were turned into the wood; so into the wood he plunged, and upon stumbling over a lot of limbs and brush, placed as a *ruse-de-guerre*, found the continuation of the path.

This soon led him to a piece of wet, marshy ground; but through it went he, and when upon the other side, a sight that filled him with amazement and indignation met his eye.

It was a huge turkey-pen, in which were confined at least an hundred fine, fat birds, with

clipped wings, and among them his own white gobbler, with two junior brethren.

Who was the turkey-thief, was now perfectly apparent, and cursing his own folly and obstinacy, which, he was persuaded, had resulted in the death of Harry Flint, he clambered over the pen, secured his property, and, having tied their legs, threw the birds over his shoulder, made his way through the woods to the road, and took the shortest cut home—caring very little whose grass or grain he trampled down.

The Yankee clock upon the kitchen mantle-tree was striking three as the Captain entered; Keziah was just striking one,—an offending cat, taken in the very act of committing a petty larceny.

"Keziah!" demanded Job, throwing himself in a chair, "where's Mary?"

"Pete's been here after her trunk, and she has gone aboard too," replied the maiden.

"Put my things in a bundle, and look sharp about it," commanded Job.

This was soon done, and Job was about leaving the house without another word, when Keziah laid her hand upon his arm, and in a voice of most ominous softness, said,

"But, dear Job, before you go—you know—I don't know what to say—you are so strange."

"I said I'd marry you, and when I come back,

I will, by the living jingo!" replied Job; "but I can't stop now. Good-bye."

"Farewell, dear Job," sighed the maiden, falling upon his weather-beaten neck, and showing strong symptoms of engaging in the fainting business.

Our hero deposited his interesting burden upon a chair, and catching up his bundle, hastened out.

CHAPTER XXIII.

OFF AT LAST, AND WITH ONE HAND ON BOARD, NOT DOWN IN THE SHIPPING PAPERS.

During the absence of Captain Job, the "Sally Ann," or rather her crew, had not been idle. Immediately after his departure, they had weighed anchor—it did not weigh much, by the way—hoisted the jib, ran across the narrow strip of water that constituted the upper Bay, and made fast to a small wharf near the squire's store. By 1 P. M., the provisions, and ballast—some twenty loads of round stone—were on board, and as the tide had commenced running out, Pete hastened across the Bay in his small boat for Mary's trunk, and having got it on board, cast off his moorings, and running through the narrow, tortuous channel that connected the two Bays, came to an anchor in the lower—all ready for Job, when he should make his appearance.

When Pete and the trunk left the house together, Mary started in their company, but continued in it no longer than she reached the shore.

Here she found Harry awaiting her, and seated upon a rock on the beach, they watched the mate's progress across the Bay, waited until the sloop was nearly through the channel, and then embarking in a snug skiff, went in pursuit of her.

They were soon on the deck of the vessel, and Mary having declared that she must go immedidiately down in the cabin, and "put it to rights;" of course Harry went down also to assist her. It is to be presumed that when below, they found a great deal to do; for, more than an hour had passed, without their reappearing on deck.

How much longer they would have staid had they not been disturbed, does not appear; but their cabin-cleaning was suddenly put a stop to, by Pete's calling Harry, and requesting his presence above.

It seems that in their haste to get away from the wharf, one important command of Job had been neglected. He had told them to leave the small boat for him, and in the place of so doing, they had towed it astern along with them, and now Pete wanted the loan of Harry's skiff to take the boat back to the wharf, and leave it there.

"What time will the old man be back?" asked Harry.

"Not afore sundown, he said, when he gin out his orders," replied Pete.

"Well, then, you are welcome to my skiff; but, Pete, don't you hang about the store, and let Captain Job catch you there, and me here," said Harry.

"If you do," interrupted Mary, "if you do, Pete, I'll——I don't know what I'll do to you, but it will be something dreadful."

"Pshaw! Miss Mary," answered the gallant mate, "you wouldn't hurt a mouse, to say nothin about a poor feller like me, unless you did it with them eyes of yourn; but don't be skeart—he can't catch me; might as well catch a weasel."

"I'll tell ye what," continued he energetically, "I'll tell ye what—if I let the old man catch you here, Captin Flint, may I never dance at your weddin, and if I don't expect to do that shortly, and at Captin Job's house too, may I be keelhauled, that's all."

Now, this was a wonderful speech for Pete; certainly the longest he was ever known to make, and it hit right and left with its compliments, like a double-barrel; somehow the "Captin" tickled Harry amazingly, and the allusion to her eyes fairly made Mary blush.

"Now, go along, Pete," she exclaimed; "I don't know what's got into you. What do you know about girls' eyes?"

"Not much, Miss Mary," he replied, as he went

over the side; "but I'd like to see a pair beat yourn,—that's all."

Off went Pete, pulling the skiff, and towing the other boat, and Harry being on deck, commenced an examination of the vessel and her rigging, with the critical eye of a thorough seaman.

All was seemingly satisfactory until he came to the quarter-deck, and then he seemed to be searching for something in vain; at last he called—

"Dick!"

Dick, at this moment was, as usual, reversed, and treating his heels to a sight of Pete and the two boats; but, having turned right side up with great alacrity, acknowledged the call, in man-of-war's style, with an—

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Where have you stowed your compass, Dick?"

"Ain't got none, sir."

"No compass!—why, Mary, it can't be possible that the old fool—beg pardon,—didn't mean to offend you—but it can't be, that your father is going outside without a compass; why, I must ship for this voyage, whether the old man wants me or not."

"No, indeed; you neither can nor shall," replied Mary. "If he should find you on board, the world would come to an end; or, if it didn't, there would be an end to every thing between us, you

may depend. Now promise me, that whatever happens, you will not let my father find you here."

Of course Harry had to give the promise, and then it occurred to him that they had not quite finished righting the cabin; so down they went, and there they staid until aroused by Dick, who was on the look-out.

"Hallo!" shouted the urchin, "you'd better rouse out below there; old man's close aboard, along with Pete, and they're comin it with the tide, I tell you; the old boat's a walkin."

Here was a predicament, a regular fix: Harry on board, the sloop out in the stream, and no means of leaving her except by swimming. He proposed to play Leander for this occasion only; but the proposition was promptly and decidedly negatived by Mary, who, after thinking a moment, came to the conclusion, that present dangers must be guarded against, and future ones suffered to take care of themselves.

Now the "Sally Ann," small as she was, had both cabin and forecastle, although both were on rather a limited scale, and down the forecastle Mary—who had fairly taken command on the emergency—ordered the sailor. A movable bulkhead separated the forecastle from the hold, and by removing a board, Harry found his way into the latter, where he was under strict orders to re-

main until Captain Job should return to shore, as both supposed that he certainly would. Mary, having secured Harry's retreat, took up a position in the cabin, pulled out a book from her trunk, and went at it, as if for a hard day's work.

Presently the boat was heard close aboard,—some one jumped on deck, then the boat was apparently hauled round to the stern and made fast, and at last Job's voice was heard—

"All hands, up killock!"

If the pair below were completely surprised by Job's sudden arrival, they were now fairly confounded; but woman's wit soon came to the rescue, and stepping to the thin partition that separated the cabin from the hold, she pushed aside a movable plank, and called Harry to her in a low voice.

"What is it, Mary?" asked he, "and what in thunder am I to do,—caught here like a rat in a trap?"

"What are you to do?" she replied; "act like a man as you are; see there, through the cabin-windows; you can take that boat, and make your escape as soon as it is dark. If you fail, why make the best of it. I should think you might make the trip to Boston where you are, for my sake, if you love me as well as you say."

"Yes; but, Mary," he began—

"No 'buts' about it," she returned, "but right back into your cubby-house, and wait my orders," and giving him a slight push, she pulled the plank again in its place.

It must be confessed that in despite of the danger they ran, she could scarcely refrain from a hearty laugh at the ridiculous predicament in which her lover was placed.

Perhaps Mary was a little romantic, and rather fancied the idea of the sailor's escape from her outraged and indignant father, by quietly stealing away in the moonlight in the outraged and indignant father's own and only boat. If she did, the next command from on deck was as good as a bucket of water on her hopes and aspirations.

"Here, you Dick! jump about, and haul the boat around to the shrouds. You, Pete! let the jib alone, and rig a tackle to hoist her in; we ought to have done it afore we got up the killock, but 'tain't too late; if I'm goin to sea, I'll go ship-shape, by the living jingo!"

"Captain," said Pete, in a supplicating tone, "I guess 'tain't worth while; them Boston schooners always tows their boats astarn."

"Who asked your advice, Mister Pete?" demanded Job. "Who's Captin aboard here, I'd like to know?—'bey orders, or I'll put you ashore, by the living jingo!"

As this threat had been made every time that Pete had volunteered his advice, for the last fifteen years, he did not mind it much, but the usual effect was produced, and he said no more on the subject.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A NEW "ROAD TO BOSTON"—PETE OBEYS ORDERS, AND PLAYS THE VERY D—L.

The Sally Ann, completely adrift, floated out upon a strong tide, while master and crew were securing the small boat. Round and round went the sloop, until the job was done to Job's satisfaction, and then hoisting the jib, he got steerage way on the vessel, put Dick at the tiller, and with Pete commenced hauling away at "peak and throat-halyards." In a few minutes, the Sally Ann was walking out of the harbor in a way that no other Bay sloop could imitate. Buoyed up and carried along by the "ebb," with a strong breeze from the South just abaft the beam, away she flew dashing off little jets of spray from her bows, as if rejoicing at her escape from the shore.

Job's spirits rose with the increasing speed of his vessel, and as spirits arose above deck, he determined they should descend below, so below he went to freshen his nip. Now, our hero, as I have before hinted, was always able and willing

to take his allowance, but seldom exceeded it. He had stepped over the bounds the preceding night, and the events of the evening had so worked upon his usually calm and self-possessed mind, that the man was anything but himself—which some persons, perhaps, may be malicious enough to consider a gain. The morning's discovery, together with sundry and divers deep draughts, had not helped matters at all, and it would have been evident to an experienced observer, that Job, at this particular moment, although able to carry full sail, would have to "close reef" and "lay to," should the wind freshen a little more.

Well, below he went, and having helped himself rather deeply, soon emerged again with Mary in tow. The Sally Ann was doing even better than before. Away she flew past cove, and headland, and shingled beach, past fishers' huts, and clusters of old trees growing upon the water's brink, that seemed to nod approval to her progress, and waved their green boughs as a parting token of their friendship. Away she flew past knots of children upon the shore, and as her shadow fell upon them, they looked up from play, leaving their tiny boats to undertake rash voyages upon their own account, and the boys shouted with delight, threw up their weather-beaten hats, and cut queer antics upon the sand, while the girls

danced, clapped their hands, and waved their aprons: away she flew, past the yawning mouth of "Muscle Bay" upon the left, past the rocky headland on the right, and the broad sound opened before her.

Pete sings out in an authoritative voice to Dick to come aft and pay out the main sheet,—for they are to have the wind almost astern, when they shall have turned the corner, and headed up the Sound—but to the astonishment of all hands, the captain countermands the order, and directs the helmsman to lay his course for the Connecticut shore.

The water is covered with sail. Here, on the right, approach two bright-sided top-sail schooners, with every thing set, and evidently trying their relative speed. Up the sound appears a fleet of Long Island sloops, returning home with their loads of ashes and manure, convoyed by two or three Boston schooners, with their high bulwarks, and half sea-going appearance. Here is a sloop with her mast leaning so far forward as almost to convey the idea that it is going by the board; there, half way to the opposite main-land, a dozen or more saucy-looking smacks, with their black hulls and cocked up noses—bows I mean—all making famous headway, and caring but little whether it blows high or low. Scattered about,

and shaping their courses North, South, East or West, may be seen occasional brigs and brigantines, and a stray bark or so, while a pair of steamers, leaving their black smoke-trails between us and the blue heaven, and an awkward, black, weather-beaten, and storm-abused whale ship, working slowly along for her home at New London or Stonington, complete the picture.

The Boston schooners that I have mentioned were about four miles west of the Sally Ann, and midway between the Connecticut and Long Island shores, so that as the sloop's speed was evidently much greater than theirs, and the width of the Sound at this point about ten miles, Job's calculation that by laying his course right across, he must fall in with them, proved correct.

When within a mile of the nearest schooner, Job took the helm, called Mary to his side, and perceiving that they would necessarily cross the bow of the vessel if they held on, he ordered Pete to haul in the main sheet, and "luffing," turned the head of the sloop up the Sound, running right on a wind, and directly for the schooner.

In five minutes they were abreast of her, and then "keeping away," ran fairly under her stern, and Mary, at her father's request, read her name, "The 'Arno,' of Augusta.'"

"Won't do," said Job, "leastways, if she's

bound there." And clapping his hands—improvised into a speaking trumpet for the occasion—to his mouth, he hailed,—

"Wharbouts ye bound?"

"Bath, with corn and flour."

Job shook his head, and held on his course, but in a few minutes round he went again, and returning, ran under the stern of schooner number two.

Mary read, "'Evaline,' of Boston."

"Where ye bound, and what's your loadin?" roared out Job.

"Boston, with dry goods and groceries."

"That'll do. I'm after ye," replied Job, as he shot by the schooner.

Now, it happened that the Sally Ann's small boat was placed upon her hatches, crossway of the deck, and covered with an old tarpaulin, and not being of the regular and legitimate jolly boat species, but a long clinker built affair, it presented to the inquiring eyes of Captain Elnathan Perkins—who was standing on the Evaline's stern—quite a suspicious appearance.

The *tout ensemble* of the Sally Ann was innocent in the extreme, but Captain Perkins—an exceedingly cautious character—some how did not fancy it. He had heard of modest-looking pirates, with gigantic "long toms" upon their decks, and

"guessed that long critter looked pesky like one, covered up with a heap of old sail."

"What did that feller sing out last?" he demanded of his mate.

"Why, when you said our cargo was dry goods and groceries, he sung out that you'd *do*, and that he'd *catch* you," replied the mate.

If the appearance of the sloop, coupled with the supposed threat of her master, disturbed Captain Perkins' equanimity of mind, subsequent events alarmed him still more, for the Sally Ann continued her strange manœuvres.

She ran on a few miles, and Perkins flattered himself that he was done with her; then, off went she to the windward, and very soon round she came again, and passing him a second time, left him astern.

This was repeated more than once; in fact, persisted in until nightfall, when Job, having as he supposed ascertained the exact relative speed of the two vessels, suffered the Sally Ann to fall full half a mile astern, and taking a reef in both mainsail and jib, kept on a straight course with the Evaline.

Whether Mary would have volunteered her services as cook, if Harry had not been aboard, I cannot say, but that she did so I am very certain, and also that, as the conveniences in the culinary

department were all to be found in the forecastle, she had the assistance of Harry, which may account for the pains she took in preparing supper, and the length of time she was about it.

From the time that Job first took the tiller, until nearly nine o'clock, he did not leave his post, but Mary had played the part of Hebe, and Dick of Ganymede, so often in the interim, that when he resigned the command to Pete, informing that worthy person of his intention to "turn in" after supper, and also conveying a command, in no gentle terms, that the Evaline must be kept in sight during the night, his legs proved scarcely competent to the task of conveying their owner below.

A hearty supper, and another stiff glass, completely did the business, and Job, rolling into his berth, was certainly safe for the next six hours.

Under these circumstances Master Harry was released pro tem. from durance vile, and with Mary took a seat in the bow, relieving Dick from the "look-out," into which important function Pete had inducted him, in consideration of the extraordinary magnitude of the present voyage.

All things were going on quietly and pleasantly on the Sally Ann. The captain enjoyed his toddy and his nap; the mate felt additional importance, in having the command, for the time, of a vessel that was really going outside; and, moreover, hav-

ing smuggled a fishing-line in his pocket, had it dragging astern, with a hook baited with salt pork, in the vain hope of capturing a blue fish; while Mary and Harry were probably about as happy as common every-day mortals often get to be.

Another state of affairs reigned on board the "Evaline." The suspicions of the captain had strengthened into fears.

The "Evaline," although not a match for the sloop in a moderate wind, was a fast sailer, and by midnight had drawn miles ahead of all the fleet that had come through the "Gate" with her.

The Boston steamer had passed her, and Captain Perkins, having gradually dropped the Sally Ann astern, was beginning to soothe his perturbed mind with the idea that he was done with her, when, lo and behold, the "pesky critter," as he denominated her, was discovered to be coming up with him, hand over hand; the fact of the business being, that our friend Pete, having found the sloop was losing ground, had, with Harry's assistance, shaken out the reefs, and the Sally Ann was crawling up to the windward very fast indeed.

The wind, that had been at their embarking nearly south-west, was fast hauling around to the north, and increasing very considerably. Fisher's and Block Islands were passed, Peconic Bay was on the right, and Captain Perkins had more than

half a mind to run in; but if he tried it, might not the pirate, if she were one, overhaul him in less than no time; and besides, he had some lingering idea that he might be well laughed at for his mistaking a little sloop for a great, bloody pirate—rather a rarity of late years upon the peaceful waters of Long Island Sound; so he contented himself with clapping on gaff-top-sails, and keeping his hands busy with the scoot-horn wetting the sails.

In spite of everything, however, the sloop hung on his quarter, and was approaching him every moment, and every moment his fears increased, until he called the mate and communicated them to him.

Our cautious captain had a cautious mate, and the latter embracing the former's notions most cordially, a council of war was immediately held between the twain.

"Now," said the captain, "here it is, you see; she's been a dodgin' off and on, all the afternoon; when dusk comes, she reefs in her jib and mainsail, and hangs astern till midnight, then shakes 'em out, and overhauls us hand over hand. What's to be done?"

The mate, a very sententious character, replied, laconically, "Run away."

"Oh, yes," said Perkins; "say run away, and do it, 's two things, I guess."

"Guess not," replied the mate. "Sloop 's light; wind 's freshnin, haulin nothe; beats us on this tack, can't with stiffer breeze and more sea; Evaline's best plum on a wind; just keep away, and run clean out into blue water."

"By thunder!" ejaculated the captain, "I'll try it," and he did.

This singular proceeding on the part of Captain Perkins may account for the fact, that, at the moment Captain Job poked his head above the companion-hatch, the ensuing morning,—a lusty, fair-weather sea, on a visit to the Sally Ann's deck, caught him up, and rolled him, very much astonished, down the ladder again. The truth of the business being, that the Sally Ann, at this particular time, was full fifty miles at sea, crowding everything to catch a top-sail schooner a mile or so ahead, steering as if she were bound for the Mediterranean, and taking the shortest possible cut.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE EVALINE FORSAKES HER COMPANION.—JOB AFLOAT LIKE A BEAR IN A WASH-TUB.

Beyond all question there is a vast amount of poetry in the ocean; the line of grace is visible in its every movement, and there is any quantity of sublimity in its rage. Poets, however, had better let it alone; for, with the solitary exception of Falconer, almost every one of the tribe that has meddled with it, has only succeeded in burning his fingers. Byron, to be sure, bade "the deep and dark blue ocean roll," in rather a majestic manner, but even he would have made a fist of it, had he gone into details. The majority of our sea songs are simply ridiculous; take, as an example, the famous lines,

"A wet sheet, and a flowing sea,"

and what do you suppose the author knew about blue water? A wet "*sheet*," indeed! The poor fellow probably thought it meant a sail, but it

only happens to be a rope—and wet ropes are not over-agreeable to handle.

An American poet of some celebrity has introduced the subject with such a string of metaphor, as I never "met 'afore." Hear him:

> "Though pleased to see the dolphins play,
> He minds his compass and his way;
> And oft he throws the wary lead,
> To see what dangers may be hid.
> At helm he makes his reason sit,
> His crew of passions all submit:
> Thus, thus he steers his bark, and sails,
> On upright keel, to meet the gales."

Now, here is a charming picture of a jolly old sea-dog, standing at the stern gazing on his compass, and at the same time peeping over the bows grinning at the dolphins, and bursting off all his buttons with uproarious shouts of laughter at their queer antics. See him in mid-ocean heaving the "*wary* lead"—*weary*, I presume, is meant, as the metal has quite a reputation for stupidity—and peering down into the bottom of the sea, to take a squint at the dangers there snugly stowed away.

The greatest difficulties, however, I should imagine, would be to keep his vessel on an upright keel all the time, and to sail right plump in the "wind's eye."

As I said before, there is a vast amount of poetry in the ocean, but somehow, our friend Job

did not properly appreciate it. Perhaps the fault was in his temperament. Be that as it may, when he re-ascended the ladder, thoroughly drenched, and trying to clear his mouth of salt water, it was no benignant eye that he bent upon poor Pete; and it was no very pleasant voice that he employed to address him with.

"Wherebouts be we, Pete, and what consarned fool shine ye been cuttin' up now with the sloop?"

"Been 'beyin' orders, Captain Priest," replied the mate, "and as for wherebouts we be, we're on the road to Boston, I guess. There's the Boston chap you told me to foller, any ways."

"By the livin' jingo, then," said Job, "you'd best overhaul him, and ask how much further it is afore we get there."

"We'd best catch him first," retorted the mate. "And may be its somebody else's trick at the tiller, for I'm plaguy nigh done up."

"Well, well, Pete," replied Job, "that's sense, any way. "I'll take her, and you may turn in; but stop, where's Dick? You Dick! hello! where be ye?"

If the captain could have looked behind the mast, he might have seen our young friend, wrong end uppermost, he having embraced the opportunity and improved the occasion to convert his

favorite science into a practical utility, namely, a new system of drainage—he was draining his boots.

Dick, having made his appearance, was ordered below, to bring up something to remove the unpleasant flavor of sea water from the captain's mouth, and to open the mate's eyes.

The "bitters" put Job in a more amiable state of mind, which lasted until happening to look behind him, he beheld the mate's line dragging astern. "Out knife and at it," was the word, and away went hook and line, away went Pete's hopes of distinguishing himself by the capture of some sea monster, and away went Pete himself down the fore-hatch, and was seen no more for some hours.

All day long the vessels held on the same course, and the Evaline kept her distance but did not increase it. By nightfall they were well out in the broad Atlantic, having crossed the regular beaten track, and therefore quite unlikely to fall in with any other craft. Job had done his duty manfully during the day, to make amends for Pete's long watch the previous night. The bottle had suffered badly, being his only counsellor, for obstinate as he was, he did not half like the situation of affairs. A tormenting cross-sea had got up by the change of wind, and it made Job par-

ticularly cross. Old tar as he was, he did not like the pitch at all, and all his efforts to overtake the Evaline were fruitless. The sea that was on, and the strong breeze, combined to make her quite equal to the sloop in speed.

Pete had slept away the morning, and relieved Job occasionally, during the afternoon.

Mary had cooked the three prescribed meals, and consoled Harry in the forecastle, the latter also consoling himself, thought of the scrape that Job had got into, and with a notion, that worse was to come. Dick had whittled out seven Sally Anns, three Evalines, and upset himself as often as he found a safe and convenient opportunity of so doing. The day had gone by without even the glimpse of another sail than the Evaline.

On board the latter vessel fear and consternation reigned supreme. That they were chased by a pirate appeared now to be past doubt; that no other way remained but to hold on the course they were steering, was equally clear. She held her own upon this tack, and experiments were dangerous. Captain Perkins knew, however, and trembled at the knowledge, that if the wind should lull, or the sea get down a little, it would be all up with them.

The armory was overhauled, and found to consist of one old ducking-gun without any lock, one

carving-knife loose in the handle, four handspikes, and a marlin-spike.

The crew were mustered, and turned out one captain, one mate, two able-bodied seamen, one green hand, a cabin-boy, and a gentleman from Erin's Isle, working his passage, which he effected by doing nothing himself, but making work for the rest. The latter's voice was all for fight; all others' voices for flight. One wide-awake down-easter proposed an increase of wages and extra pay, and if any fighting should really occur, and the schooner come off victorious, intimated his intention of instituting a claim for salvage.

This had the effect of stimulating the captain to renewed exertions. Having exhausted his skill in endeavoring to incite the Evaline to the performance of a miracle of speed, he had recourse to his library.

Captain Perkins was a great reader: his library consisted of three volumes,—the "Bible," the "Pirate's own Book," and Cooper's "Water-Witch." The first of these he reserved for the last moment, when all hope should be lost; the second—his prime favorite—he shuddered even to look at; while the third he luckily opened at the very page which describes the ingenious escape of the "Water-Witch" from a cruiser, by misleading her with a false signal-light. It was the very thing.

The mate was summoned below, and the affair decided upon. The jolly-boat was to be sacrificed, and the schooner saved.

This satisfactory conference was suddenly broken up by a cry on deck, that the sloop had fired her "long Tom," and that a ball might be expected on board immediately, if not sooner. This dreadful event had been watched for all day, but turned out to be only a pan of ashes thrown overboard by Master Dick.

Night drew on; Job, very much fatigued, especially about the legs, turned in; the sky, so clear all day, began to be obscured with flying scud; the schooner hoisted a light at her stern; then another; then the first was "doused," and after a while it was astonishing how fast the sloop gained on her.

It was also remarkable that Dick should insist another vessel was just visible, right off the larboard quarter, running south, with nothing on but a jib. Harry saw it too, but said nothing. They continued to gain upon the Evaline; they were almost on her; Pete hailed—no answer—ran alongside her, and found, to his dismay, no schooner, but a jolly-boat, mast and sail up, with a lantern hanging and swinging at the former's top.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE END OF THE TALE.

Two weeks have elapsed—two long, dreary, weary weeks to the forlorn cruisers in search of Boston. Captain Perkins has arrived safely at home; his miraculous escape has been duly announced; meetings have been held; a special messenger has been sent to Washington by the collector of the port, in quest of authority *to* act, and advice *how* to act, in the premises, and on this very day that we are again to re-visit the "Sally Ann," a revenue cutter is to sail in pursuit of the supposed pirate.

When Job was first made acquainted with the facts of the case—which acquaintance was only made quite a time after the defection of the convoy, as the boat was first to be secured, and the captain himself aroused to a sense of semi-consciousness—he was quite divided in his opinion as to the proper punishment to be bestowed upon mate and cabin-boy.

He considered their crime to be neither more nor less than rank mutiny, and hesitated between hanging them at the yard arm, and putting them in irons. As there would be some difficulty in arranging the only thing in the likeness of a yard that the sloop boasted of, to properly receive the intended burthen—unless indeed the culprits would lend their assistance, which could hardly be expected under the circumstances—the former proposition was abandoned.

The main objection to the latter course existed in the entire absence of everything in the shape of irons of any description, except the fire-irons, a strip of sheet-iron for a shovel, and a bent up hoop by way of tongs.

These, but no other meaner or minor considerations, deterred Job from his revenge; for, deeming himself, as he expressed it, "in for it," he placed the assistance of his crew against the water and provisions they would consume, and mentally decided in favor of the latter.

A careful examination of the parent of all this mischief—the Evaline's boat—somewhat mollified him, and a few pretty stiff glasses of grog eventually restored his equanimity.

During the remainder of the night, and all the next day, the Sally Ann pursued the course supposed to have been taken by the Evaline after her

defection, namely, due south. Then followed a calm of three days, during which the sloop drifted to and fro like a log upon the water; the captain amused himself in repainting the prize boat, eating, drinking and sleeping—dividing his attention principally between the three latter. Pete and Dick managed the tiller—no onerous duty—and Mary and Harry, seated in the vessel's bows, enjoyed the fine nights as only lovers could have enjoyed them. During the day Harry employed himself in "caulking away" in the hold. Pete also obtained seven distinct nibbles, and Dick's manufactory of miniature Sally Anns went on at such a prodigious rate, that the supply of ship timber laid in for the voyage threatened very soon to give out.

The fifth day brought with it a violent gale from the northwest, and Job, knowing that there must be land somewhere on his weather-quarter, turned the bows of his vessel and strove to beat up against the wind; but the wind eventually beat him, and the sloop, with nothing on but a small rag to steer by, was forced to scud.

Then came a change of wind, then another calm, and at the time we re-embark, the Sally Ann has been running due west for the last twelve hours, with a fine beam wind, and is in a fair way

of making St. Augustine, if the wind should hold twenty-four hours longer.

The entire crew—poor Harry excepted—are upon deck. Dick runs up the shrouds like a cat, and yells out, greatly excited—

"A sail, by golly!"

"Wharebouts be she?" roars Captain Job.

"Right off here away," answers Dick; "and I guess she's a'stearin' right across our course."

"By the livin' jingo!" shouts Job, as he runs up the shrouds, "we'll find out where *we* be now, if the Sally Ann haint lost the use of her legs by this infarnal cruise."

Job's observation was quite satisfactory; down he came, and with unusual energy went to work to increase the speed of his vessel.

"Here, gal!" he cried to Mary, "see if you can't hold the tiller. You, Dick, stay where you be. Pete, get the scoot horn and wet down them sails, and I'll get up the gaff topsel."

Away bowled the Sally Ann, and very soon the gallant-sails of the stranger were visible from the deck, then the topsails, and at last the hull and all of a brave ship hove in sight.

Job had an old "star and stripe" flag on board, which was used on "Fourths of July," and other great patriotic occasions—for Job was a great patriot in his way—and this flag was now hunted

and hoisted up, "union down," as a distress signal.

At this moment the vessels are not more than half a mile apart, the ship directly across the sloop's bow, and running prodigiously. Job's only chance for assistance is in his signal. All eyes on the sloop are gazing with anxiety upon the stranger. She is passing, nay, she has past them; hope is fast sinking in the hearts of the anxious gazers, when suddenly the ship's course is altered; men are thrown out upon her yards, the lower sails are clewed up, the gallant-sails furled. A gun is fired from her bows, and around she comes, running with reduced speed for the forlorn sloop.

"What sloop's that? where ye bound? and what's the matter?" roared out an officer on the ship's quarter-deck, when they were fairly in hailing distance.

"The 'Sally Ann,' of Bay Harbor, bound for Boston; don't know where in thunder we be; out of bread, out of water, and out of our way; got a little sperits left, and that's goin' fast. Who be ye, and can't ye help us?" was Job's voluminous reply.

"Moro Castle, three days out from Havana; send your boat aboard," came back from the ship.

Job for once obeyed orders, and when on board the ship, told his tale in his own way, and found

the captain both able and willing to assist him. He gave Job a compass, with directions as to his course, put on board water and some provisions, advised him by all means to run for St. Augustine, and there employ some navigator to take him home, winding up with a particularly strong recommendation to never venture into blue water again.

One would have thought that our hero had tried following vessels to his satisfaction, but once more on the deck of his own craft, with a fresh supply of necessaries, and a compass which he looked upon as a veritable talisman, his spirits and his self-confidence returned, and he determined to follow the ship as long as he could.

The wind increased all day and by night blew a perfect gale. Job remained on deck until midnight and then turned in. As soon as he was fairly and soundly asleep, Mary ventured on deck, but Harry would not allow her to remain there, so down they went into the forecastle.

Harry had borne his confinement with but an ill grace; his promise and Mary's earnest entreaties had kept him in bounds thus far, but this night he determined should be the last of his concealment, and he at last convinced Mary that the safety of all on board required him to take command.

It was settled that he would be found on deck by Job when the latter should turn out in the morning, and having seen Mary safely to the companion-way, Harry took the tiller and the command.

Fate, however, had arranged the introduction in quite a different way, for Harry having gone to his old quarters in quest of his pipe, at the moment that he stooped to pick it up, the "Sally Ann" gave a frightful pitch, and away went Harry and at least a cartload of paving stones against the thin partition. Away went the partition, and Harry Flint, with his running and numerous accompaniment of other flints, entered the cabin with but scant ceremony.

Harry landed right on the top of Captain Job, who had camped down upon the floor for the night, and in a moment both were on their feet, Job shouting "Who's there?" and Harry thundering out, "the devil!" at the same instant.

"Then, Lord a massy on me," cried the half-asleep and thoroughly terrified seaman.

"Why, father!" exclaimed Mary, appearing at this instant upon the scene in a very interesting style of dress, "Why father, don't you know your friend of old, Harry?"

"Yes," said poor Job, "I know old Harry, I'm sent for—I'm a goner, oh Lord!"

So completely amazed was he that it was a matter of the greatest difficulty to make him understand that Harry Flint was but flesh and blood after all, and he then sank down so entirely prostrated that he submitted to the joint care of Mary and Harry, as if he were but a helpless child.

Having accommodated the captain with a glass of grog, Harry went on deck, leaving the task of explanation to Mary.

Job made his appearance the next morning a different man; he went up to Harry and shaking hands with him heartily, declared that he never was so glad to see a man in his life, and intimated that as he was rather out of his track at present, a little assistance would be agreeable.

For three days the captain's face bore a perplexed and anxious expression, as if he were essaying the solution of some mighty and mind-trying problem, but on the morning of the fourth a change took place, and it was evidently for the better. He walked up to Harry with a particularly beaming grin on his weather-beaten countenance, shook his hand nearly off, and whispered in his ear,

"Got it all fixed, all's right between you and her now"—winking towards Mary—"couldn't lay my course for awhile, but it's all clear sea and plain sailing at last."

As he did not appear to be inclined to communicate more, Harry remained quite content with the result, without troubling himself about the intricate process by which it was carried out.

* * * * * *

On the evening of a delightful day in July, the entire population of Bay Harbor was astir, and men, women and children turned out en masse. Underwood's wharf looked as if a mass meeting were in full operation; men and boys were distributed generally and impartially upon the masts of the vessels in port; women chattered, children squalled, and the whole scene reminded one of a swarm of bees pending a revolution, or the denizens of an ant hill preparing for a foray.

A report had gone forth that the "Sally Ann," then absent some thirty days and generally supposed to be lost, was coming up the Bay, and the rumor for once proved to be true.

Job and his companions were received with a hearty cheer from the crowd, but there were two rather long faces present nevertheless. Mr. Adoniram Peabody, and Keziah his wife, looked as if the one had bought a hard bargain, and the other lost a good one.

Having given up all hopes of again seeing Job, the maiden had yielded to the very pressing solicitations of the schoolmaster and married him,

principally, as she declared, because it was a pity to lose her wedding clothes, made up in anticipation of her nuptials with Job. It may be supposed that Mr. Peabody made no mention of his admirably drawn-up will until after the interesting ceremony.

Among the first who grasped Job's hand was old Bigler, and the latter gentleman insinuated that it was high time Master Tony and Miss Mary were spliced, to prevent any more wild goose chases on the young lady's part.

"Can't be did no how, neighbor Bigler," replied Job. "Harry Flint's saved us all, and he's arnt her, fair."

"Harry Flint!" exclaimed Bigler; "why, you swore she should never marry him!"

"And she shan't. But, by the living Jingo! *he* shall marry *her* though," returned Job.

A week from this time the wedding occurred. Harry, with the assistance of his father-in-law, bought a fine schooner. The "Sally Ann" was given up to Pete, who ran her on shares and made a good thing of it. Job resigned the water, joined the temperance society, and with the assistance of Mr. Mulligan now cultivates his own little farm and that of the widow Flint. The latter lady resides with her son and the captain, her home having been for a time the house of refuge of the

unfortunate pedagogue and his bride, until Keziah not only scolded him out of this world but followed after to caudle him in the next.

The house is now occupied by Mr. Thaddeus Mulligan, his blooming Milesian matron, and some half a dozen red-headed youngsters.

Harry has three, also boys; and as soon as possible all have been taken in hand by Dick, who imparted to them the rudiments of ship building, the first principles of bending the crab, and the art of reversion; he is now mate of the "Sally Ann," and has a cabin boy under him.

By our last bulletin from Bay Harbor we learn that Captain Pete has absolutely taken a fish—a horse-mackerel of six inches in length.

LEGENDS OF CITY AND COUNTRY.

LEGEND THE FIRST.

HOW I SPOILED MY COMPLEXION—A LEGEND OF THE COUNTRY.

PART I.—*How I went to the Country.*

MY face *is* well tanned, and I don't mean to deny it.

Well, what if it is? I'm none the worse for it; and as far as complexion is concerned, care no more for being made nut-brown, than the "nut-brown maid" herself. I say, "as far as complexion is concerned;" but what sense is there in injuring one's feelings about it, and having a pack of deuced good-natured friends—*they* think they're witty, *I* don't—cracking their stupid jokes about one's ears, and making one's phiz—now, indeed, as the African troubadour expresses it, a "phiz-o'-mahogany"—a target for all their pointless shafts?

Here come three clever fellows. Shall I dodge around the corner? No; I'll face them—that's flat.

"Why, hallo, Philip! where *have* you been?"

"And how *do* you do?"

"And what in the name of Pluto *have* you been doing?"

"Oh, I heard all about it," says Number One. "His well known curiosity led him the other day into one of those establishments where people put beans into huge burners, and they (the beans, not the people) come out coffee. Nothing would do but he must open the door of one of these machines as it was going around, and putting his head too far in, his nose caught, he lost his balance, and entering the burning *crater*, corporeally, made one revolution in less time than even France ever did, and came out black as you see him. He felt rather unwell after it; for it gave him quite a *turn*."

"Not a true bill," chimes in Number Two. "He went home the other night very thirsty, and so particularly oblivious, that mistaking a bottle of ink for a jug of milk-punch, he swallowed the whole of it, nor discovered his blunder until the next afternoon, when having risen to write a note of apology for neglecting an engagement—sudden indisposition—he discovered the ink was *non est*, and his face dark as a thunder-cloud, from the action of the supposed 'milk-punch' upon his blood. His physician put him immediately upon

a diet of sand and blotting-paper; but it's no go."

"Wrong again," winds up Number Three. "You know how absent-minded he is. Well, when about retiring last night, he stood himself up outside the door, locked it, and put his boots in bed. The servant finding him outside in the morning, polished his face—the only part visible which did not appear to be of the right color—and he only found out his situation when, aroused by the breakfast-bell, after having given his boots a shower-bath, he endeavored to pull himself on. I think it's rather improved his appearance, after all—given his face character, eh?"

Go your several ways, gentlemen; I confess to a very aboriginal complexion at this moment; in fact, look like a practical specimen of amalgamation, and begin to have some serious scruples touching the constitutionality of the "Fugitive Law."

What a humbug May is!

I publicly announce it now as my firm, fixed and unalterable belief that we might decimate the English language, and provided that same word "humbug" were left, we should yet get on admirably.

Every man or woman, priest or player, horse or dog, farce or funeral, dinner-party or dose of

medicine, that we do not happen to like, is—a humbug.

There are two sides to everything, and one side is—a humbug.

There is a record extant of a parson who preached what men *should* practise for a thousand dollars per annum, but would not practise what he preached for less than fifteen hundred. Men called *him*—a humbug.

Another's stipend was but three hundred, and although far from "great" in the pulpit, he practised the severest kind of morality—never kissed his wife on Sunday, chopped off his dog's tail because he was a sad dog, and would not cease wagging it on that day—said dog ceased to be a wag, but made a most emphatic stump speech on the occasion—put stones on his children's heads of a Saturday night, to check their growth, and tied up the weathercock to keep it from turning. Men said *he* was—a humbug.

A. owns a museum. He inherits it from his father. Contented with his collection as it is, he makes no wonderful additions or particular fuss about it. The people, tired of seeing the same things, call his stuffs, all stuff, his stereotyped learned dogs and *quasi* ventriloquists holding ideal conversations with Peter down cellar, all bosh; and, finally, himself—a humbug.

B. buys him out, and presto! change, the world is ransacked, and nature herself turned topsy-turvy, women of the ton, mere maids of six hundred weight, wait upon mermaids from Fegee, and preposterously pinguid juveniles, supposed to be from the Highlands—they have lived *high*, anyway—attend upon the fancied wants of salmon-tailed mermen from the Jolly-longways-off Group. Lusus naturæ, found in Sancho's dominions, sixty feet under ground, with nothing sticking out but the head, come trotting in, mounted upon woolly steeds from the peaks of Popocatepetl. The exhibition shop is all glare and glitter; many-colored lights flash from every window, and a dense crowd of musicians from exalted balconies pour down terrific blasts upon the devoted heads and into the tortured ears of the passers-by; countless flags, streaming from every loop-hole, prove there is no flagging in his endeavors; people from all sorts of quarters, and quarters from all sorts of people pour in; the world pays him tribute, and the world pronounces him—a humbug.

But May *is* a thorough-paced humbug, in the fullest acceptation of the term.

I had succeeded during the past winter in humbugging *myself* into the belief that May *was* what the poets have described her, instead of being as she is, a saucy jade, no better than she should be.

I had read Thomson, and Wordsworth, and Goldsmith, and old Isaac, and Lamb, and Miss Mitford —wonderful fancy old maids have for country and cats—until I became as mad as a March hare about green fields and purling brooks, lost my appetite, couldn't sleep o'nights, and so the doctor advised me to go into the country in May.

The opinion of doctors cannot always be depended upon, *e. g.*

A certain gentleman of an uncertain mind, or rather of a mind that did not properly develope itself early in the morning, had, from some mysterious and unknown cause, acquired, and was constantly acquiring a degree of pinguidity and rotundity that was perfectly marvellous. He consulted the most eminent Esculapii without satisfactory result. They measured him daily, and found the rate of increase to be perfectly regular. At last he attained so orbicular a form, that his friends deemed him worthy of aldermanship, and in reality he appeared competent to represent a full board.

Unfortunately, he had never kept a noted dramshop, run a line of omnibuses, conducted an eminent stone-cutting establishment, or distinguished himself extensively in the soap and candle way; and so, of course, had not the most remote chance of being elected.

Other things militated against his success. The lower had not kept pace with the upper man. His—I beg pardon, but I must say it—legs seemed specially diminutive, the manual terminations of his arms refused to lend a hand to any such Daniel Lambertism, and his face would not countenance the proceeding.

Consultation after consultation was held, but still the wonder grew, and the patient finally came to look for all the world as the Tun of Heidelberg might be supposed to, if it should walk off upon a pair of drum-sticks.

The same similitude suggested itself to his physicians, and drumsticks naturally recalling a drum to their minds, they thought how much his round body was like one. From this point, by induction, they soon arrived at the fact that both drums and over-rotund mortals are frequently tapped, and so they tapped *him*.

The return made was, "no effects," and pronouncing it a decided case of "dry dropsy," they gave up the patient as a case, and the tapping as a bad *job*. One however, more persevering than the rest, caused a new instrument—something upon the pod-auger principle—to be prepared, and lo, after a deep incision, out it came filled with several hundred round pieces of linen.

The doctor was visited with an idea! He

hemmed seven times, sucked the top of his cane for five minutes and a half, rubbed his nose violently, and having cleared his head by the use of his handkerchief, spoke:

"Mr. Blank, how often do you change your linen?"

"Every day."

"What do you do with that which you take off?"

"Dear me, I never thought of that. I am afraid that I have got it all on now."

And so it proved. I am happy to say that the *quondam* fat gentleman lived; and that, being a great sportsman, the linen wads suggested to him the invention of something similar for guns, from the profits of which manufacture, he soon recuperated his fortune that had been seriously impaired by a too liberal expenditure in shirts.

However, trusting the doctor's word, I believed that a trip to the country was just what I needed, and trusting the poet's rhyme, I believed that May was precisely the month for such a trip. In order not to be deprived of one moment's enjoyment, I, after much study and consultation of proper authorities, drew up the following chart to regulate my daily pursuits while ruralizing. I divided the day into nine parts; five æsthetic, three gastronomic, and one soporific:

I. MATUTINAL.

Awakened by the carols of a thousand birds, not in cages; the May morning's early walk; admire the myriads of dewy gems that night has dropped on every shrub and grass, ere the am'rous sun shall have kissed them off.

II. PRANDIAL.

Breakfast, milk warm from its natural source, strawberries yet wet with dew, amber-colored coffee tinged with yellow cream, snowy rolls and golden butter, fragrant as the newly born rose.

III. PHILOSOPHIC.

The morning stroll: the lounge beneath the outspreading branches of some monarch of the woods; cigar, book, and meditation.

IV. RECUPERATIVE.

Dinner: meats uncontaminated by a city stall, prepared by a cook instructed by Dame Nature, and free from French abominations; vegetables of all kinds, right from the garden and field, water pure from the spring.

V. DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

The green wood: cigar, reverie, and siesta.

VI. Reflective.

The afternoon walk, through rich fields and by the side of tinkling brooks; deep thought, and arrangement of ideas for my evening's task.

VII. Cœnal.

Supper: the whitest of bread, with milk yet foaming; berries from the field, and cream without chalk.

VIII. Poetic.

Night: delicious zephyrs bathing my moist brow, and straying gently through my cool dormitory, illumined by the gentle moon-beams; clear head, fertile imagination, immortal poetry.

IX. Soporific.

Sheets white as a snow-wreath, scented with rose leaves; sleep calm and refreshing as that of early infancy.

It must be confessed that the outline of my picture was rather pretty, but the filling of it up ——!!!

May came at last, and how did she come? Oh, ye rural poets! where *do* ye expect to go to?

"Oh vernal May!"—oh green scribbler! "Hail queen of flowers!" She *does* hail—there's some truth in that; but if a queen, she never sees her

subjects. "Oh gentle May!" Gentle? why, she is the veriest shrew of the twelve. She looks pretty and mild enough drawn with a wreath of wild flowers encircling her brow, the leaves and buds playing bo-peep among her gracefully waving locks, with not half so much clothing on her as decency demands, when "Marry hang her, Brock!" she should be enwrapped in blankets, carry an umbrella, and wear pattens.

Buds don't blow in May—sharp winds *do*. In the place of the sweet flowers, we have heavy showers; for a gentle breeze, a sharp freeze, and for red roses, frosted noses.

I determined to remain a town martyr, at least until overcoats and coal fires could be dispensed with.

June found me ready for the venture, and I soon experienced, in hurrying up tailors, shoemakers, and washerwomen, in packing and unpacking my trunk half a dozen times, the first delights of travelling.

I reached the steamboat wharf in safety. The first thing that struck me was the absolute necessity of keeping a coroner's jury constantly empanneled upon the spot; the next was a trunk, which, coming in contact with my head, caused me to see quite a number of stars, not set forth in ordinary astronomical charts. The Milesian gen-

tleman who carried it, politely requested me to mind my eye—which was more than he had done —and to look out where I went, which was more than I *could* do, my eyes being momentarily put *hors de combat*, and looking exactly as if I had just been in one.

I reached the boat; heaven knows how. A portion of one coat-tail was still in the possession of an old lady who had evinced a great desire to transact some business with me in the orange and gingerbread line, while the other *terminus* remained in the hand of an enterprising youth in the peripatetic literary way, who appeared very anxious to improve my mind with yellow-covered pamphlets.

The instant my foot touched the deck, several packages, to which I had until that moment adhered with great tenacity, disappeared as if by magic, and I found myself in the very situation of the old woman in the nursery tale—not Giles Scroggins, as Bishop Hughes undertook to establish, at a certain New-England dinner, *he* was the gentleman who paid attention to Miss Molly Brown. If I *was* P. P. I had lost one carpet-bag, one fishing-rod, one parcel of books, and one umbrella. If I was *not* P. P. I had gained four limp-cards, upon whose dingy surface were inscribed as many names of those very officious colored gentle-

men who snatch at everything that is brought on board, at the rate of twenty-five cents per package. Like a drum before a naval engagement, I was fairly beat to quarters.

A confused ringing of bells, wrangling of waiters, swearing of jarvies, shaking of hands; the captain jumps on the paddle-box and cries out, "all ashore that's going"—the best rendering extant for "*lucus a, non lucendo;*" the plank hauled out, the hauser drawn in, and we are off. We pass the Battery, Corlær's Hook, Blackwell's Island and Hell Gate, Throg's Neck and Sands Point, and arrive at—supper.

A steamboat supper! with everything cold but the butter and ice-water, which two liquids are lachrymosely lukewarm: with every thing thin but the coffee; with its extremely attenuated specimens of dunghill ornithology; its birds burnt black reposing in affectionate confidence upon a piece of white toast, its waiters always coming, but never come—its hurry and confusion. Who shall describe it? Not I.

PART II.—*How I got on in the Country.*

As I crawled out of the railroad car, a figure met my admiring gaze. Something intended for a hat, with a brim so narrow as to be only perceptible upon the closest scrutiny, was perched upon a head of lank hair and rested in quiet complacency on a coat-collar of colossal height. The coat that owned the said collar, was deeply, darkly—I regret that I cannot add beautifully—blue; it was adorned with very minute brass buttons of the bell or rather sugar-loaf variety; its tail almost swept the ground, and its waist was in fearful proximity with the man's shoulderblades. A shirt-collar upon terms of intimacy with the hat—it had *scraped* the latter's acquaintance long since; a vest of some unknown fabric that descended almost to the armpits; a pair of snuff-colored pants, evidently of an aspiring turn of mind, and a soul at least half an inch above boots, and only to be kept near the last by strings of leather, intended for and doing duty as straps; with boots of the choicest and thickest cowhide, greased and blackballed to admiration, completed the attire. As for the man himself, corporeally, he seemed to be all nose; not that that feature itself

was of such enormous proportions—Slawkenbrugius might have given it at least two lines and beat it; but all the rest of the countenance appeared to be on the point of running into it. I have noticed this peculiarity among some Down-Easters before, and attribute it to the fact of the owner's being so much in the habit of poking his proboscis into every man's business, scenting out sixpences, and what his neighbor has had for dinner, that the said feature finally obtains complete mastery over all the rest, and they bow down and approach as near as possible to their leader. It is as useful to the man as is the jack-staff to the steamboat—both steer by it. A true Down-Easter always follows his nose.

"Pray, sir," said I, addressing my Eastern Ovid, "can you tell me how far it is to Mr. Blank's?"

"Wall, I kinder guess your boat got sorter behind the light-house last night, and ye missed the arly train," was the reply, if it may be called so.

Once again to the breach, thought I, and so after responding to *his* query, I reiterated *mine*.

"Why, I guess you must be his cousin from Yark, beent ye? How's the yallar fever tu Yark *now?*" was all that I got this time; but upon the whole I was rather gratified by the question about the fever, because I knew that at a certain distance from the empire city an opinion is prevalent that

the "vomito" is one of our regular inhabitants, and is included in the census.

This point was evidently reached, and I hoped to refresh myself in the contemplation of rustic simplicity and innocence.

As I was pondering, and just as my new friend had opened his mouth to continue his catechism, a person who had overheard my question, stepped up and said:

"I'll take ye there for thirty-seven and a half cents."

I closed with the offer immediately, and Squire Jinkins, lawyer, storekeeper, farmer, and the richest man in the county, drove me off to my destination in fine style. When I alighted, I handed the gentleman a one dollar bill. His mode of making change was equally ingenious and satisfactory. From an old shot-pouch he drew forth five dimes, and laying one of each upon two cents, handed them to me as five *ninepences—he* called them—pronounced it just right; said he guessed that I had best lift my trunk out, and when I had done so, offered to carry it in the house for four pence more, which offer I declined, then hitched his horses and preceding me, announced my arrival, made himself perfectly at home, asked for a glass of cider, drank it, a piece of pie, eat it, concluded that his horses must be hungry, and ac-

cepted an offer to "put them up and feed," staid to dinner, monopolized all the conversation, and just as I was upon the extreme verge of despair, remembered that a meeting of the directors of the Bank of which he was President, was to come off in half an hour, arose, shook hands all around, laughed, and saying that he didn't see how he could make any more out of us just *now*, took his departure.

I felt jaded, fatigued, worn down; but my friend Blank would have me out to look at his barn and his cattle. In vain I insisted that I neither knew nor cared any thing about beef, except upon the table; he quoted half a dozen lines from the "Bucolics;" said that it was high time I did then, and so out we marched. He showed me a pair of the finest cattle in the state—so *he* said. As I was walking around them, endeavoring to work myself up into a proper state of admiration, I entirely ruined a pair of Paris *bottes verni*, and seriously damaged my new fawn-colored pants by walking carelessly into a heap of—something that seemed to grow plentifully about there.

I was then paraded over some of his fields, and that afternoon my hitherto slender stock of agricultural experience received some large additions. My friend, who was a bit of a wag, informed me that the mode of farming now in vogue, was in

the summer months not unlike the declination of a Greek article. First they *hoe* among the corn, then they *hay* among the grass, and then they *toe* after the plough.

I learned that besides the common wheat, there is a buckwheat—so called on account of its spruce appearance for a few short weeks, its perfumed head and bunches of flowers. Like all other bucks, however, it goes to seed very soon, and is then cut and trampled upon. My friend also exhibited to me a very fine ox-yoke, made, he said, of an apple-log, but having nothing of the Oriental fable in its formation. I was introduced to the pig-sty, and beheld a number of very uncomfortably fat porcine specimens rolling to their heart's content in mud as black and odorous as that in which Prince Bladud's friend whilom delighted.

While we were contemplating this pleasant sight, and inhaling the delicious aroma that pervaded the residence of this uncommonly interesting variety of animated nature, a stranger with a very pleasing countenance, surrounded by an immense pair of coal black whiskers, made his appearance, and after duly praising the swine—whereon my friend replied, "that if he had any pride, it was in his pigs,"—made known his business and then courteously bid us good day.

There was so charming an air of simplicity and

good nature about the man, that I was delighted. Here, said I, is one of those genuine rustic swains who seem born to wake the old woods, and astonish their woolly flocks with the dulcet strains and wild notes of their sweet-voiced pipe; to breathe their rude, yet gentle love-song into the ears of some rosy-cheeked and ruby-lipped Amaryllis, to—"Hold hard there," interrupted Blank, "my friend Simon, instead of being the soft-hearted creature you have described, is at this moment the superintendent of two large factories, where he keeps the boys and girls in order, and makes them walk the chalk, I assure you." He knows of no use for a pipe but to smoke it, and as for the "dulcet strains," would think those a dull set, indeed, who could admire them. He never astonishes woolly flocks; but he did an old wool manufacturer who endeavored to steal a march upon him the other day. Simon's employer and Mr. G. were at feud about a water privilege, and Mr. G. stole quietly up the stream to the factory at noon, and sent some of his men, who were with him into the covered ditch that runs under both buildings; his object being to see how high the water came upon the wheel.

The question at issue concerned the backing up of the water from a lower pond, that at this time was pretty well drawn down, and if these witnesses

could find that the wheel was not then obstructed by back-water, he might gain his cause. It was an ugly and not over safe place to crawl in; but dollars were at stake, and so the men, followed by Mr. G., took the chances. A boy had seen the party enter, and ran to inform Simon of it.

"They want to know how much water there is in the ditch, do they?" said Simon. "Well, I'll accommodate 'em," and he did. Walking quietly to the floom, he raised the gate, and a torrent of very unexpected and unwelcome water rushed upon the spies and their employer. They emerged "at their earliest convenience," half drowned and as wet as rats, and were greeted by the repeated cheers of the assembled operatives of the factory. G. lost his case; but although the damages were heavy, they were as nothing to the ridiculous checkmate that Simon had put upon him. Simple-hearted rustic, indeed!

I now plead hard for permission to return home, but no; I must go into the turnip-patch, and there my friend bored me with drills—then as honest John Bunyan hath it, he "had" me into another field and among a perfect *maze* of corn. Here I learned something that I sincerely regret, and considerably more than I bargained for. I saw numbers of mushrooms rearing their delicate, fawn-colored parasols, lined with dainty pink, and inno-

cently asked how they happened to grow there. I was told, and—have not wanted any mushrooms since.

At last my friend was satisfied, and consoling myself for the *desagrémens* of the day, with the notion that on the morrow I should commence enjoying myself upon my own philosophic plans, after a hasty cup of tea, to bed I went, and was sound asleep on the instant.

I was to be aroused, the reader will please remember, by the carols of a thousand birds—I *was* by the chattering and clattering of a million. It seemed to me that the chimney had swallowed all the swallows in the county, and none were to be had elsewhere at any price. Their music was not of the kind that I anticipated, and sleepy as I was, their chanting was anything but enchanting to me.

After a while, becoming a little accustomed to their racket, I was just dropping off into a delicious little doze, when a legion of flies made their appearance and began to regale themselves upon my countenance. Then the turkeys, and geese, ducks, peafowls, guineas, hens and chickens attached to the establishment commenced operations, and made a far greater noise and confusion than ever amazed poor General Cass at Cleveland.

Making a merit of necessity, up I jumped and prepared for my "early morning's walk." Everything looked bright and beautiful; but before I had gone ten rods, my thin gaiter boots were so entirely soaked through with the dew, that I wished the sun had kissed it off before I had put my feet in it. I turned into the barn-yard, where men and maids were tugging away in an extremely ludicrous manner at a number of very patient cows, that all seemed to be busily engaged in masticating their breakfasts; although I could not for the life of me see that there was anything before them to eat. I requested a bowl of the foaming milk—it was given me; but before I had imbibed a dozen swallows, a kind of dryland sea-sickness seized on me, my stomach turned, and I returned the beverage with usurious interest.

My appetite for breakfast was utterly ruined, and I barely managed to drink a cup of some very dubious mixture, which my hostess termed coffee. I now set forth upon my post-prandial stroll, and after walking awhile, found a "monarch of the woods" just to my mind; so, lighting a cigar, down I sat; but sat not long. A busy hum, rather unlike in cause and effect to the busy hum of men, smote my ear. Something else smote me somewhere else, and I jumped up as smartly as if I had received an electric shock.

There exists in most parts of our fair country a small but exceedingly valorous variety of the hornet, that live in the ground, wear bright yellow jackets, and are very interesting to naturalists.

I have no doubt but that I should have been extremely delighted to have seen and examined them at a fitting time, and in a suitable manner; but this informal, self-introduction of an entire family, was rather too much, and I fled, the insects accompanying me some distance, and forcing upon me their unsolicited attentions.

I contented myself in the house until time for dinner, and having eaten no breakfast, I was prepared to do my duty. I do not like to find fault with a friend's table, nor is it my intention so to do; but I must say that the meats mostly in vogue in the country, are very juvenile in their nature, and unsatisfactory in their tendency. The changes are rung, from day to day, upon exceedingly diminutive lamb and very immature veal, and nothing else can be had—so my friend informed me—for love or money. I ate very heartily of the peas and asparagus, and praised their delicious country freshness, when my friend informed me that they had been my companions in boat and car, that farmers had no time to spare from their fields to waste upon fancy gardening; that a few common vegetables were cultivated,

but that he depended upon the New York market for his occasional luxuries in this particular line; and for peas, asparagus, strawberries, and peaches, it was cheaper and better for him to obtain them thus, than from his own orchard or garden.

I went out for a walk in the afternoon, and as I had encamped upon a yellow-jacket's nest in the morning, by way of symmetry, I suppose—as Paul Jones's father is reported to have said—I sat down on a harmless, but rather unpleasant-looking snake. If mother Eve ever was tempted by anything in his likeness, she must have been—but there's no accounting for a woman's taste. His snakeship did not like my performance, so he hissed, or at least he put out a tongue in two parts at me. *I* did not like his company, and so took a very unceremonious leave of him. I then clambered over the fence into a pasture, where I espied a fine drove of cattle, whose appearance I admired. The admiration was not mutual; a fatherly-looking bull made so savage a demonstration that I was forced into the opinion that I had committed a bull myself, by intruding where I evidently was *de trop*. I withdrew with more speed than grace, and in so doing, ruined another pair of pants. Rents were more frequent about them than tenants. I went home again, ate my supper, and retired to my room to write. Before I had dipped

my pen in ink, a huge bat extinguished my light, and a monstrous and evil-minded horn-bug came suddenly in violent contact with my head, and dislodged every particle of poetry for the night. I was forced to retreat to my bed, where I slept until very early morning again renewed the torments of swallows, hens, and turkeys. The history of my first day's experience will, with some slight variation, answer for all the rest.

As soon as common decency would permit, I left, and in an insane manner devoted all of my energies to travelling. I was smoked and choked, strangled and mangled, had large holes burned in my habiliments by locomotive sparks, swallowed in haste the peck of dust that it is said every one is predestined to eat, and one night in my crossing the country, came in contact with the *rus in urbe* town or city of Worcester.

"Can a man get anything to eat here except lamb and veal?" I asked of the conductor.

"Yes, indeed, sir," was the reply: "two excellent hotels, 'American' and 'Worcester House.'"

"Here's the American; ride up, sir—temperance house, sir," sung out a rural jarvey at this moment.

"No, indeed, my friend, temperance is an excellent thing, but I don't admire it in hotels—it's a

kind of stock in trade that costs the proprietor nothing; but guests invariably have to pay dearly for it in purse and stomach. No, I am for the Worcester House." *Oh, dies faustus!* oh, lucky choice! Had Captain Riley in his desert tour, almost dying from thirst, suddenly come upon Taylor's ice cream and soda shop, he could not have been more astonished and delighted than I was with the *petit souper* that was hurried up for me. Such rolls, such coffee, such a steak. Shade of Apicius!—but I forget, Apicius had ceased eating long ere the blessed monk burned his fingers in cooking his supper, and thereby hit upon that greatest of human discoveries—since sleep—the beefsteak. The grateful flavor of that supper, and the subsequent breakfast, is yet green in my memory, and long will it so remain.

My travels have ended—the comforts of the Worcester House recalled those of my own city home, and to it I hastened, perfectly satisfied with my rural experience, a sadder and a wiser man.——

"But about your complexion—how was that spoiled?"

"Oh, I forgot I went 'a fishing.'"

"And caught?"

"The worst headache I ever had, three shiners and my middle finger. I paid the doctor a dollar to cut the hook out."

LEGEND THE SECOND.

CAPTAIN BROWN'S CIGARS—A LEGEND OF SOUTH-STREET.

In a certain part of the good city of Gotham, the curious or information-seeking traveller may find a one-sided avenue of carts and commerce, known as South-street; and when the said traveller *has* found it, it is highly probable that he will recognize it, and that it will remain green in his memory, and the effects of the knowledge black and blue upon his person for a long time.

He will ascend huge Alps of flour, beef, and pork barrels, and descending, probably alight in a tub of pitch. He will break his shins in perilous encounter with skids, kits of soused salmon, butter firkins and lard kegs.

He will have to stand off and on, tacking about, and beating around a cart at every store door, like a sloop navigating a narrow channel in a head-wind. He will lose the patience from his temper, the polish from his shoes, the gloss from his coat, and the spectacles from his nose—provided said

nose be spectacle-saddled. His ears will be treated to a great variety of sounds, not exactly belonging to, or incorporated in the calendar of music. His nose will be regaled with odors—not strictly Sabæan—but a general mixture, a chromatic scale of villanous smells, commencing with the perfumes of lobscouse and boiled crabs from the *al fresco* hotels on each corner, and running up through the different keys of codfish, grease-lard and rotten cheese, until the "bad eminence," the *ultima Thule*, the *C in alt* be attained, in the form of exhalations of bilge-water from slips and ships, and emanations from the piles of heterogeneous filth drawn from the frequent sewers.

The herein-abovementioned street does not proceed about its business in a straightforward manner, as it is the bounden duty of every commercial thoroughfare engaged in legitimate transactions to do. Neither does it wind gracefully along in serpentine style, like many streets whose attention is divided between small traffic and pleasure, meandering about with their hands in their breeches' pockets. Of this peculiar school, perhaps, Pearl-street is a fair example, which, after running a rare rig among raggeries and groggeries, tapers off with undertakers' shops, and "brings up" very appropriately at the Hospital.

Not so with our street, but blundering right

ahead, it jumps entirely over such petty intervening obstacles as ships, barges, and canal boats, and landing plump upon the other side, plunges down, and goes on about its business as unconcernedly as though nothing unusual had happened. Should an unfortunate traveller attempt to follow its mad career, his rashness would probably result in his body's becoming a small ottoman, a settee for, and a puzzle to, the brains of some dozen of free and independents picked up at the next grog-shop, and the said dozen would in all human probability bring in "Found drowned," which every one acquainted with the peculiar effects of water under certain circumstances upon the physiology of man, would have known without the testimony of their sweet voices; or else, in lieu of finding the street guilty of murder, we shall have "By the visitation of God," which, as some one remarks, is equivalent to, God knows how he did it.

But bless me, what a peroration! To be honest, however, I may as well inform the curious that it has been written for the same reason that very small infants are usually enveloped in very large clothes, and we mean by the length of our head to compensate for the shortness of our tale.

As I was walking up South-street a few days since, having passed that region where the overfed barges and canal boats were vomiting up

mountains of flour, pork and whisky, and had attained that part of the country where a large forest of masts shut out the river from my sight, and a legion of curious ships lay with their noses against the wharf, like so many hunting dogs at a point, and their inquisitive bowsprits peering out over the roofs of the opposite buildings;—here among a host of larger craft I distinguished a small and somewhat antique-looking brig, from whose mainmast floated a dingy pennon, bearing the legend "Sally Brown." Heavens! how changed from the Sally Brown that once I knew, some fifteen years ago, a smart, trim, and neat-looking affair, commanded and partly owned by Captain Sam Brown, who had named her after his bride Sally, *né* Smith.

Captain Sam Brown, (a Cape Cod variety of the genus skipper,) in those days ran his brig to and from the island of Cuba to New York, carrying some freight for whom it might concern, all the passengers he could induce to people his somewhat scanty cabin, and a few notions for private speculators.

Now, although Captain Brown was piously inclined, he had a sharp eye to the main chance, and looked forward with eager impatience to the time when he should be the fortunate possessor of a farm, when he could permanently leave one

Sally and take up his abode with the other. In fine, he was fond of turning a penny, and having rather indistinct ideas of the correct acceptation of *meum* and *tuum*, or else deeming that *tuum* applied rather to individuals than to communities, did not always pay proper respect to Uncle Sam's custom-house regulations. Sam would smuggle a little when he had a fair opportunity, and might, I regret to say, be described as somebody has before described some other body, "while God-ward he was about right, manward, he was rather twistical or so." One fine day as he was coming down to the brig, he was met by the steward, who informed him that a custom-house officer had found a large lot of cigars not upon the manifest. Sam in great tribulation hastened on board, where the officer also volunteered a similar interesting communication.

Sam, of course, knew nothing of the cigars, but presumed they must belong to the mate, a very poor man, who had gone on shore to see his widowed mother, and thought the officer had better settle the affair quietly by pocketing the duties himself, thus making a good speculation, and saving the mate from utter ruin.

The officer was immovable, and after examining the vessel and seeing the cargo fairly landed—during all which time no mate made his appear-

ance—he left, informing the captain that he should send down for the cigars.

Left alone to his own meditations, Brown turned the affair over and over in mind, in quest of some path to lead him from the great calamity, and at length a brilliant idea occurred to him. He went on shore and purchased 20,000 Alexandria long nines, at ten and six the thousand, and sitting up all night, with the assistance of his hands—not corporeal, but marine—opened the boxes of Havanas, removed their contents, and refilled them with the long nines. In a day or so the custom-house officer made his appearance. He had considered the matter, and his humane feelings had triumphed. He would not ruin the man, but would accept of a little more than the duties—say five dollars per thousand—and cry quits. It was now Sam's turn to cut up rough, and he did so: telling the officer that he had made up his mind to have nothing to do with them, and that he would not risk his vessel. He concluded by ordering him to take the cigars and go—no matter where.

Sam sold his Havanas in peace, left the port, and in a year from the date, was seen attending a port warden's sale in New York, stimulated perhaps, by a desire to know how much his *Alexandrine* Havanas would bring.

"What kind of cigars are those that were seized from you, Brown?" asked his consignee.

"Never you mind," replied Brown, "they will bring all they are worth."

And so they did. Despite their unfavorable appearance and unpleasant odor, being indisputably Havanas, they were sold for fifteen dollars. I have since this affair, been thoroughly convinced that it is not all gold that glistens. Should any reader doubt the truth of this narrative, I shall be very happy to accompany him to the "Sally Brown," where he may hear the story from the lips of the former mate—now the captain.

As for Sam Brown himself, he is snugly harbored with the amiable Sally, and has long ere this made the interesting discovery that gales may be encountered on shore as well as sea, and that married men with large families of small children must look out for frequent squalls at all hours, and in all latitudes.

LEGEND THE THIRD.

M. HYPOLITE'S SINGLE ADVENTURE—A LEGEND OF FRONT-STREET.

THE principal difference which occurs to the observing pedestrian between "South" and its nearest neighbor "Front" is, that Front-street has two sides, and consequently two rows of doorways, every one of them, during the entire day, constantly engulfing or ejecting vast quantities of heterogeneous commodities, whereby the latter avenue is rendered so much the worse thoroughfare for the unfortunate wretch that stern necessity or an inquisitive mind—*cupidus novarum rerum*—involves in its dire realities.

Ladies in pink bonnets and brocade dresses, do not affect Front-street. Belgian females—basket on arm, short petticoats tucked up yet shorter, so as to be *uterque paratus*, ready for theft or flight —do.

The first appearance of our street to one about to essay its dangers, is anything but encouraging.

As far as eye can reach, he will behold a long vista of horses and carts, one of each at each door, and two interminable processions of said animals and vehicles, the one setting up with a strong tide, and the other down.

The side-*walk* (what a misnomer!) is covered. Andes of tea chests and coffee bags; Rocky Mountains of boxes of tobacco and sugar; Cumberlands of packages containing raisins, figs, and almonds, baskets of champagne from Newark, pipes of old port from up-town distilleries, Holland gin from Connecticut river, fine Amontillado made of sharp Cape wine and boot tops, boxes of Havana cigars fresh from Middletown, and a thousand other articles, dissimilar in nature, but similar in their pathway-obstructing effect, cover every inch of ground unappropriated to and unoccupied by the above-mentioned carts and cartmen.

Three modes of progression suggest themselves to the mind of the wayfarer: *First*, by the middle of the street. The principal objections to this are, that among the two rows of horses standing heads outward, many are not blessed with an even temper, and the traveller would probably be completely masticated about once in passing three blocks. Then he would, according to the best authorities, be run over some three times in one

block. Lastly, his boots in these strange latitudes would take their departure, working several traverses to his equanimity of mind; for one at least would stick every ten seconds in the quagmire of very cohesive mud, which has usurped the place of pavement.

Second, by clambering over the carts, and their contents. As these vehicles are constantly undergoing a process of being discharged or else taking in cargo, the chances are that he who attempts this mode, will be flattened out, *à la Antoine Ravel*, by a molasses puncheon, or knocked in the head by a flying box outward bound.

As for the *third*, it consists in performing a series of journeys, in at the one door and out at the other, thus getting around your great adversaries, and at the same time much annoying the clerks and workmen, whom you will soon learn to look upon as your natural enemies.

The writer would humbly suggest a *fourth*. Keep out of the street altogether, shunning it as you would a dunning tailor or a borrowing friend.

Many a long year ago, when we were in but a semi-civilized condition, before we had either an "aristocracy" or an opera; ere our belles adorned their pretty persons with collars, cravats, and real cashmeres, or our beaux beautified themselves

with moustaches, and muzzles *à la bison*; in fact, when men and women dressed and lived according to their circumstances, and within their income, and we were altogether in a very degraded and barbarous state of society, there came to our benighted city a precious specimen of Parisian cockneyism, the proprietor of a thousand petite graces and of the euphonious cognomen of Hypolite Sault-sault.

His ostensible business was to establish an agency for the sale of certain French wines and liqueurs, and to connect with the said agency a grocery, so as to realize a fortune among us *quam-primum*, and return to enjoy it in *la belle France*. Hypolite, however, had other important business to attend to. He beheld with ineffable disgust the careless mode of dress which distinguished our ancient merchants, and feeling that if he *had* a mission upon the earth, it was evidently in that line, set himself to work immediately as the great moral reformer of Front-street. The common fate of all reformers befel him, and the very men for whose benefit he dressed himself twice a day within an inch of his life, ridiculed his *soignée* toilet; played all manner of pranks with his delicate cane; laughed to scorn his white kid gloves; hinted his indebtedness to the barber in the sum of sixpence—sixpence was the price *then*;

mimicked his lisp and his simper; and finally, to cap the climax of their audacity, called Mons. Hypolite Sault-sault, "High Polite Soft-soap," and intimated that he was neither more nor less than an emancipated dancing-master, imitating the airs of a petit-maître, and utterly ignorant of the business in which he was engaged.

To be sure our friend did in a number of little ways convey to the minds of his neighbors the idea that he had a soul above tobacco boxes, and was betrayed by his ignorance of the articles in which he professed to deal, into sundry *gaucheries*, for which he was well laughed at.

To prevent a recurrence of such scenes, the Frenchman engaged the services of a clerk experienced in sugars, knowing in coffee, and not to be taken in by pepper; and with his new Mentor ever by his side, visited the various auction marts, and made his purchases without any particularly unfortunate results, until ——. Yes, until ——, and this is the way it fell out. One bright and sultry morning in June, an extensive sale of molasses and sugar was to come off at the corner of Front and Wall-streets. Our friend wished to purchase, but his *Fidus Achates* being absent, he was forced to go alone; and feeling his own lack of knowledge, sought, as most men do, to conceal it beneath a very self-sufficient exterior.

Arrayed in all the glories of a new white beaver, coat of light blue and gilded buttons, collar, ruffled bosom, and ineffable pants of lustrous snowy whiteness, boots dark and glossy as the raven's wing, hands encased in faultless gloves of a delicate lavender tinge, grasping in the sinister his pet cane, and in the dexter a huge shining sugar-trier, it is probable that the air of business alacrity and general know-exactly-what-I'm-about-iveness, with which he dashed up to the head of a huge puncheon, prepared to punch in his glistening steel to its unfortunate bosom, has been seldom equalled—never surpassed.

I have said that the day was one of especial warmth, and must now add that among the idiosyncrasies of that article of commerce, known among us as molasses, by John Bull as treacle, and Jean Crapeau as melasse, is a propensity to conduct itself upon such days in a very reprehensible, outrageous, and extravagant manner, especially if it has been exposed for some hours to a summer sun and well jolted upon one of those anti-dyspeptic vehicles, a New York cart. We left our friend in a very awkward position, with his hand raised and prepared to plunge his trier into the puncheon, and must hasten to relieve him, but ere we do, let me make a confidential

disclosure to my readers. Mr. Hypolite Sault-sault did not know the difference between a molasses puncheon and a sugar hogshead.

The impetuous Gaul plunged his fatal instrument into the thick pine head, and giving it three or four crashing turns, penetrated the arcana of sweets, then drew out his steel as vivaciously as he had inserted it, little expecting the result. His position was a stooping one, so as to enable him to apply his auger with grace and dexterity. Quick as the lightning flash, and with great force, a huge mass of the irritated and furious molasses dashed in the Frenchman's face. Over he went, and over *him* went the angry flood. The bystanders rescued him half strangled, and if not exactly in a pickle, looking very like a huge preserve. Covered with the fluid, he scarcely resembled humanity, and being refused as fare by a coachman, was forced to employ a cartman to convey him to his hotel.

The molasses affair, combined with the disgrace of being carted through the streets, situated as he was, and surrounded by a mob of yelling urchins, proved too much for even a Frenchman's nonchalance. He had very important business in Boston, which forced him to leave the next day; his confidential clerk soon closed his business, and the

Gaul, in bitterness of spirit, abandoned our benighted nation.

The serious reader will discover in this legend the same moral that I strove to inculcate in the last—"All is not gold that glistens."

LEGEND THE FOURTH.

HOW TO GET OUT OF A CORNER.—A LEGEND OF WALL STREET.

THERE is a certain short, but busy street in Gotham, the pulsations of whose financial heart are felt to the veriest extremes of our national body corporate, and produce sensible effects upon similar hearts in far distant lands. The said heart, we regret to add, is of a hard and obdurate variety, and the circulating medium that it projects and recalls, through and from the system, is not good honest blood, but heavy red gold.

At one end of this street, and looking down upon its whole extent, stands and frowns a lofty and a-spiring church, placed there, as if purposely, for a house of refuge to those unfortunates who may have fallen among thieves and lost their last penny in some dark "corner," where they have been enticed by the prospect of great gain.

At the other, a very excellent opportunity—in the shape of a deep and rapid river—presents itself to the "mourners" who may prefer *felo de se*,

and choose to shuffle off this mortal coil: to cut loose with the assistance of the tide.

Between great banks upon either side, there whirls and eddies, from 9 A. M. until 4 P. M., a living stream, running up and down, turning to and fro, standing at times in little pools—not quiet even then, but worked upon by an undercurrent, and ever in a state of unrest—without show of regularity, except that at the former hour the flood pours in very strongly indeed—the little ripples tripping gaily along at first, and the heavy swells rolling in somewhat later; and at the latter, the ebb sets out with proportionate violence—the heavy swells, however, this time taking precedence.

This street was once a kind of cis-Atlantic Chinese wall and line of defence for our good old Knickerbockers, and a locality at that time much affected by the domestic animals of the settlement and the wild beasts of the wild wood, which circumstance accounts very satisfactorily for the number of bulls and bears that infest it in our day.

The lofty buildings on either side contain as many *cells* as a honeycomb; are pierced through and through like an ant-hill, and filled to overflowing with a large assortment and great variety of human insects, pursuing many kinds of occupa-

tions—money alone the end and aim of all—in narrow dens, for the tenancy of which more than the rental of an Italian palace is paid.

Bankers and brokers—of corn and cotton, bills and exchanges, flour and drugs, lands and houses, ships and stocks, sugars and coffee, money and molasses, liquors and patent paints, editors and reporters, toothache-drops and fighting cocks, *al fresco* restaurants and peregrinating pie-shops, sharp cutlery (in keeping, that) and match horses, lozenges and terrier pups, new novels and Newfoundland dogs, Olmskirk gingerbread and old umbrellas—fill up and whirl about the street.

In certain sly corners, also, are certain snugly concealed caves, into which, at all times, bulls and bears may be seen diving—the bulls probably to "whet up their horns," and the bears to suck up fat oysters out of their paws.

Although one half of the operators—those who look up street while driving a bargain—may be said to keep the church in view, yet there is every reason to apprehend that the laws of *meum* and *tuum* are not correctly understood by them.

In despite of the many honest and worthy men who congregate there; in defiance of the "Board" that pronounces the "*ex cathedra*," not only upon all who may have transgressed the rules of business probity, but even on those unhappy wretches,

the "lame ducks," until they have satisfied their creditors; notwithstanding divers precautions, so many unscrupulous "operators" of every degree, white and black—for negroes there be with shaven polls and Spanish-looking wigs—outsiders, sharks, pilot-fish, and Tombs lawyers; all seeking a sop from the great kettle—flies will swarm around the honey-pot—that it behooves the casual visitor of that region to keep his pockets well buttoned, and an eye out in every direction.

Gold is the god, the day-star of the street, and money, that in former times but "made the mare go," is now the only true patent of nobility; modest merit makes way for mint-drops, and the man of many descents yields the *pas* to the master of millions.

So many queer things have of late occurred, that among the *chevaliers d' industrie*, and the knights of the order of the brazen star, "financiering" has come to be but another name for obtaining other men's money, and speculation loses its initial letter. "Put money in thy purse," says Iago; "get money, honestly if you can, but get money," gasps the expiring Scot. The jingle of coin, however obtained, has in it something very soothing to the worldling's conscience, and the possessor, as he laughs over his "pile," may aptly exclaim with Horace——

"——Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo,
Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemplor in arcâ."

Which may be freely rendered—

Let people hiss, yet cash in hand,
My risibles I can't command.

Sometimes, however, the street is shaken to its centre, the tables turned and the shearers shorn, the light of certain speculations—to be made by some dark and sly "corner"—has faded away, and when

"—— The last Ray is departing—"

after an astounding "raise," then there is lamentation in Israel, the voice of Aminadab mourning over his money-bags; and Wall-street, if inquired of concerning its health, might feelingly reply, in the simple, but pathetic words of the old song—

"None the better, Mr. Tompkins,
For seeing you—sir; for seeing you."

In one of the numerous dens of the street lives and flourishes, and has lived and flourished, for many a goodly year, a man whose name, in the Wall-street roll of fame, stands next to that of the father of American financiering—Jacob Barker.

When I wrote "lived and flourished," I did not mean to intimate that Jacob the second—for he is a Jacob—had not experienced many an up and down, in fact, enough of them to upset and

shelve any one but a man of his peculiarly India-rubber constitution.

He is the greatest of all men for a "corner," and has a wonderful fancy for the fancies, only the worst of it is, that you never know when you have him or where you have him; and his best friends and co-workers—when engaged with him in some desperate scheme, with only their noses above water, are not perfectly sure but that he may be leading them on, and is perhaps doubly interested in putting down the identical "fancy" that he seems to be sustaining with the might of an Atlas.

No one, in fact, can tell for a certainty whether Jacob Keen is a Bull or a Bear.

Quite a number of years since, not before his "smartness" was fully developed, but ere the full power and extent of it was known and had been experienced, Jacob went into —what in the vernacular of brokers is termed—"an operation."

Now a Wall-street operation has nothing to do with the effects of a cathartic drug, although it often produces a very cathartic effect upon the pockets of operators and operatees. Neither does it bear any relation to the legitimate employment of the surgeon's knife, and yet no sharper steel can cut more surely or more fatally.

Jacob, as I have said, entered into an operation, and thus it was:

Among the very lightest of the fancies—blown about by every wind that swept the street—was the celebrated Hardscrabble-Soap-mining-company, which Jacob had long regarded with a loving eye, as offering peculiar facilities for a sly stroke of genius. The capital stock of this company was represented by an upright figure—the only one, by the way, connected with it—and six ciphers, thus—1,000,000. The real value of the shares, in the aggregate, was considerably less than nothing at all, but at the peculiar time of which I write, they were selling for about five dollars each.

As it did not suit Jacob's purpose to work this mine alone, he proposed to a Boston firm—Messrs. Coggins and Scroggins—to take hold of the rope with him. They consented, and fell to work with right good will, upon the following terms:

The contracting parties were to purchase—the one in New York and the other in Boston—every share that they could buy on time, or deliverable ahead, until the stock began to feel the effects, and then to commence purchasing for cash, until the price should be carried up to fifty dollars per share.

When this point should be reached, neither

party should allow the price to decline, but both were bound to purchase every share offered at that price, in their market, until, having cleared their decks for the fall, each should agree to "let go all."

In this there was no copartnership or division of profits, but each worked for their own interests.

Every thing prospered for a while, and men who had sold at five and ten were forced to come in and pay up heavy deficiencies. But Jacob soon found that when the magic price of "fifty" was attained, the stock flowed in rather too freely for him. All this he had anticipated, and prepared for, so that when his pockets exhibited symptoms of exhaustion, a shrewd broker was dispatched to Boston, through whose hands he pressed his stock upon that market, thus forcing his co-laborers to buy up his own stock.

The Boston house was a "warm" one, and warm work they had of it for a time. But there is an end to all things—except, perhaps, a ring—and our friend Jacob was not much surprised, one fine morning, by the receipt of the following epistle:

"*Dear Keen:*

We *cannot* hold on any longer. Let go, and get out as well as you can.

Your fellow sufferers,

COGGINS & SCROGGINS."

They, however, were considerably more astonished than delighted by the reply—

Dear Coggins & Scroggins:

Sell away, I haven't a share.

Yours very truly,

J. KEEN.

P. S. I have another capital operation in view.

J. K.

As Messrs. C. & S. probably considered that the new operation *in view* might perhaps be what is vulgarly termed "all in their eye," it is said they declined it.

LEGEND THE FIFTH.

THE GREAT TAUTOG—A LEGEND OF LONG ISLAND.

(At this moment the fish made a dart in a direct line, and the Captain's foot slipping, in he went, but clung, like a good fellow, to his rod, and retained his presence of mind enough to remove his finger from the check of his multiplying reel. Mr. Gardner, fortunately, was near with the boat, and picked up the fisherman just as the fish had run out the entire line. The Captain, directing Gardner to pull for the fish, now commenced reeling in. For half an hour there was as desperate a contest between physical force and cool skill as was, perhaps, ever witnessed, when, at length, it became evident that "scales" was getting the worst of it; and running the boat ashore, the victorious party stranded and secured a giant *Black Fish, that weighed eighty-three pounds.* Such a fish has never been heard of at Greenport. It is proper to state, that the Captain attributes the capture, in a great measure, to the excellence of his hook, which is of a new and very formidable kind.—*New York Spirit of the Times.*)*

* That this extraordinary legend is truth itself, can be vouched for by many a frequenter of Greenport, where may be seen to this day the identical pole, "with bright silver bands." It hangs in the hall of the excellent Captain, (who, I am happy to say, survives,) and is exhibited to every curious guest.

Where old Long Island's stalwart arms
Embrace both Sea and Sound,
Enshrined within their am'rous clasp
Peconic Bay is found.

And near its shore of glistening sand,
Buoyed by the rolling tide,
Advent'rous ships of ancient mould
At quiet anchor ride.

No whaling golden fleece they seek,
These ancient argosies,
But fleece the whales, when winds are still
'Tis thus they raise a breeze.

* * * * * * *

Oh, fair is the land that's about the Bay,
And the Bay that's about the land,
And fair women, a lot, about the streets trot,
And fair houses line a fair strand.

And men catch blue-fish out of the Bay,
And men are caught blue on the shore;
There are mines of clams in the white sea-sand,
And fat oysters a bounteous store.

The black-fish they swim in the rocky Sound,
And the week-fish they swim in the sea,
And the porgies around are everywhere found
In a goodly companie.

There are pleasant roads for a summer drive,
Cool cliffs for a smoke and a chat,
And for shield from a shower, or shade for an hour,
You can borrow the "Captain's" hat.

Oh, there is the fair "Peconic House,"
And there is the "Wyandank,"
But a cosier inn than either, I ween,
Stands farther upon the bank.

Oh, there is good food for the hungry man,
And drink for the thirsty soul,
And a jolly landlord as ever you met,
To fill, or to empty, a bowl.

As Commodore of a "seventy-four"
Ton sloop, he sailed on the Sound;
But sailor no more, he sticks to the shore,
And keeps the best hostelrie round.

Great news hath come up to Greenport town,
Great news hath been heard on the strand,
And the news ever hies, and it doubles and flies,
And all business hath come to a stand.

Some say that it is the sea-serpent,
And some say a juvenile whale;
By some it is said 'tis a stray mermaid,
That has swallowed the end of her tail.

An old cavernous rock standeth out in the Sound,
A rock that is worn by the tide;
In its holes and its nooks, in its corners and crooks,
Huge black-fish are wonted to hide.

But now a new customer's come to the spot,
A monster from far distant parts,
And he rends every line, made of silk or of twine,
And he scorneth the fisherman's arts.

Of hooks such a lot in his maw he has got,
Not one can be had in the town;
Gut leaders and gimp so tickle the imp,
That a bushel at least he has down.

Now the Captain hath sworn a horrible oath,
And a horrible oath has he ta'en,
That the monster fish shall smoke on his dish,
Or *he* never wet line again.

"Oh, send unto me old Ben Gardinier,
Oh, send Uncle Ben unto me,
That we may lay plot how is easiest got
This cannibal* out of the sea.

"Now I have a pole with bright silver bands,
And the longest line in the town,
And a right wonderful Job Johnson hook,
I had of Mister Brown.

"And I have a reel made of silver and steel,
Of clams I've a barrel or twain,
Of fiddlers a store of a bushel or more,
And I vow the fish slopes not again."

There's a fearful cave 'neath the old old inn,
A fearful cave deep in the ground,
A cave that's so deep, none may spy nor may peep.
And they say there dark spirits abound.

And all in this darksome and dreary den,
Until the long night has grown old,
Are hidden the Captain and Uncle Ben;
But their fearful rites may not be told.

A small chanticleer lives about the old inn,
With the shrillest voice ever you heard;
A great crow-cus, too, he blows the year through,
Not a spring flower he is, but a bird.

The moon she rides high in a hazy sky
And the sly stars are winking like fun,
But Chanticleer's throat gives out many a note,
And 'tis time that young day had begun.

The Captain has heard shrill Chanticleer's song,
The Captain and eke Uncle Ben;
The doors open wide, and the pair, side by side,
Issue forth from that darksome den.

* Query—Can nibble?—*Print. Dev.*

The Captain he looks on the Northern sky,
And the Captain he looks on the South,
And his gaze doth pass through a weather glass,
But the rim of it is in his mouth.

The mariner looks on the Eastern sky,
And the mariner looks on the West,
"'Tis hazy, I see, and wind Sou'-West," quoth he;
"And of all winds, by far 'tis the best."

Now louder and louder crows shrill Chanticleer,
His throat he had like to have torn,
And the Captain doth pass his weather glass,
And Ben winds a mellow horn.

And now they have found the shores of the Sound,
And now they embark on the deep,
And now they have reached the "flat-top rock,"
And the Captain upon it doth creep.

And now he putteth together his rod,
And now he fixeth his reel,
And now for his patent Job Johnson hook,
In his pocket he 'ginneth to feel.

A soft clam he took, and he put on the hook
A soft clam and fiddlers twain,
With a jerk in the sky they flew very high,
Then fell far on the heaving main.

Not a minute hath passed, when there comes such a tug,
Not a minute but barely ten,
And it gives quite a shock to the man on the rock,
And the silver reel whistles again.

A huge fish he took the Job Johnson hook,
A huge fish he pulled at the line.
"Now Ave Marie," the Captain quoth he,
"I'm cock-sure that this fish is mine."

The fish he hath drawn out one-half of the line,
And the fish is half way to the shore,
And then, with a bound, he whirleth around,
And about the rock swims evermore.

Round the rock whirleth "Fins," and the Captain's head
As the fish faster yet cuts the water, [spins,
And minutes pass by, yet round he doth fly,
And the minutes have grown to a quarter.

And aye round the rock the fish he doth swim,
The quarters to hours have grown,
Worse the Captain's head spins, and he curses and grins,
As he whirleth about on the stone.

* * * * * * *

The moon has hung her fiddle up,
The stars have shut up shop.
And now above the waters wide
The sun's red pate doth pop.

Fair Shelter Island's wooded height,
And broad Peconic Bay,
And Greenport's masts and Greenport's spires
Are gilded by his ray.

It gilds the water of the Sound,
Ben and his dripping oar,
It gilds the tip of the Captain's nose—
'Twas red enough before.

Fast fall the drops from the summer cloud,
And fast fall the autumn leaves,
Fast fall the tears from woman's eyne,
When she for her lover grieves.

Fast fall the flakes of the pale pale snow,
The spray from the steamer's prow,
But faster than all the rain doth fall
From the Captain's burning brow.

"Now by St. George, of the merry Isle,
St. Dennis of Jean Crapeaud,
I piously wish this infernal fish
Would give me a chance to blow.

"The winds they blow, and they blow as they list,
The flowers they blow in June,
The fighting man gives blow for blow,
The trumpeter blows his tune,

"But blow me tight, if I to blow
Can get a shade of a chance,
For ever around this wretched fish
Doth lead me a precious dance."

Still around and about, and around and about
The fish doth ever swim,
And round like a top, with a skip and a hop,
The Captain twirls after him.

Alack a trip, and then a slip,
And from the rock's steep side,
Three hundred weight of solid flesh
Fell plump into the tide.

And down and down the Captain sunk,
And down for fathoms twain,
But, being of a lightsome turn,
He straight turned up again.

Quoth Gard'ner then, "Oh, Captain bold,
If you have any fear,
That you may drown, when next you're down,
Pray throw me the bottle here."

"Now, by the Mass, thou lordly ass,
I prythee, dost thou think
That I would be twirled to the spirit world
With never a drop of drink?

"And if you will 'shove in your oar,'
Just shove it in the wave;
And if you want to 'take a pull,'
Just pull your friend to save."

Brave Gard'ner strained his manly arms,
And braced his manly back,
The prow asunder cleaves the wave,
The oars and rollocks crack.

True as the needle, to the pole
The Captain clings amain,
While onward ever darts the fish
With many a tug and strain.

Across the line the Captain fell
(I know strange lines are these),
But he, although "across the line,"
Stuck to the "polar seize."

Now safe within Ben Gard'ner's boat,
"Ha!" shouts the Captain. "Ho!
That rascal fish I'm bound to flax;
I have him yet in tow.

"And now, oh, ancient mariner,
Strain at the groaning oar,
And pull, if you wish to save me the fish,
As never you pulled before."

The ancient now gains on the fish,
And the Captain he reels in his line—
"By Peter and Paul, and the little saints all,
I vow that the prey shall be mine."

Now gently they paddle the boat to the shore,
And gently they pull to the strand;
But never, I vow, did you see such a row
As the fish kicked up near the land.

The brave Captain then, and bold Uncle Ben,
Jumped over, and on him did pounce—
On a huge "Tautog," as big as a log,
Weighing four score and three, every ounce.

* * * * * * *

The bells they are ringing in every church spire,
And the cannon are fired in the street.
And of people a crowd, shouting both long and loud,
Sally forth the brave Captain to meet.

The "Greenport Grays," and their brazen band,
They lead the procession down,
Playing "Hail to the Chief," and, for change and relief,
"Don't give it up *so*, Mister Brown."

Three parsons, all dressed in their very best,
And chaunting away for their lives;
Came they to pray, or to prey on the prey,
And carry some home to their wives?

Ten virgins in white, the town's pride and delight,
With Virginals of a fine tone,
Singing "Hey diddle diddle, the cat's in the fiddle,"
And "Meet me by moonlight alone."

Next came the town lawyer, and then the town "sawyer,"
And a fiddler who turned out his toes.
Two venders of pills, and two doctors with bills,
And a lot of young women with beaux.

Six sailors, one pilot; of boys quite a spry lot,
Of fishermen just twenty-one,
The crew of the "Cricket," who happened to nick it,
And arrive right in time for the fun.

Four railroad conductors, six vessel-constructors,
Seven oystermen, armed with their drags;
A political club, with their drums dub-a-dub,
And all sorts of banners and flags.

But here I must stop, of ink, the last drop
Is going, and paper doth fail;
If you would learn more, take the cars for the shore,
And there hear the whole of the tale.

LEGEND THE SIXTH.

THE SOLDIER AND THE HOST—A LEGEND OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

FYTTE YE FYRSTE.

SHOWYNGE HOWE YE SOWDYOURE* GOTTE HIMME METE WITHOUTEN FEE.

A Londe theyre ben owere ye see,
Menne clepen Alleymayne;
An hostel theyre an hoste dyd keepe,
And althro' Luste o' gayne.

Ne manne he been of opene herte,
Ye pens dyd grype ryght dour;
Ne mendicaunte, ne starvynge dame,
Ben derk himme opene door.

A cunnynge sowdyoure-manne theyre came
Fro merrie Engelonde;
Hys purs ben barre, for travaille farre
Ne small purs mighte withstonde.

Ryghte lustylie then called he
For mete and fyssche and wyne;
And when off mete ynoughe ben ete
Ne fee ye hoste myghte fynde.

Nowe pay to me, meyn hoste sayen he,
Tenn pens o' sylver bryghte;
Or else fulle deepe yn dungen keep,
Y'l clappe you, thevynge wyghte.

* *Sowdyoure*—soldier.—See Sir John Mandeville.

Nowe staye your honde, on faythe of manne
One yeer ben passe awaye,
Thro thys same Reme, returnynge heme,
Comme y to paye your fee.

Nowe here's for thee a gurdone fee,
Als you wil fulle sonne fynde;
Then raysed himme foote and clouted boote,
And kycket himme behynde.

Saunte Marie, here thy servant's priere,
Iesu, so me sauve;
Revengyd to be foule carle on thee,
Or fille deshonoured grave.

FYTTE YE SECONDE.

SHOWYNGE HOWE YE SOWDYOURE PAYDE YE HOSTE.

One yeere ben passen quycke awaye.
And at ye hostel doore
Ye Sowdyoure manne agayne dyd stand,
And lustylie dyd roare.

Comme outen here, O surleye hoste,
Comme outen unto mee;
I comme fro farre and dystaunte warre
To paye ye owynge fee.

Ye hoste dyd quake, ye hoste dyd shake,
To heare ye sowdyoure's voyce;
But when ye dette, he thoughte to gette,
His herte dyd muche rejoyce.

O pardonne me, bolde sowdyoure manne,
I took ye for a knayve,
But now ye comme to paye your dette
Pardonne I humblye craue.

Naye, naye, myne host I trowe I be
A righte goode truthfulle manne;
But menne theyre ben, who thynke no sinne
To cheyte you when they canne.

Brynge mee a pottel of goode wyne,
Brynge mee a goode fatte henne,
And I wil drynke and I wil ete,
And I will paye you then.

Outen he broughte ye pottel wyne,
Outen ye goode fatte henne;
Ye sowdyoure drank, ye sowdyoure ete
Ye sowdyoure seyen then:

Agone one yeere, I dyd comme here,
Anhungered fulle sore;
To fille my crauynge bellye then,
I ben make derke your doore.

Ne sylvere bryghte hed I to paye,
Ne silvere bryghte, ne golde;
I seyen treue to paye to you,
When one yere bye hadde rollde.

O pardone mee! bolde sowdyoure manne,
O pardone me! I praye,
And gyve to me ye twentye pens
Thet ben thy dette thys daye.

I tolde to thee, O surleye hoste,
And I will make yt trewe,
Revenged I would ryghtlie be,
I swere yt unto you.

Tenne sylver pens ye dette there ben,
You kycket me behynd;
Ye raysed foote, ye clouted bootte
Dwell alwaye yn my minde.

Ye kycket mee behynde, myne hoste,
And now I wil thee thanke
For twenty pens my presunte dette
To checke on ye same banke.

Cetera desunt.

LEGEND THE SEVENTH.

MRS. MILLER'S SNUFF—A LEGEND OF MOUNT OLYMPUS.

Jove sat on high Olympus, and he heard
A horrid clatter.
It seemed as though all heaven and earth had stirred,
And frightened even the immortal bird.
"Hey! what's the matter?"
The cloud-compeller cried, his brow quite clouded,
And with majestic frowns entirely shrouded.

"Hallo!" the Thund'rer shouted, "t'other one,
Why, what in thunder!
That imp of Maia's back, and at his fun;
I'll make the ill-conditioned son-of-gun
Knock under.
I say, you good-for-nothing thievish spark,
What do you mean by this outrageous lark?"

"Father of gods and men," he cried, "I swear,
Here on my bended knees,
In Hades, on the earth, in upper air,
There's nothing diabolic can compare,
With Miller's sneeze.
I bought a box when down below just now
But didn't think to kick up such a row.

"May't please your royal majesty, 'tis said,
So I am told,
That vile old Eurus has some mischief bred,
And in your highness' very gracious head
You've taken cold.
Dare I request you, sire, to take a pinch?"
The rogue approached the king just half an inch.

"Why, re'ly, 'pon my honor, I must say
—Confound my nose—
If e'er I snuff, 'tis just this time of day,
And Madam Juno's not now in the way,
Here goes."

* * * * * *

Heaven shook, earth tottered, at the awful sound,
The "bird" flew off, and hasn't since been found;
And Mrs. Miller's Snuff, 'tis very plain,
Occasioned thus the Natchez hurricane.

MIDSUMMER CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

A CHAPTER ON NAMES.

We are strong believers not only in a "fitness of things," but also in a "fitness of names." It may be very true, and we wish ourselves to be distinctly understood as having not the most remote intention of impugning the veracity of the old adage, "A rose with any other name would smell as sweet;" but for the sake of experiment just call that same "rose" a "polywog," or a "tadpole," or whatever may be the correct appellation of that unfortunate amphibious lusus, doomed by tradition to a sedentary habit, until its caudal termination be fairly and squarely worn off, ere it attain the somewhat dubious dignity of "Frogship," and hang our pictures, if ladies or poets would patronize the flower any longer.

We, perhaps, would not go the same length that honest John Bunyan did, and blab the truth all at once, give a man's whole character, with a slight taste of his early history, and a squinting

at his ultimate fate; yet still we think it just and proper that the name should embody a sort of hint, a kind of shooting around the corner at the peculiarities of the person, or uses of the thing.

It is our failing, perhaps our idiosyncrasy, but we cannot, for the life of us, help passing our judgment upon persons and things by their appellations. And if the world does not like the trick we have got, let it learn to apply names properly, and then we shall be as we should be, all right and correct.

As a blacksmith would say, "to upset the old saying," if Mahomet, forbidden by constitutional scruples and a *mens conscia recti*, can't go to the mountain, let the mountain come to Mahomet.

Now, for instance, we never could divest our mind of the idea that the Fleet-Prison in London was intended to be a *dernier ressort*—an *ultima Thule*—a home of refuge for all "fast men"—that Salem is just the residence for captains of vessels, or that the alms-house is peculiarly adapted to those persons who have lost their upper limbs.

What *can* one expect of a Potts, a Hubbs, or a Stubbs, but a stumpy, dumpy, unromantic figure; or of a Tubs, but such an one as is expressly fitted by nature to illustrate an old proverb often employed, if not to point a moral, at least to adorn a tale?

Helena was a very correct name for the heroine of Troy; and *we* at least shall always be very shy of young misses who may boast the same title. Priam *should* have been by nature an inquisitive person; one that would have made searching inquiries as to the why or how "the half his Troy" came to be burned; and he would seem to be the very man of all the world to have been appointed chairman of the committee upon the celebrated Saltpetre Question.

Menelaus should have been a legislator; one prolific in "be it enacted and further enacted;" and as for poor Dido, no wonder that she cut such strange capers with Æneas, her name is her apology.

Apropos de Dido—a friend once asked us what in our free opinion might be the origin of that odd phrase, "cutting didoes," and we sagely and poetically answered in this wise:

"Æneas was the father we should say,
Who 'Cut a Dido' when he ran away."

We have always fondly imagined that shoemakers' spouses should be Peggies, gamblers' ladies Bets, and that Sue would be just the wife for an attorney. Harry strikes us as appropriate for all young gents with an extra supply of moustache and whisker. Sophies should be of a sedative disposition, and Dollies misses of the

bread and butter school, strongly attached to inanimate imitations of miniature infants, far less troublesome than the much desired originals, and infinitely cleaner.

Those pretty girls who are fond of exhibiting their charms at certain celebrated Ethiopian concerts, might perhaps be designated Christabels; and the maid-servant who does the marketing and small purchasing, should be A-bi-gal.

Old Noah must have been a very wise man to have earned his name.

Confectioners' wives should always be Patties; those ladies of an uncertain age who are always in search of husbands, Marions; and that go-ahead class, the Presidents and Secretaries of all sorts of female humbugs, Ledahs.

Sometimes, in our degenerate age, a name *will* excite remark. Now, lately, all the papers copied the marriage of a certain Henry Apple and Sarah Apple, but *we* could see no impropriety in the making of two apples into one pair.

We think that the ancient names are also well represented, especially those of sacred history.

The prudes, who keep all men at a distance, assuredly belong to the tribe of Levi; those who desire more ardent lovers are descendants of Beniah; and those who perpetually appeal to their maternal progenitors, O-mar.

The colored gentleman who superintends the preparation of the miniature dormitories on shipboard, is probably A-bed-nego. Ben-jam-in would be very appropriate for an omnibus driver; and Bil-dad for any William burdened with the cares of paternity.

The good people of Lynn are Shu-hites. Yankee Sullivan and Tom Hyer, Hit-ites; all misers, Git-ites; and that numerous class of visiting old ladies who carry one column more of news than the Herald, belong to the tribe of Gad.

Peregrinating Milesians, in search of the remains of burnt wood for soap-boilers, are of Asher's tribe; keepers of intelligence offices are Hirams; and blacksmiths devoted to the preparation of wheels, must be descendants of the old families of Tyre.

In our opinion, all witty ladies, smart at repartee, should be Sallies; diminutive men, Bobs; hare-brained youths, with their heads in a perpetual whirl, Eddies; and a confirmed toper should be A-bi-rom.

We know no more appropriate name than that of Benton, who seems bent on having his own way upon all occasions; and we are rather inclined to believe that the determined Colonel and his small Giantship of Illinois are a pretty good pair of loco-foco matches.

And now there is one subject which has often troubled our inquiring mind; in the hope of obtaining some new light, we make it known—

Is the upper Red River, or that Eastern lake of pitch and tar, the proper modern representation of the classic River Styx?

CHAPTER II.

A MUSICAL LANGUAGE.

We are passionately fond of music, and everything appertaining thereunto; but although Dame Nature, in a kindly mood, engrafted the love of sweet sounds in a remarkable degree, yet turning cross grained ere she had completed her handiwork, we were deprived of the faculty of producing them. We have an inward and undying consciousness that the root of the matter is within us; but alas, how to get it out! Something very like the bark, is our nearest approximation to singing.

Our first and only attempt in the instrumental line was made in our green-apple days,—that happy and careless time, when to the unsophisticated mind of sunny and daughtery childhood, a jew's-harp appears the embodiment of music, and a lump of molasses candy the personification of the sweets of life.

We took a series of short and easy lessons during our daily journey homeward from school;

our teacher, the most important personage in the class, having a "big brother" in the same temple of Minerva—the instrument, a fine-tooth comb.

The results of our first performance at home were decided, but unsatisfactory; instead of encomiums showered upon our heads, a threat of combing it with an ideal affair, a sort of ottoman of low life, without the customary number of pedal sustainers, was our only reward.

We adore a piano, even though it be of the tin-kettle species—go into ecstacies about a harp—the hurdy-gurdy, barrel-organ, and jew's-harp, are grateful to our ears, our pecuniary circumstances have suffered much from the frequent sums ungrudgingly bestowed by us upon performers, but the clarionet, blown loud and high, in a close room, and without accompaniment, is our prime favorite.

Singing is with us a perfect passion, and we can even endure an Italian-American opera, at fullest blast, with a regular screamer of a prima donna.

A plan was in existence some years since, to form an universal language, to be spoken in tones of music, and to give that vile, mischief-making member, the tongue, a perpetual holiday.

How delightful this would be; and why has it been abandoned? Only imagine some poor benighted husband, who has been out upon business

until three in the morning, on at last reaching his vine and fig tree, instead of the customary greeting of his cará sposa's shrill pipe, wound up to Caudle pitch, to be softly and soothingly blown up with a trumpet.

An objection might be raised; it might be said that *all* cannot play; but as Rome was not built in a day, we recommend small beginnings; and as all *can* sing,—some, to be sure (for instance ourselves), after a very peculiar fashion—we advise a free use of popular songs, a single line of one of which may contain the soul of a host of words. What could be more appropriate than to hear a dozen or so white-aproned butchers sing at the top of their voices, for the opening chorus of the market

"Here we *meet!*"

Suppose again some fair creature overtaken by a shower; the heavy drops falling fast upon her snowy bosom, until she has a drop too much. Suppose, we say, under these embarrassing circumstances, she should stop, and in melodious strains, address that "myth," the clerk of the weather, with

"Thou, thou, *reign'st* in this *bosom*,"

How fine would be the effect!

Deep-mouthed watch-dogs should be instructed to bay something like the air "My *bark* is on the

deep," and nurses, that favorite song, which commences with "On old Long Island's sea-girt shore," and winds up with "Rockaway."

What horrid misanthrope, hater of the morning walk, and rural pleasure, would have the audacity to request an immediate change of weather, by singing

"*Hail*, smiling morn!"

It would be at least an approximation to a musical and poetic language; words might be altered for the occasion, or an extra verse or two thrown in impromptu.

This, however, would not be always safe to attempt. We had a friend, who fondly imagined himself gifted with the true poetic fire—he made a slight mistake, it was only an aptitude for jingling words together; and so one evening, having been requested to sing a very pathetic ditty, he proceeded fearlessly on, until at the conclusion of these lines—

"Rock, and tree, and flowing water,
Bird and bee, and blossom taught her,"

his evil genius gave his memory a sudden jog, and, losing its balance, out slipped the next line; but *he* was not to be done so easily; and, catching instantly at the rhyme, sung—

"To know just what she hadn't oughter."

This, perhaps, incorporated in a few words, the

spirit of the song. The rhyme was kept up, but, for some unexplained reason, the effect was far from flattering: tears, to be sure, flowed freely, but, alas, not the sad offspring of an overwrought sentimentality.

A dealer in naval stores might give, with great effect,

"When I beheld the anchor *weighed*,"

and conclude, by informing us how much it came to, at a certain price per pound.

"When twilight dews are falling fast,"

may be a very pretty air, but it would sound unpleasantly to a man upon the verge of bankruptcy; for though twilight falling dew may be light, pleasant, and easy to bear, yet it would remind him of notes falling due, not so easy to lift; the notes would grate upon his ear, and it were far more charitable to favor him with

"I know a *bank*,"

which would undoubtedly suggest discounts, and "*wild time*" given.

Should a lover, in a moment of delirium, seat himself upon that modern pandora-ism, a band-box, containing a bonnet of the latest fashion, we recommend the ditty,

"I'm sitting on the *stile*, Mary."

If this would not pacify the lady, he should then

be at liberty to exclaim, "Fie, Mary," and she would then be Molly-fied.

A gambler, who's wife is facile in the use of cards, might celebrate her good qualities with

"My Annie is a *win-some* lass."

Songs there are, suited to all conditions in life. Imagine a farmer thus addressing, in terms of reproach, some veteran of the flock and fold, who has been indulging his pugnacious propensities, for full sixty minutes, by bringing his cranium in close contact with his adversary's sconce—

"I saw thee *but* an hour."

An auctioneer, to induce his customers to follow him to what, in old parlance, was known as a vendue, might cheer them on with,

"Oh, shall we go a sailing?"

We heard, the other day, a beautiful application of a charming old song. "A man "down east," engaged in cutting pine timber, pleaded with his wife, who was about to leave him, because he would call her Molly, a name which she detested. He insisted that Molly she was born, and Molly she should be called. As she turned to leave him in the forest, these words smote her ear, and we hope her heart also:—

"Oh, *Molly Bawn*, why leave me *pining*?"

If, dear reader, you are a lady—but, stop, under

such circumstances, the "dear" *may* seem too affectionate and presuming, considering our short acquaintance—so, fair reader, if you *be* a lady—as of course you are—and if presiding at your breakfast-table, the coffee-urn should refuse farther discounts of liquid amber, then pacify the frowning countenances around you with,

"There was a *little maid.*"

An industrious person, desiring her lord and master to arise, and take the baby, while she prepared the breakfast, might use, with great effect, the temperance ode—

"Awake, awake, and take the *pledge.*"

A friend, whose strongly-developed somnolent propensities made him invariably the last at the morning meal, was finally cured, by his sister's playing regularly, as a reveille, in the room underneath him, the "*Last Rose* of Summer," with variations of *hers.*

When some aspiring traveller shall have attained the summit of a lofty mountain—the mounting of which has hitherto been deemed an impossibility—Himalaya, for instance, never attained, save by one, and good authorities deem him a liar, what "*Io pæan*" could the victorious vagrant better celebrate his achievement with, than

"I've wandered on through many a *clime.*"

An Indian, with his quiver full of arrows, but no means of propelling them, might sing,

"If I had a *beau*."

And "if an army of Amazons" ever *should* come in play—which would be far preferable to their coming in serious earnest—how could the fair recruiting sergeants (we somewhat doubt their being orderlies) better fill their ranks than, instead of the loud rattle of the base-born drum, singing, in dulcet strains,

"Lady, *list*—lady *list*."

They must be of a dull set, indeed, who could resist such an invitation.

"*Bacchus*, god of rosy wine,"

is no doubt a very proper song for those who go into an after-dinner engagement; at least we know, that if our brains and health were in similar jeopardy, to say nothing of the probable difficulty of finding our way home alone, at the termination of the conflict, we should need somebody to back *us*.

"T'were vain to tell thee all I feel,"

should be practised by all tyros, before attempting a sea voyage. They will find it extremely applicable the greater part of the trip.

The title of one song has often puzzled us—The Carrier *Dove*—so the caption says; but not one word can be found in the song itself to show how long he stayed under, or whether he came up at all.

CHAPTER III.

A NEW THEORY OF QUOTATIONS.

THERE are perhaps an hundred unfortunate liners of poetry—literary wandering Jews—kept, like the juggler's ball, constantly in motion, and finding, like Noah's dove, no rest for the soles of their feet.

For a series of years has there been a wedding, a frolic, or a feast recorded, in describing which the abominable penny-a-liner has not informed us that

> *"All went merry as a marriage bell."*

Would that *that* bell had been cracked ere it rang its merry peal, and *that* marriage adjourned *sine die*, ere *those* lines were written.

We read, or hear, and that too on an average, some half a dozen times a day, of some low-born damsel who

> *"—— never told her love,*
> *But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,*
> *Feed on her damask cheek."*

Well, suppose she didn't—is that any reason why you should go on telling it for ever afterwards?

The lady herself, if it came to her ears, would doubtless be highly offended at your eternal prattling on the subject. You had better take the "concealment" home to your own lips, and let us have some less of the "cheek."

We propose for the benefit of those who are so fond of interlarding their productions with lines long worn threadbare, to give a few hints of our new system and the mode to apply it.

Imagine some trembling urchin, standing in speechless astonishment, open-mouthed, choking with the attempt to arrange and give utterance to the proper letters representing some ponderous word, hurled at his devoted head by the remorseless pedagogue, who, book in hand, with ferocious phiz contemplates the miserable miscreant. See the boy looking

"Like one whom sudden *spels* enchant,"

"As if struck by a *spel*
He motionless stands."

Perchance our juvenile friend is not alone in his glory, but down the long lane of lads passes the fatal polysyllable

"Whose magic *spel* no tongue can tell."

Would you converse with a blacksmith's daughter of her sooty but respected progenitor? Quote Moore, thus

"Thy father *Iran's* deadliest foe."

Would you address a game leg? Call Shelley to your aid, and write

"Thou ever *soarest*."

Two unfortunate dogs, whose combined howlings have exhausted their master's patience, and occasioned an application of the lash to the leash, might lament with one of the Bard of Erin's heroes,

"Why were our *barks* together driven?"

The Milesian who salutes his mistress, steals kisses

"———That bloom
Around the *Crater's* burning lips,
Sweetening their very edge."

Were you addressing some war-worn veteran, whose dilapidated citizen's dress contrasted but sadly with his quondam glittering trappings of war; "Cutter" will help you to this line,

"Yet *holier* is thy peaceful *close*."

A gallant, surprising his mistress as she is undergoing a change of attire, might aptly quote from Marmion—

"Ho! *shifts* she thus!"

The unfortunate Irishman, who imagined that some one had cut off the end of the bow-line he was endeavoring to haul in, should have borrowed from "Knowles."

"Never yet was *line* so long."

If you are telling the tale of the Pennsylvania Dutchman, who was deluded into the belief that he had shot a deer with his shovel, throw your hero into an attitude, and put those words of the last-named author into his astonished mouth.

"———Yet who from such a stem
Would look for such a *shoot?*"

Would you salute a somewhat indolent clergyman? Borrow from Wilson

"Hail, *idol divine!*"

Had you been in Wall-street where, as Horace Smith says—

"Alas! for human reason, all is *change*,"

at about two, P. M., on the day of a late defalcation; looking at the darkened countenances around you, you would have felt the full force of this line of Byron—

"One shade the more, one *Ray* the less."

The toper, who shakes his bottle, and finds that it is not yet empty, might pour out his grateful thanks with

"A *spirit* in your echoes answers me."

Should you desire to describe a police magistrate, who has united you by the nuptial tie to some fair being, Knowles can help you to

"He seemed a very *Cæsar* of a *Mari-us*."

The man, whose limbs are naturally crooked, should remember that his case is the same as that of the "Prisoner of Chillon,"

"My limbs are bowed, but not with toil,"

and might exult over the old proverb—

"A friend *in-kneed*, is a friend indeed."

The rush of waiters, with travellers' baggage in the hall of a hotel, is aptly described in "Lalla Rookh"—

"And as they tumble trunk on trunk."

A gambler's vest, with its tawdry jewelry, is

"One dreary *waste* of *chains*."

A dozing miller—

"Sleeps, and feels no more the *grinding* cares."

Apostrophize a fat turkey, as Keats does sleep—

"Oh, comfortable bird!"

Returned Californians—

"*Tyre* of the farther west."

And we tire of the subject, and re-tire for the present, promising a fresh supply when these lines shall have been properly committed to memory, by those for whose benefit they are intended.

CHAPTER IV.

A CHAPTER ON NAVIGATION.

THE great secrets of navigation are contained in a small compass.

When navigators are desirous to know the depth of the water, they usually drop a line for information, and it has generally lead in the end to the obtaining of the sought-for knowledge.

Ships that directly oppose the authority of the winds by endeavoring to fly in their teeth, are put immediately *in irons*, and becoming naturally ill-humored under such circumstances, have a very stern way about them.

Vessels in a high wind are addicted to low gambling, and do nothing but turn up coppers, and pitch and toss while the gale lasts.

Ships go to divers parts of the earth, especially when they visit the pearl regions.

Those who go down to sea in ships, are not very apt to turn up again.

Sailors are very lawless persons, taking anything

they need; in fact, they sometimes take the sun and moon.

Ships are not usually provided with gardens, although they have many small yards.

Merchantmen are generally successful in making sail.

Steamers are likely to predominate over other descriptions of vessels, as they are much more prolific, and have a greater number of berths.

They seldom fall, although they make a great many trips.

Clipper-built vessels are dissipated in their habits; their masts being especially rakish.

The most unprofitable consignment that can be made, is to ship a sea.

Vessels baffled by head-winds, become very much enraged, go to beating, and often box the compass.

Ships have a great number of hands and knees; the masts all have feet and steps; the bows have figure and cat heads; the ship itself has a fore-foot, but no hind one, and dead eyes, so-called, because the *see* cannot come through them.

Sailors are liable to a peculiar rheumatic affection, called the sea-attic, from their spending so much of their time at sea aloft.

One locomotive is sufficient loading for a vessel, as it always makes a car-go.

Kettle-bottomed ships are most likely to go to pot.

The most polite parts of the ship are the bows and the gallant yards.

Ships suffer but little from fair winds, but during head-winds, they wear very much.

Captains are Robinson Crusonic in their reckonings, keeping the accounts of the voyage on logs. On the return trip a back log is used.

Most vessels are sociable in their manners, and have a companion-way about them.

Salt pork on board ship, is the "main stay," potatoes the "main truck," and grog the "main brace"—all of these are indispensable in the main—and on the main.

An old bachelor, if like anything on ship-board, resembles a ring-bolt.

Ships, like women, have waists, and for this reason, we suppose, they miss their stays so much.

An undertaker's shop is somewhat like a ship, as it has shrouds on every side.

A city belle is very like a steamboat, as she always has a "swell" after her.

The cat-heads are near the bows of the ship, and the cat-tails near the stern of the sailors.

The cat-tails disturb the equanimity of the jolly tars very much, and they fly to "pig-tail" for consolation.

CHAPTER V.

LETTER FROM A POOR BODY IN DISTRESS.

Dere Sur

I take my pen in hand tu inform you of awl mi deferkilties,

Mi old man follered the se till he got the se-attic rumatiz from goin up the loft so often to look out, I expect, and when it was loe tide in his pokits he cum home, and has been tide to me ever sens, and ben coblin wimmins shuse and aligators to boot, but awl I kin du, he wunt last long.

Soon after we was marred he left me and went to see Sal, which put an end to mi canibal felicity, and left me to shift for myself. So I went to makin shurtz and takin scrubbin, and before long I had a little plague of our mutual infection.

I was allers a savin kritter, and when the old man cum home at last I'de uppards of considerable, and had as much work as me and mi gal cud turn our hans tu. I'de a sine over mi door, and a carpit lade in mi settin room, and was takin cumfits in my daters confecshunary dispusishun.

But sense he cum home sum of the medikle young men that I duz for, that's tendin lections and larnin to be sturgeons, found out he was a victim to the rumatiz, and keeps cummin here advisin him and taukin tu my dater Sal.

They've ben lernin her to dance the poker; they called it so because they make a grate stir when they dance it; and they wanted her to go to a bawl with em, but I told her I'd make her bawl if she did.

Well, tu on em kum in tother nite when I was payin mi devours to the te tabul. Thare allers taukin bout every thing they sea, and so they told me green te was sloe pisin, and axed me why I dident drink pongee or showsong, wich they se'd was bootifull; but mi old man will drink gunpowder, because he's ben in the navy and is used to the smell.

But mi te is so mity strong I'm afeared sumtimes of its blowin my brains out or purdusin cutaneous rumbustions in the coffin pot in which I make it. You see I have to umer the old man a litil, as he aint goin to sea any more, and is sea-cured to me for the rest of his born dase.

Well, my young gentlemen stade and stade, and fawked about amplificashuns and compound fractions and polltics; I dident no wat they stade fur,

nor what they ment, but purtysoon sum one whistled and then they went out.

The necks mornin wen mi gal went out tu take the milk, the man ast hur "if her ma had sold her mangle?" She cum rite off and told me, and I went out to bloe up the man for his imperdence, but he was gawn, and wen I luked up, I see mi sine was tu.

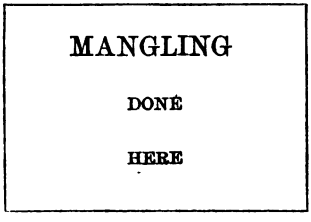
I felt awfull decumposed, and went in and blowed up mi old man to relieve my feelins. Arter I'd sarched awl over in vane, I put on mi things and went down to Miss Rockwills, the fortin teller, and tolde her I'de lost suthin. She luked at sum figirs on her tabel and sed the sine was in the hed, and the water-carrier was in conjunction.

I thaut I'de herd enuf, and so I put out fur home as put out as ever I cud be. I went up stares tu the hed, but there wan't no sine on the landin, and then I hunted up the man that brings awl mi water from the hyder-aliwurks at the coroner, but he swore he hadnt seen the sine, so I cum home and drank twelve cups of te out of spite, and laid awake all nite, hatchin plans to set for the thefe.

Necks mornin brite and erly, the water-man (the identified feller I'de expected of the dead) noks at mi door, and says, "Missis, jist git up, and cum round the coroner and I'll show yer yere sine."

Up I jumpt and round the coroner I went, and

shure enuff rite on the Hosspittle gate hung mi butifull sine, painted sea rulin blew, with red caroline letters and yeller boarders



It's sum of them consarned studeants wurx, and I want to no if I kant git exemplified damnification.

ewer inflicted servant tu
comand
Betse haris.

CHAPTER VI.

WET NURSES TO ORDER.—A FRAGMENT.

"Tim! Tim Dolan!" shouted the master of Kildare House, at the top of his voice.

"Here, yer honor," was Tim's reply from below, and in a moment, a shock of red hair, accompanied by an indescribable physiognomy and an ungainly person, appeared in the presence.

"Tim, quick; saddle a horse and ride down to the village; hire the first woman you can find with a young child, and bring her home with you. Never mind the price," said the master.

"Sorra a one of me knows who I'll get, yer honor," returned Tim.

"What! not a woman in the village that has a young child?" asked Mr. O'Conor.

"Divil a one, savin yere presence, sence blissid Father Moriarty was called to heaven two long years agone," was Tim's reply.

"*What* shall we do? what *shall* we do?" exclaimed the master, wringing his hands.

"The doctor says, that if we don't get a wet nurse this night, my poor infant heir is doomed."

"Oh, why didn't ye say so?" returned Tim. "I'll find ye one immediately."

In a few minutes a terrible uproar was heard below, and Mrs. Moriarty, the nurse in ordinary, rushed into the parlor, shrieking out,

"Murther, ye villin! honna-mon-dhioul to ye, Tim Dolan, for ever more, ahmin!"

"What under heaven is the matter?" demanded the astonished master, "and what does all this mean at such a time?"

"That blaygard Tim, yer honor," replied the infuriate dame, "that blaygard Tim daured to call me out to look at something in the wather-butt, and whin I wasn't mindin him, he catches me by the heels and souses me in entirely. Oh! wurra astrew!—the divil resave ye, ye tief of the world!"

"Why, you scoundrel," exclaimed Mr. O'Conor, seizing Tim by the collar, "how dare you?"

"Bless yer honor," replied Tim, "and yer honor's beautiful lady, and yer honor's illigant jewel of a baby, that sha'n't die at all, at all, I was jist making a wet nurse of her, to be shure; if you want a wetter one, say the worrud, and I'll fill the butt up to the top."

CHAPTER VII.

AN INTERCEPTED LETTER (FOUND UPON THE BATTERY.)

I take pin in hand, to obey your command,
In addressin me darlint, an hour to imploy;
I'm sick and I'm sad, and I'm bother'd like mad,
The same blissins, dare Judy, I hope you injoy.

Now, love, don't be frighten'd to see me bad writin,
You know what a schollard I was at that same,
In readin an spellin, all others excellin,
But whin half says over, they slipped me agen.

Millia, murther, my jewell, shure wasn't it cruel,
An innocint craythure, like me to desave,
How wid milk and wid honey, wid dimins and money,
The gutthers was flowin, the sthreets was all paved.

Arrah Judy, they tould me, they couldn't withowld me,
From getting a stashun, soon's I'd be on shore,
At laste a tithe-proctor, or sich a horse doctor,
As I was, they'd make me Lord Mare to the fore.

Though not very ful handed, the minit we landed,
We intered a shebeen, convaynient the shore,
And all tuk to dhrinkin, the divil one thinkin
That men of distinchshin they'd ax for the score.

To show our high braydin, and not be degradin
The blood that was in us, we called on the wine,

An down his own throttle, ache man poured a bottle,
Arrah Judy, ma vourneen, the flavor was fine.

It bate all the whiskey in makin' uz friskey
The stringth that was in it, no one 'ud suppose:
An its truth that I'm tellin, to kape it from swellin,
The cork of ache bottle was tied to its nose.

But when we'd be goin, shure wusn't they showin,
A long slip of paper, a bill 'twas they called,
So we riz up a ruckshun, an made swate destrucshun
Ov bottles an glasses, an waithers an all.

We smashed ivry windy, kicked up sich a shindy,
That they knocked up the polishe, and *they* knocked us down,
And for degradashun, tuk uz to a stashun,
An giv us dhry lodgins, och murther; och hone;

And whin the next mornin, the skies was adornin,
They marched uz for thrial, as big as ye plaze,
The judge was a quare one, a wig he don't ware one,
And sits in a chair very much at his aise.

Siz I, "plaize yer honor, me name's Micky Connor,
And it's sakin my fortin that I'm doin here."
Sez he, "Mick, me jewell, I wudn't be cruel,
Shell out half an aigle, an yez may go clear."

Judy, now that I know it, to the devil I throw it,
For a counthry of freedom, its likes ne'er was known;
For dhrinkin an atin, an dancin an batin,
Arrah, divil a thratin, ache pez for his own.

An murther, the tormints ov bugs and ov varmints,
Wid wings and widout 'em, wid sting and wid bite,
They bother us slaypin, an kape us from rapin,
In Morfusis swate arms repose day or night.

The muscathers the craythurs, bangs all human nature,
They blows on their trumpitz, an fades where they plaize;
An the bugs be the blaziz, they runs quather raciz,
An dances kodrills on me legs wid the flaya.

Thim bugs has savour, ov mighty high flavour,
They're the size av me hand, an they come in big throops.
The Yankees they raise 'em, and highly they praise 'em,
For illigant atin, made in turtle soups.

But the staymer's a waitin, the captain repaytin
That if I don't stop he'll be loosin the tide.
May the choicest ov blessins be iver your dressin,
And kape clear ov the boys till ye'r Mickey's own bride.

MICKEY CONNOR.

CHAPTER VIII.

SERIOUS COMPLAINT AGAINST WIT AND HUMOR.

(*An intercepted letter evidently intended for publication.*)

SIR:

You may have heard of the man, who, having astonished the company by his gastronomic performances, accounted for them by saying that his father always eat a great while, and his mother a great deal, and that he took after both of them. In some respects I am like him. My father was a very plain man, and my mother disliked nonsense. I resemble them in both particulars.

Whenever my father slipped up upon a piece of orange peel or down upon a defunct quid, poked his leg through a loose grating or muddied his boots in crossing a filthy street, he immediately composed a pungent and sententious article upon the subject, and caused it to be inserted in some city journal. You have probably perused the productions of his pen with pleasure. They were usually signed, either a "Constant Reader" or

"Yours, Truly." His many friends sought to induce him to prepare his many interesting papers for publication, and they thought that, presented to the world in a handsome octavo, embellished with the author's portrait, and christened "Urbal Economy; or, the Miscellaneous Patriotic Writings of Pro Bono Publico," they must meet with decided success. His innate modesty shrank from the task, and we are the losers.

Following in his revered footprints, I desire to bring to your notice, and to hold up to view of an outraged world a terrible nuisance, a nuisance that—but my pen fails to depict my sensations.

Having lately had occasion to purchase some classical books for my eldest son, Junius Brutus, it occurred to Mrs. B., who is of an economical turn of mind, that the intended purchase might be effected at a low figure by attending some of the literary auction marts of Broadway.

I do not approve of auctions generally, although my researches among classic lore satisfy me that they savor of high antiquity.

By the Romans, sales were effected "*sub hasta*," or in a hasty manner, and the piratical flag of the modern auctioneer looks up to the ancient pennon as its prototype.

In England, and among the respectable Continental nations, sales were, and are yet "made by the candle," the company making all the noise, and the auctioneer conducting himself and his business with silent dignity. With our auctioneers the use of the candle, as an agent of sale, is unknown, and I am sorry to say that in its place a vast quantity of gas is employed.

My business frequently calls me to Hanover Square, where, it affords me pleasure to add, sugars are sold with solemnity, peppers with propriety, groceries with gravity, molasses without mirth, and even drugs with dignity and decorum. I had supposed that sales of literature would be conducted in an appropriately grave and edifying manner, but I had reckoned without mine host.

Having last evening, in the bosom of my family, partaken of the accustomed infusion of the Chinese balm, I sallied forth, and strolling down Broadway, fate soon conducted me to one of those rooms where books are supposed to be vended to the highest bidder. The apartment was crowded; and judge of my surprise, when, in place of the benignant and venerable sage whom my fancy had depicted as the presiding priest in this temple of Minerva, I beheld a young man who seemed to be lustily begging for another shilling, and looked

as if he might have bearded a lion in his den. He was flourishing away in such a manner, that an English gentleman remarked to me, "he exhibited altogether too many h'airs for an ordinary civilian."

Instead of showing a proper indignation at such conduct, the audience appeared to be quite amused at it, and when the salesman did or said anything more preposterous than usual, they even went so far as to applaud him.

I was at first surprised, then astonished, then amazed, then petrified, and taking out my pencil, made notes as he went on with his auction. It was something very like this. I inclose in parentheses the occasional responses of the company:

"How much am I offered for this very superior eight-quire ledger, for all the world like Austria! (*How's that, John?*) Why, it's got Russia to back it, and now is completely cornered by it. Fifty cents a quire, and down it goes to Owen Phalen —don't know about selling to a man who's always owin' and failin'. Here, gentlemen, is an excellent backgammon-board, with checkers and all on the square. (*Warrant it perfect?*) Why, it's as perfect as that copy of Milton, there's a pair 'o-dice lost. What next. Oh! 'Baron Munchausen' and 'Charles Lamb.' (*Don't sell them together.*) Why not, pray; are not Lamb's the essays of

E-lia? Twenty-five cents a volume, to Mr. —— Cash. (*Look here, Mister! where's the outside of this copy of Lamb?*) Don't know. Some one's fleeced it; it's gone, but you can re-cover it you know. "Three E-ras of Woman's Life,' how much for 'em. Wonderful woman, only three errors, twenty-five cents 'seven and a half, thirty, going at thirty; only ten cents a piece; not very x-pence-ive errors after all. "Hallam's Middle Ages,' intended for gentlemen in the prime of life. One dollar fifty, Mr. Griskin. 'Adams's Arithmetic,' an excellent book: contains both truth and poetry. (*What poetry? I'd like to know?*) Why the 'Rule of Three in-verse,' to be sure; one shilling to Mr. Stubbins. Here is a valuable copy of the Court Guide; how much for that? (*What is it?*) A free translation of Ovid, I believe; fifty cents, seventy-five, one dollar, to Mr. Tupman. 'Mair's Syntax,' a very amusing book, indeed. (*What's it all about, Jock?*) The fines imposed in Mr. Kingsland's court, I suppose. (*Oh, then, give me yourself, Jock, av I knowed what ward ye belonged to I'd vote for ye for aldhermin.*) I don't belong to any ward, now; but when I was a boy I belonged to them all. (*How's that?*) Why, I was one of the Master Keys."

Having drawn near the end of his catalogue,

the auctioneer abandoned it, and commenced selling books indiscriminately and with absolute fury. I rushed up to the stand, but being somewhat confused, did not know exactly what books he was selling.

I purchased a lot, however, containing as I supposed, a copy of "Hannah More," Chapone's Letters," and "the Life of Franklin," which I intended as a gift for Mrs. B., my daughter, and my son. When I returned home my family flocked around me as eager to examine my purchases as were the Vicar's people to get a peep at the bargains of Moses. With a countenance beaming with happiness and the consciousness of making appropriate presents at small cost, I handed the books around.

"La, Pa!" exclaimed Miss Boggs. "What a queer book; oh, ain't it fun, though?"

By this time Mrs. B. had put on her spectacles and opened her book. Judge of my surprise, to see her jump up and throw the book in the fire, to feel a sound box upon my ears, and to hear her exclaim in a particularly sharp key—

"B.! you have been drinking, you brute; how dare you bring me home Tom Paine's Works?"

"Lucretia Virginia and Junius Brutus, what have you got there that amuses you so much?"

My daughter's book proved to be a very improper odd volume written by a Mr. Rabelais, and my son's Life of the philosopher, a copy of Jack Sheppard.

So much for attending auctions and not knowing what you buy. And now, gentleman, I ask you, is not this nuisance to be abated?

Yours, with distinguished consideration,

MARCUS MARIUS BOGGS.

CHAPTER IX.

ASTRONOMY WITH TERRESTRIAL APPLICATIONS.

ASTRONOMY is derived from *astra*, and *no-mos*, signifying the science of having *no muss* (democratic, for disturbance) among the *stars*.

The captains of police are terrestrial astronomers.

PHYSICAL ASTRONOMY commences with the introduction of mercury into the system.

There are four classes of stars. *Fixed stars; periodical stars; telescopic stars;* and *unformed stars.*

FIXED STARS are those, who, although ranking A 1 in their profession, yet remain fixed in one position; as Burton and Wallack.

PERIODIC STARS, are those that revolve at regular intervals; as Forest, Miss Davenport, and the Ravels. Fixed stars sometimes become periodic; as Harry Placide.

TELESCOPIC STARS, are those gazed at through lorgnettes, as Grisi and Mario.

UNFORMED STARS are aspiring prodigies, anx-

iously awaiting to astonish the natives; as Miss B—, and juvenile ones, as little Patti.

THE SUN has two real, and two apparent motions. The New York Son has two real motions, when he goes down town to business, and when he returns to supper; and several apparent ones when he pretends to be at work, but is doing any thing else. A parent motion some times signifies the father being after him with a sharp stick, and a real motion, when he applies it.

You will find *Mars* among the heavenly bodies but no *pa's*.

Saturn is the champion, he wears the belt, and has always a ring about him.

The moon has great influence upon the earth; the moonsoons are winds produced by the moon's rising sooner there than elsewhere.

When the moon is suspended high in the heavens, it is high tide.

The trade winds, are those that are bought and sold by the Norwegian witches.

None of the stars have their feet covered except Arcturus, who is always in Bootes.

The only official dignitary among them is Aldermin.

The constellations of the Ram, the Bull, the Colt and the Virgin, are *not* in the milky way.

Rain is occasioned by the water-bearer up-

setting his pail. In one of these upsets it is supposed that the Dipper must have fallen out.

The Scales have no connection with the Fishes.

The only Irish constellations are the Bull and O'rion.

The Clock moves so slowly, that all the others go *by* it.

When the Great Bear is unruly, the Great Dog is set on him, and under similar circumstances, the Little Dog upon the Little Bear.

Castor and Pollux, are the twins. When they were born, the father, astounded at the fruitfulness of his wife, exclaimed, "Oh! Gimini,"—whence their name.

ASTRONOMICAL TERMS.

The terms in astronomy are particularly applicable to earthly objects at night.

ABERRATION. — Temporary alienation of the mind. Seeing two candles for one.

ALTITUDE.—Getting tolerably high.

AMPLITUDE.—Feeling very large in consequence.

ANOMALY. — Queer and ardent friendships formed pro. tem., under these circumstances.

ASCENSIONAL DIFFERENCE.—Increased difficulty of getting up stairs.

CULMINATING.—Getting so high that your friends think things have come to a point with you.

CENTRIPETAL.—A proneness to tumble down.

EQUINOX.—Blow for blow.

EMERSION.—Crawling out of the gutter.

SENSIBLE HORIZON.—A social circle.

INCLINATION.—Desire to join a sensible horizon.

IMMERSION.—Falling into a gutter.

MEAN MOTION.—Backing out.

OCCULTATION.—Getting one's eyes bunged up.

REFRACTION.—Hitting back.

REVOLUTION.—The apparent rotary motion of the moon.

QUART-ILE.—The circulating medium for two pints of New England, in the temperance states.

SEX-TILE.—A Bonnet.

SEASONS.—Pepper, mustard, olive oil and cayenne.

SIDEREAL YEAR.—The year pending General Harrison's election.

SUPERIOR PLANETS.—Captains of the watch.

SIGNS.—Fingers and thumbs applied to nasal protuberances.

PROBLEMS.

To find the altitude of a place.—Get very comfortable; go into the principal streets at midnight, shout, yell, sing, and tear down signs. See how far you can go without wakening the watch, and

you will have the latitude you can take in the place exactly.

To find the longitude of a place.—Hire a cab by the hour to drive through it.

To find the latitude or longitude of a given star.—Bribe him to let you off, and you obtain his latitude; if he will not be bribed, measure his length with a shillelah, and you will find the longitude required.

CHAPTER X.

A SHORT TREATISE UPON MYTHOLOGY.

JUPITER was father of the Gods and quite a number of men. In his infancy he ran great risk of being devoured by his paternal progenitor—a man of "saturnine," disposition, and very fond of children in the shell, having derived his tastes from his brother—a tight 'un.

In his home affairs, Jupiter evinced much mother-wit and a disposition for change. He proved his knowledge of the sex by dropping down in Danæ's lap in a shower of gold, thereby teaching the sex how to gild over their peccadillos, and mankind the surest key to a woman's heart.

He satyrized Antiope and turned himself into a swan, to follow Leda. (In our times men make geese of themselves in following their leaders.) He was probably the first Irishman, as he made a bull in his pursuit of Europa. The only true flame, however, that he ever had, was Semele, who burnt up in his presence—the first case of spontaneous combustion upon record.

MERCURY was messenger of the Gods, and being well provided with wings, was "fly" upon all sorts of mischief; sailing in the upper air he seemed a *blue mass.*

VULCAN was the first forger. His speculations were principally confined to hard currency, bonds, shares, patent thunder, &c. He was the first inventor of the *spring* bed, having caught Mrs. Vulcan and Captain Mars in one.

For this feat he received one of Jupiter's "a posteriori," who settled all arrears by kicking him a rear. Falling upon the earth, he landed from his Olympic flight in a limpic condition.

VENUS, afterwards Mrs. Vulcan, was born in an oyster-bed, and her clam-orous disposition is thus accounted for.

She wore a wonderful zone about her waist, which, by all accounts, must have been a torrid one.

CUPID, son of Venus, handled bows and belles in a shocking manner.

MARS, God of War, so called because he mars the face of nature, and the bodies of mankind.

BELLONA, his wife, the inventress of a celebrated kind of sausage.

AURORA, the Goddess of the Morning, and quite a roarer in her way.

ORPHEUS, a son of Apollo, who went to hell

after Eurydice; not the first or the last man who has done the same for a woman. The infernal regions seem to have been the first Orphean Asylum.

Io, daughter of Inachus, changed by Jupiter into a cow, in order to enable her to escape the pursuit of Juno, who was after her with a sharp stick. This, by some, is considered a metaphor, typical of the fact that all men who have to plead guilty to "I owe" are easily "cowed."

CYCLADES, young ladies, who, being very sea-sick indeed, were changed into islands by Neptune, out of pure compassion.

HY-POLITE, Queen of the Amazons, who made Hercules a very handsome present. She obtained her name from her excessive politeness.

CHAPTER XI.

HINTS ON ORNITHOLOGY.

ALTHOUGH birds in general do not suffer from colds in their heads, yet the smaller varieties are liable to hawk, and domestic fowls to spit. Birds have no expresses, nor are they engaged in the transportation business, except buzzards and crows, who are all in the carrion line.

Every crow that is a raven should be immediately shut up in the lunatic asylum.

Judges who own a rookery have frequent opportunities to hear caws.

The throats of birds are small; hawks, nevertheless, often take quite large swallows.

Although birds do not preach, the larger species prey continually.

The rooster is their chorister, and practices the chromatic scale every morning.

Hens and chickens should never be allowed to amuse themselves, as it always results in fowl play.

No man in the present day would think of sending a goose in reply to a note, yet among the Romans, the bird was an *anser*.

Although tame pigeons have nothing of the India rubber kind in their formation, yet they are notoriously gutter-perches.

The business hours of birds differ from our own, their notes being mostly given out before 10 A. M.

The gallinaceous variety form but a small portion of the entire species, yet at night all birds are roosters.

No perfection exists among the feathered tribe, and it is only among the human race that we find

THE PERFECT BIRD.

Birds have invariably a beak or a bill before them, but the Perfect Bird has often a beak with a bill after him.

The notes of a Perfect Bird are usually very bad. The Perfect Bird has no wings, yet he is considered "fly" upon all sporting matters.

Some birds are said to carry brick-bats under their wings to sharpen their bills, and others, stones in their maws to whet their appetites, but the Perfect Bird carries a brick in his hat and a stone in his boot.

In the language of his class, the Perfect Bird generally turns out to be "a bad egg."

CHAPTER XII.

ON THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM.

The term vegetable—sometimes pronounced wegetable—is probably derived from the peculiar long and pointed form of this description of esculents, hence originally called wedge-eatables, then wegetables, and now refined into the present term.

Annual flowering plants resemble whales, as they come up to blow.

Flowers are very warlike in their disposition, and are always armed with pistils.

As with the human family, the lower portion of all plants are radicles.

They are migratory in their habits, for wherever they may winter they are sure to leave in the spring; most of them extremely polite and full of boughs.

Like dandies, the coating of many trees is their most valuable portion. Cork trees and boot trees for instance.

Grain and seeds are not considered dangerous except when about to shoot.

Some trees, like watch-dogs, are principally valuable on account of their bark.

A small quantity of bark will make a rope, but it requires a large pile of wood to make a cord.

Although there are no vegetable beaux, yet there are many spruce trees.

Most trees are respectable, but a variety of locusses are found among them.

It is considered proper to ax trees before you fell them.

All fruit trees have strong military propensities. When young they are well trained; they have many kernels, and their shoots are very straight.

Grain is treated like infants, when the head becomes heavy it is cradled, and threshing is resorted to to make it fit for use.

Tares are only found among the small grains, which is the reason that they alone require sowing.

Too great indulgence in fruit is dangerous, and a free use of melons often produce a melon-colic effect.

Old maids are fond of pairs, but cannot endure dates. Lovers like tulips, heartease, and the cypress.

Sailors are attached to bays, and oystermen to beeches. Ordinary looking men and carpenters to plane trees. Reserved and distant persons to the fir. Love-sick maidens, the pine. Crockery

and tea dealers, the china-tree. Mock auctioneers, the gum. Masons, the lime. Chatham street merchants, juniper. Politicians, and young parsons, the poplar. Misers, the plum. Blacksmiths, the iron tree. Shoemakers, the boot tree. Manufacturers, the cotton tree. All burglars, without being botanists, are very fond of a plant.

CHAPTER XIII.

SERIOUS THOUGHTS UPON MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

"Jack Sprat, could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean,
And so betwixt them both,
They licked the platter clean."

A SMALL book may contain great wit, and secluded in a diminutive nutshell often lies snugly ensconced a kernel of true and pure philosophy.

Early impressed upon our dawning mind, the above lines yet remain, traced, as it were, with adamantine pen upon the tablets of young memory. And we have thought and pondered over them until each individual word is as some mighty and ponderous tome, telling a history, and embodying a moral of its own.

John Sprat, Esquire, was evidently a diminutive specimen of the genus homo, a kind of demi-John, and doubtless full of proper spirit.

Disdaining the more gross and oleaginous part of animal food, he, like the Turk, must have ignored pork, and been a bitter and implacable

enemy to grease. We like him for his idiosyncracy, for his fondness of the lean. We lean that way ourselves.

Caustic critic! censure not the worthy Jack. Should his taste in such matters differ from thine own, spare him, for he was spare.

Jack ordered his chops and steaks all lean, and lived and throve upon leanness; but ere long a change came over the spirit of his dream.

He sought a wife to lean upon; a partner of his toils, his pleasures and his fame. Alas! poor Jack, that time you cut it rather fat.

"His wife could eat no lean."

Here lay the germ of domestic difficulty, and nothing short of the celebrated striped pig of the Milesian—one day crammed to repletion, the next upon the utmost verge of starvation—with its parallel streaks of fat and lean, would have answered their turn.

What, in this emergency, did they do?

——— *"Betwixt them both*
They licked the platter clean."

In-fat-uated wretch! miserable woman! unhappy home! desecrated hearth! unfortunate platter! probably broken in the scuffle. Alas! and well-a-day! that man and wife should come to licks about a platter.

When matrimonial blows commence, look out for continued squalls.

The meat was equally unfitted for the taste of either; Jack disdaining it for its fatness, his lady for its leanness, and therefore throwing the meat upon the table, as 'twas meet they should, both rushed at the platter.

Heaven bless the mark, and save the pieces! Jack and his wife ran for a plate.

Reader, if thou art a lean man, take this lesson home to thine own bosom, and think twice ere thou takest unto thy home, heart, and platter, a daughter of Eve with propensities of peculiar preponderance for the pinguid portions of the porcine race.

Nor is this cabinet picture, this "household word," the only gem in the world-renowned and time honored volume before us. A solemn precept, a moral lesson, or delightful allegory, lies skillfully concealed in every pretty line, like the bee in the blossom, the ethereal humming-bird in the gaudy flower of the trumpet-creeper, or a naughty boy in his mama's closet, busily engaged in helping himself.

What a practical lesson in economy, and an apt illustration of the force of circumstances, is contained in the simple Wordsworthian ballad,

"There was an old woman who lived in her shoe."

Yet, despite its politico-economical merits, we must confess our partiality for the pleasing historiette that commences with

"*Hey diddle diddle.*"

Some of these lines remind us forcibly of the great Wiggin's happiest efforts. The effect produced by the first dash off, of music and harmony, is exquisite and brilliant. Unlike some young cantatrice, who, after a long squall, accompanied by frightful physiognomical distortions, respectfully informs the audience that it is imperatively necessary she should dance and sing "fa la la"—unlike her, we say, it leaps at once with measured cadence into the very midst of melody with a glowing and effervescent burst of "*Hey diddle diddle.*"

The remainder of the line contains a very singular and romantic fact, which we recommend to the serious consideration of all lovers of natural history; and expressed, too, in that trite, belief-commanding, and simple style, which is one of the distinguishing charms of this exquisite production;

"The Cat's in the Fiddle."

How in the world got she in?

"Not that the thing was rich or rare,
But how the D—l got it there?"

Perchance the cat was a small one, a mere cat-ulla;

perchance it was a cat-astrophe, or in a cat-a-leptic fit the cat leapt in.

And then again the instrument might have been a base viol, and though it were base and vile to perpetrate a jest upon so serious a subject, yet we must nevertheless assert that it was not a kit. A *kit?* No, no, A cat in a kit would be reversing the order of nature, and if once in, even a cataplasm would not draw her out. Poor cat! doubtless orthodox in her opinions, and far from an atheist, yet compulsory circumstances had rendered her in-fiddle.

"The Cow jumped over the Moon."

Dear friends! if it has ever been your lot to witness one of these amiable bovine lactaries wallop over a three railed fence, under the false and delusive idea that she is perpetrating a jump, you may perhaps appreciate the immense imaginative power of the author; and if this statement shall prove untrue, we must say that his sin is as bad as that of Sinbad, who, in the place of spinning yarns spun veritable hawsers.

On second thoughts, however, we remember having been early taught that the moon is composed of green cheese, so it is evident that cows must have been about.

Had the animal's horns become entangled with

those of the moon, she would have been between the horns of a dilemma indeed, and might have sung with Burns,

"It *is* the moon—I ken her horn."

The poor thing was probably in the milky way when she made her adventurous leap.

"*The little Dog laughed to see such sport.*"

We believe that learned historians have but little question as to the identity of this animal. He was doubtless the property of a certain Mistress Hubbard, who figures quite extensively in the previous pages, and seems from the best authority to have been a dog of very excellent moral character.

Unfortunate cow! your misfortune furnished food for his mirth, and so graphically is the scene described, that we saw him as plain as might be, when we read it.

"——— And methinks I see him now,
With his wreath of sunny smiles, and his little pert bow wow."

Such sport? Yes, sport to you, unfeeling dog, but perhaps death to her.

Yet there he sits upon his latter end, wiggling and waggling his caudal terminus, his head uplifted, his bright sparkling eyes flashing with fun and mischief; star-gazing at the miserable cow,

who frowns doggedly upon him. Now, a few short sharp yips, and off he starts like mad, scours round a circle, then, like John Van Buren, squats down again slap upon his "old hunkers," and repeats his star-gazing.

Mrs. Hubbard's dog! we would fain inquire of you, in a charitable spirit, where you expect to go to? Look seriously upon that poor creature, suspended like Mahomet's coffin between heaven and earth—moon-struck, it may be, if she has hit her head—and tell us, do you not feel ashamed?

Of the concluding line of this fine old ballad there are two versions, but for many reasons we prefer the following:

"*And the* DISH-CLOTH *wiped the spoon.*"

We like it for the lovely and helpful spirit evinced by the poor dish-cloth, the very Marchioness and Cinderella of kitchen furniture, who, despite her own miserable condition, heart-wrung, perhaps, by some stalwart wench, yet rushes to the relief of the afflicted spoon, and wipes off her fast-falling tears, occasioned, in all human probability, by the contemplation of that piece of suspended animation—the aforesaid cow stuck on the moon.

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind." Kind hearted spoon! friendly dish-cloth! sad dog! hapless cow!

CHAPTER XIV.

SQUIZZLETORIUS IN PUMPKIN-PIE-DOM—A FRAGMENT AFTER CARLYLE.

Squzzletorius—brain revolution-cracked, cerebral superficies impinging on centre, producing general turn-all-over-tiveness, and topsy-turvy-dom; scribatious nevertheless, and periphrastic as ever; not as before however cerous to every new doctrine-impression, but antipodical in these latter days, and shaping course logodromic to moral common-sense meridians—writes from Pumpkin-pie-dom:

Embarked at Havre, the ocean now first to his eye beholdable, long before, however, to his spirit-sight visible and spirit-hand-touch palpable, Squizzletorius indites stupid German-fire-illuminated sonnet to luciferous-waved night-ocean, short although; writer necessary wontedness to vessel-motion not having properly attained, and heaving down-in-the-middle-and-right-up-again sensation at stomach, requiring immediate petition for usufruct of cascade-receiving vessel.

Oh Squizzletorius! catharist as thou deemest thyself, what hadst to do upon mad-surging ocean? —better have filled thy cockloft study-home with pipe-smoke-clouds, dreaming with brain beer-muddled, of squat Dutch-liberty-godesses, short-gown clad, ears hoop-ringed, mouth pipe-adorned, saur-kraut and hard round cheese fed.

Miserable Squizzletorius! form attenuated lupus-appetited, reaches at last Punkin-pie-dom.

Crowds of republican losels and fustilarians, all provided with eleemosynary punkin-pies, faces treacle-lubricated, hang around the docks; punkin pies, raw pork and treacle provided them ad libitum by Ephori of polygarchical Punkin-pie-dom.

Bus! bus! bus! acres of busses. Squizzletorius, legs sea-rolling, head sea-pitching and swimming, hears many-voiced shout, "Broadway, right up, sir!"

Earthquake imagining, he dashes into bus; driver, left hand punkin-pie-adorned, head punkin-pie-immersed, one from punkin-pie-peeping eye visible, cracks whip, and with lightning-flash-speed flying go the horses.

Jerk—bus stops—young man, no punkin-pie, but punkin-pie colored gloves, jumps in.

Crack the whip—off the bus—young man in gloves punkin-pie-colored, appears comfortable, feet upon opposite seat stretched out.

Jerk again—bus stops again—young damsel, dress punkin-pie-colored, small feet and ankle displaying in step-ascension, seats herself opposite punkin-pie-color-gloved young man.

Young man with punkin-pie-colored-gloves, why so irate? Why gazest upon punkin-pie-color-dressed young damsel with storm-clouded eye? Hast lost thy foot-seat? Pah!

Again here Squizzletorius, idea-visited, rambles off.

"Cold," says Squizzletorius, "increasing to intensity approximates and proclivitizes intense heat —*e. g.*, boys, hands snow-ball-making-frozen from-ice-to-fire-changes. Rule proved by converse, *e. g.*, matrimonial-state-changes."

Rambling thus, we leave him. Again, mind to real object awakening, Squizzletorius beholds punkin-pie-color-gloved young man, no longer with eyes hatred-flashing, but with flame-kindling-love glances, gaze upon punkin-pie-color-dressed young damsel.

Something white near her feet. Young man espies it. Is it her handkerchief? Shall he do a deed of gallant daring, and recommend himself to the shrine of his new-love-heart-worship?

But here, Squizzletorius to old proverb "look ere you leap" mind-recurring, starts off in pursuit,

and quits not until twenty pages filled with High-Dutch muddy philosophy.

Again upon his subject, Squizzletorius relates—young man with punkin-pie-colored-gloves, with plainly-through-blushes-visible verecundity, stoops down and reverently raises white appearance at bottom of bus. Punkin-pie-color-dressed young damsel shrieks out, saw-filing voice—" *What in thunder are you doing with my under-garment! ! !*

CHAPTER XV.

QUATTLEBUM.

[Let the North beware, General Gideon Pillow threatens to turn out and thrash the Yankees before breakfast. Where *is* General Quattlebum?—*Tuckahoe Clarion.*]

Heaven protect us. Heaven defend us,
War declaring, here they come,
Breathing vengeance 'gainst the Union,
Pillow and great Quattlebum.

Pillow he will teach the Yankees,
Teach the Yankees—*how to run;*
His brave volunteers commanding,
Clear the road for Quattlebum.

Wet with blood—or currant jelly,
Drips the "sword of Gideon;"
Hot from Aztec fields of glory,
Pillow joins great Quattlebum.

Haste ye, haste ye, Abby Kelly!
Abby Kelly! quickly come,
Don the breeches, hoist *that* banner,
Banner, 'gainst great Quattlebum.

Your Lieutenant is some punkins,
Your Lieutenant's punkins some,
Known in story as "Black Douglass,"
Douglass 'gainst great Quattlebum.

Band? There's Judson, John and Asa,
And you have a Garrison,
Garrison, to man a fortress,
Fortress, 'gainst great Quattlebum.

Captain Swishelm, blow the trumpet,
Lewis tap on the base drum,
Lots of woolly headed brethren
Marshal 'gainst great Quattlebum.

When they meet, shall flow in rivers,
Blood, and old New England rum,
General Kelly, Major Douglass,
Swishelm, Pillow, Quattlebum.

Christy's bands shall sing the story,
If with fear not stricken dumb,
How they sleep on fields of glory,
Kelly, Pillow, Quattlebum.

THE END.

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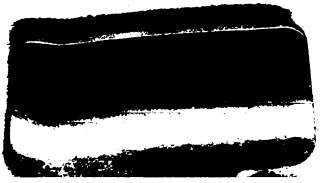
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